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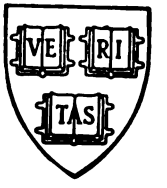
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF RICHARD BROME, CONTAINING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
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A

FIVE

PLAYS,

Viz.:

The Northerne Laſſe.
The Sparagus Garden.
The Antipodes.
A Jovial Crew.
The Queen's Exchange.

By RICHARD BROME.



LONDON

1632—57.



THE NORTHERN LASSE,

A

COMOEDIE.

As it hath beene often Acted with good Applauſe, at the *Globe*, and *Black-Fryers*. By his Majeſties Servants.

Written by RICHARD BROME.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.

LONDON:
Printed by AVG. MATHEVVES, and are to be ſold by NICHOLAS VAVASOVR, dwelling at the little South dore of St. *Paul's* Church.
1632.

The Perſons in the Comœdy.

Sir *Philip Luckleſs*, contracted to Miſtreſſe *Fitchow* the City-Widow.
Maſter *Tridewell*, Kinſman to Sir *Philip*.
Sir *Paul Squelch*, Maſter *Bulfinch*, } Juſtices; Miſtreſs *Fitchows* friends.
Maſter *Widgine*, a Cockney-Gentleman, Brother to Miſtreſs *Fitchow*.
Anvile, a Braggart, Governour to *Widgine*.
Maſter *Nonſenſe* a *Corniſh* Gentleman, Suitor to *Conſtance*.
Pate, a witty Serving-man to Sir *Philip*.
Beavis, a blunt Serving-man to Miſtreſs *Traynwell*.
Howdee, Miſtreſs *Fitchows* man and Gentleman Uſher.
Vexhem, a Conſtable.
Cleark to Sir *Paul*.
Masquers.
Miſtreſſe *Fitchow*, the City Widdow.
Conſtance the Northern Laſſe.
Miſtreſſe *Traynwell* her Governeſſe.
Con. Holdup, a cunning Whore.
Chambermayd to Miſtreſſe *Fitchow*.

To the

Right Worthy, and no leſſe Judicious than Ingenious Gentleman,

RICHARD HOLFORD,

Eſquire.

Sir,

RICH Friends may ſend you rich Preſents, while poor ones have nothing but good wiſhes to preſent you. Though I be one of the laſt rank, and therefore cannot do like the firſt, yet it is my ambition to bring more than bare wiſhes with me, to one, of whom I have received real favours. A Countrey Laſs I preſent you, that *Minerva*-like was a brayn-born Child, and *Jovially* begot, though now ſhe ſeeks her fortune. She came out of the cold North, thinly clad; but *Wit* had pity on her, *Action* apparrell'd her, and *Plaudits* clapp'd her cheekes warm. She is honeſt, and modeſt, though ſhe ſpeak broad: And though *Art* never ſtrung her tongue; yet once it yielded a delightful ſound, which gain'd her many Lovers and Friends, by whoſe goodliking ſhe proſperouſly lived,

lived, until her late long Silence, and D
tinuance (to which ſhe was comppell'd
her juſtly to fear their loſſe, and her
decay. Wherefore ſhe, now, deſiro
ſettle her ſelf in ſome worthy ſervice a
way willing (like ſome of further bre
return from this Southern Sun-ſhine,
to her native Air; I thought it might b
my care (having firſt brought and eſt
her from her Countrey) to ſue, with h
Your noble *Patronage*; of Whom, ſhe
(if Flattery abuſe her not) ſhe hath, h
fore, gotten ſome good opinion. You
to witty and pleaſant Recreations o
nature, hath brought her on; and No
Spirits will ſoon wax bold. If you be p
to accept of her, ſhe will travel no fu
but, together with my ſelf, remain

Ever at your Service,

Richard Br

To my old Faithful Servant, and (by his con-continu'd Vertue) my loving Friend, the Author of this Work, Mr. *Richard Brome.*

I *Had you for a Servant, once,* Dick Brome ;
And you perform'd a Servants faithful parts,
Now, you are got into a nearer room,
Of Fellowſhip, *profeſſing my old Arts.*
And you do doe them well, with good applauſe,
Which you have juſtly gained from the Stage,
By obſervation of thoſe Comick Lawes
Which I, your Maſter, *firſt did teach the Age.*
You learn'd it well, and for it ſerv'd your time
A Prentice-ſhip : which few do now adays.
Now each Court-Hobby-horſe will wince in rime ;
Both learned and unlearned, all write Playes.
It was not ſo of old : Men took up trades
That knew the Crafts they had bin bred in right :
An honeſt Bilbo-*Smith would make good blades,*
And the Phyſician *teach men ſpue, or ſhite ;*
The Cobler *kept him to his nall, but now*
He'll be a Pilot, *ſcarce can guide a Plough.*

Ben. Johnſon.

To his approved Friend Mr. *Richard Brome,* on his

NORTHERN LASSE.

W *Hat ! wilt thou proſtitute thy* Miſtreſſe, *(Friend)*
And make ſo rich a Beauty common ? What end
Do'ſt thou propoſe ? She was thine own, but now
All will enjoy her free : 'tis ſtrange that thou

Canſt

Canſt brook ſo many Rivals in thy Laſſe,
Whose Wit and Beauty does her ſex ſurpaſſe.
I've learnt it; Thou haſt try'd her, found her chaſte
And fear'ſt not that ſhe'll lewdly be embrac't:
And now thou ſend'ſt her to be ſeen, and ſee
If any be like fair, like good as Shee.

F. T. Mag. Art. Oxon.

To his ingenious Brother, Mr. *Richard Brome*, upon this witty iſſue of his Brain, the NORTHERN LASSE.

ALthough I call you by a Brothers name,
I muſt confeſſe (nor do I fear the ſhame)
I am in love with your fair Daughter, this,
As fair condition'd as her Father is.
Well met abroad, blithe, bonny Northern Laſſe:
Thy natural Beauties others far ſurpaſſe
That are enrich'd with Fucuſſes *of Art,*
Thy witty ſweetneſs bears ſo fair a part.
Not a Goodwoman, *nor a* Girle worth Gold,
Nor twenty ſuch (whoſe gaudy ſhews take hold
Of gazing eyes) ſhall in acceptance thrive
With thee, whoſe quaintneſs is ſuperlative.
Dick *may be proud ſhe's Daughter to no other,*
As I am proud that I have ſuch a Brother.

St. Br.

Of Mr. *Richard Brome* his ingenious Comedy,
the
NORTHERN LASSE.

To the Reader.

POets *and* Painters *curiouſly compar'd,*
Give life to Fancy and atchieve Reward
By immortality of Name: ſo thrives
Art's Glory, *that* All, *what it breaths on lives.*
Witneſs this Northern Piece. *The Court affords*
No newer faſhion, or for wit, or words.
The Body of the Plot is drawn ſo fair,
That the ſouls language quickens with freſh air.
This well limb'd Poem, *by no rate, or thought*
Too dearly priz'd, being or ſold, or bought.

John Ford.
The Authors very Frined.

To my Sonne Broom and his LASSE.

W*Hich, then of Both ſhall I commend?*
Or thee (that art my Son and Friend)
Or Her, by thee begot? A Girle
Twice worth the Cleopatrian *Pearl.*
No, 'tis not fit for me to Grace
Thee, who art mine; and to thy Face.
Yet I could ſay, the merrieſt Maid
Among the Nine, *for thee has laid*
A Ghyrlond *by; and jeers to ſee*
Pyed Ideots tear the Daphnean *Tree;*

Putting

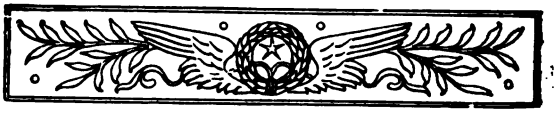
Putting their Eyes out with thoſe Boughs
With which ſhe bids me deck thy Brows.
But what I bring ſhall crown thy Daughter
(*My* Grand-child) *who* (*though full of laughter*)
Is chaſte and witty to the time;
Not lumpiſh-cold, as is her Clime.
By Phœbus *Lyre, thy* Northern Laſſe
Our Southern proudeſt Beauties *paſſe*:
Be Jovial *with thy Brains* (*her Mother*)
And help her (Dick) *to ſuch another.*

Tho. Dekker.

To his known Friend Mr. *R. Brome, on his* NORTHERN LASSE.

MY *Love may wrong thee, Friend, and ſhould I praiſe*
Thy Book, *I fear't would ſtain the wreathing Bays*
That crowns thy Head; No, they that know, can tell
This Piece *craves not a bribing Prayer to ſell.*
Here's Beauty, Wit, *and* Language *in a Glaſſe.*
Who would not have a Copy of this Laſſe.

F. T.



Prologue.

GAllants, *and* Friends-ſpectators, *will yee ſee*
A ſtrain of Wit that is not Poetry?
I have Authority for what I ſay:
For He himſelf ſays ſo, that Writ the Play,
Though in the Muſes *Garden he can walk*;
And choiceſt flowers pluck from every ſtalk
To deck the Stage; *and purpoſeth, hereafter,*
To take your Judgements: now he implores your
laughter;
Sayes He would ſee you merry; thinks it long
Since you were laſt delighted with a Song.
Your Books, he ſayes, can ſhew you Hiſtory;
And ſerious Paſſages better than He;
And that He ſhould take pains in Act to ſhow
What you already by your Studies know,
Were a preſumption. 'Tis a Modeſty
Un-us'd 'mongſt Poets. *This being only He*
That boaſteth not his worth; and doth ſubſcribe
Himſelf an under ſervant in their Tribe.
Yet though he ſlight himſelf, We not deſpair,
By him, to ſhew you what is Good and Rare.

THE NORTHERN LASSE.

ACT. I. *Scene* I.

Enter Sir Philip Luckles, Tridewell.

Tri. BUT I beſeech you Sir, take me ſomewhat nearer your Councel. May I aſſure my ſelf, that this Report goes true; that you are on this Treaty of Marriage with that Widow?

Luc. Faith Coſin, I take it as my Fortune; and am fully bent on the adventure.

Tri. Troth, in my mind, you were better venture your ſelf, and Fortune to the *Bermudas*. Tis true, ſhe has a good Eſtate; ſome Nine thouſand, I think: and were an apt match for one that knew how to govern it, and her; ſome Hard-bred Citizen, Crafty Lawyer, or Countrey Juſtice. But you, a tender Nurſeling of the Court, altogether unmixt with ſuch nature or education, to caſt your ſelf upon her, who for her years might be your Mother (they

(they ſay: I never ſaw her) and has been the Town-widow theſe Three years, ſtill converſant with Doctors, and Proctors of the Civil Law; of which Tribe her Husband was too. Never look to be better for her Riches: She'le conſume yours and you too, though your back were *Herculean;* and lay you in your Grave, or in *Bedlam* (my life on't) before ſhe dream o' dying, though it be all that you can hope, or pray for, after Marriage.

Luc. You ſpeak Sir out of ſome unfortunate examples, and your extraordinary care of me. But truth is, all diſſwaſion comes too late, and all urgings againſt it are now uncharitable; For we are already Man and Wife.

Tri. What, married!

Luc. Luſtily promis'd Sir. Abſolutely contracted.

Tri. Send you joy. I'le out of Town.

Luc. I hope you'l ſee our Marriage. I ſent indeed to bid you.

Tri. No, good Sir *Philip*, rather than I would be in ſound of a Bell that ſhould Ring at it, I would have my brains fillipt out with the Clapper.

Luc. Nay, good Coſin: I intended you my principal gueſt. Wee'll have all very private, not above Four or five friends more.

Tri. Sir, I intend to be none of your Mourners, which indeed my preſence there would make me; and ſo, perhaps, infect the reſt. I leave my beſt wiſhes to you, and will indeavour to pray for you. Indeed I will.

Luc. Indeed this is very abrupt.

ACT. II. *Scene* II.

Enter *Anvile. Widgine.*

An. Mr. *Tridewell!* well met. Why ſo faſt Sir, I took you for a Foot-poſt.

Tri. A Foot-poſt! Indeed your fine wit will poſt you into another World one of theſe dayes, if it take not the whipping-poſt i'the way. And why Foot-poſt, in your little witty apprehenſion?

An. Because you went ſo faſt. But ſince you are angry, I would you were going twice as faſt. If I interrupt you, hang me. Dee hear?

Tri. Nay, I know you are apt to decline any mans anger, good Captain *Anvile*, you have been beaten to't.

Wid. Why, if he have, he may thank ſuch as you are, that can endure no Jeſt.

Tri. What are you there too? Mr. *Widgine*, I take it?

Wid. My name is *Walter Widgine* Sir, not to be denied; the only brother here of Sir *Philip Luckles* his betroth'd. She is a *Widgine* born Sir, and of the beſt family; our Anceſtors flew out of *Holland* in *Lincolnſhire* to prevent perſecution.

Tri. From *Crow-land* I warrant you, a little before a moulting-time.

Wid. Like enough Sir. My ſiſter can tell you. Since, by Marriage, ſhe was made a *Fitchow*; her Husband was *Fitchow* the Civil Lawyer; he was called the great Cannonier of the Civil Law, becauſe he could diſcharge, or make report of every Canon therein; Canon after Canon, or Canon upon Canon at his fingers ends, as readily as I can tell theſe pieces.

Tri. A fair demonſtration!

Wid. He had many rare parts in him beſides Sir, as my ſiſter can tell you.

Tri. This fellow cannot chooſe but have a rare ſiſter, he quotes her ſo!

Wid. But all the good I can ſpeak of him, is, that he left my ſiſter rich; or at leaſt a reaſonable Eſtate, half a ſcore thouſand pounds, or ſo; which ſhe, with her ſelf, beſtows upon this honourable Knight, *Sir Philip Luckles*, to be a Lady of that name, and God gi' him joy. And for you, being his Kinſman, I ſhall deſire your nearer acquaintance.

Tri. In good time Sir.

Wid. The match was not altogether her own ſeeking Sir, though ſhe refus'd two Aldermen for him on my own knowledge.

Tri. Might ſhe had 'hem both Sir?

Wid. I and half a ſcore Aldermens fellows to boot: yet refus'd all for him.

Tri. Indeed ſix yoke of ſuch Cattel would plow up all his Acres in a forenoon.

Wid. My ſiſter can tell you more Sir.

Tri. Still ſhe is his Authority. I will ſee this Woman, Sir *Philip*, here are Gueſts will applaud your match. Bid 'hem welcom. God buy. *Ex.*

Wid. For my part I honour any man, that marries my ſiſter. Sir *Philip*, and my noble brother in expectation, I pray embrace my Governor, Captain *Anvile*, here; and give him and me our Gloves, you ſhall find him worthy your acquaintance. He has wit, I can tell you; and breaks as many good Jeſts as all the wits, fits and fancies about the Town, and has train'd up many young Gentlemen, both here, and in divers parts beyond the Seas. He was dry Nurſe (that's one of his own Jeſts upon himſelf) to the Engliſh youth, a dozen years together beyond Sea: And now he is my Governor, and I find profit in it; you cannot think what an

Aſs

Aſs I was before I met with him: And I mean to travel with him, two or three years hence, my ſelf. In the mean time, he ſhall ſpend a Hundred a year out of *Wat Widgines* purſe. Sha't ifaith Governor, what aileſt thou? art thou not right?

An. I ſhall find a time to right my ſelf, I doubt not.

Luck. But will you travel at theſe years, Mr. *Widgine?*

Wid. Will you not call me brother? Two dayes hence, when you have married my ſiſter, you muſt. Muſt he not, Governor?

Anv. Yes an't pleaſe him.

Wid. He ails ſomething.

Luc. Well then brother, two dayes hence, will you travel?

Wid. I ſome two yeares hence, miſtake me not. I know I am but young yet; beſides, I mean to marry firſt, as other young Heirs do. And then towry, lowry, faith, my noble Governor, and I! 'Twill be brave going into *France* then; I may learn half their faſhions before I go, and bate ſo much, being taught at when I come there. What's the matter Governor; thou wert not wont to be thus. Is thy money all gone? Here's five peeces to buy pomps againſt my Siſters Wedding?

Anv. Have I eyes and ears, and can think of trifling money matters?

Wid. Pox on't, I had forgot. That ſcurvy ſurly Gentleman anger'd him ere while, and put him out of patience. How the hot ſome of his Rage boyls out of his mouth? If I durſt go ſo near the heat of him, I would skim the Pot.

Anv. If I trie not this *Tridewell*; put him to the deareſt trial of his life. ——

Wid. I there 'tis, he will never come to himſelf till he beat, or be beaten.

Anv. Let me have theſe knock'd out, pull'd off, theſe pluck'd out, and theſe ſaw'd o

Wid. I muſt venture on him. Nay, Gove pray thee conſider. ——

Anv. The time and place you mean. T you he durſt have done it, but in his Kinſ houſe, he and the multitude of his ſervants pre

Wid. I, and we know not how many arm'd in the next Room. Heark Governor.

Luc. What things are theſe! I ſhall marry a fine ſtock! How untimely ſome conſidera fall into my mind! My Coſins counſel, v hath ever been oraculouſly good, againſt wh violently bear my ſelf, to mix my blood amor race of fools. Had but theſe thoughts been but one day paſt, they had prevented all that prove dangerous in this ſo great and dou undertaking.

ACT. I. *Scene* III.

Enter Pate, *to* Luckles, Widgine, Anvile

Pa. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman would with you.

Luc. Who is it? Do you not know her?

Pa. I never ſaw her before Sir. I aſkt name; but I perceiv'd ſome diſpleaſure in her (whether it were ſhame, grief, or anger, I not) that made her conceal it; only tellin ſhe was a Woman very hurtleſs, and warran againſt your fear.

Wid. I warrant 'tis my Siſter. She fro did ſhe not, and look'd fightingly? If ſhe d my Siſter, your Wife that ſhall be. She wil

ſo at you, I can tell you, or me, or my Governor, for all he is a Captain. She fears no Colours I faith, to tell you true, ſhe beat him once for a Jeſt he broke upon her *Monkey*. Is it not ſhe, think'ſt thou?

Pa. No Sir it is not ſhe, I know my Ladie that ſhall be.

Wid. My Ladie that ſhall be! how ſweetlie it chimes! Here's ſomething for that word.

Luc. Go bring her up. Good brother *Widgine*, flie into the next Room with your Governor. I'le wait on you preſently. *Ex. Pate.*

Wid. My Ladie! and brother *Widgine!* I muſt admire. Our houſe is rais'd by this two ſtories higher.— *Ex. Wid. Anv.*

Luc. There's no recalling time, and vows of this high nature are no trifles.

ACT. I. *Scene* IV.

Enter Miſtriſs Trainewell.

Tra. Sir, I ſuppoſe you are Sir *Philip Luckles.*

Luc. I am the man Ladie.

Tra. And you are ſhortlie to marrie a City-widow, one Miſtriſs *Fitchow?*

Luc. Moſt true.

Tra. For whoſe deare ſake, you purchas'd a Four hundred pounds Knighthood, to go a wooing in; out of which ſhe is to give Nine thouſand pounds for a Ladiſhip for term of life.

Luc. What mean you Gentlewoman?

Tra. Sir not to ſcold or brawle (a Vice too frequent in our Sex.) But, in few words (and civil ones) to make you ſenſible of a little of that infinite injurie

injurie you have done to one, whoſe unvaluabl portion of Vertue makes her fit (beſides the righ ſhe has alreadie in you) to take a Brides place before your later choice, or any ſhe, whoſe wealth might weigh down hers. You ſtand as if yo knew not who I mean.

Luc. Nor what neither. Sure my name's abus'd

Tra. Pray Sir bethink your ſelf, Has there no been a former contract made betwixt you an ſome other.

Luc. No. Nor any faithful promiſe neither.

Tra. That I may well believe, when you forgo it.

Luc. I pray ſpeak nearer to my underſtanding whom may you ſuggeſt to be the woman ſo much forgotten?

Tra. If you have ſoul or ſenſe, you muſt re member her. No? Read then her name ſub ſcrib'd to that.

Luckles *reads.*

If pity, love, or thoughts of me,
Live in your Breaſt, I need not dye.
But if all thoſe from thence be fled;
Live you to know, that I am dead.

Conſtance.

Farewell good *Conſtance*, I am ſorry I have n further for thee.

Tra. Do you know that name Sir?

Luc. Yes Lady ſo well, that I am ſorry, that Gentlewoman of your good ſeeming ſhould have t do for ſo light a piece of vanity. Leave going the Devils Errands; his Kingdom's large enough and too much peopled already.

Tri. Pray Sir, are you in ſober earneſt?

Luc. I good faith am I.

Tr

Tra. You are unhappie then. For you ſhall looſe, in this diſdain of yours, more Honour than your lifetime in Repentance can cover. So fare you well Sir. *Ex. Tra.*

Luc. Farewell old Whiskin. 'Slid I'le marrie out of the way; 'tis time I think: I ſhall be tane up for Whores meat elſe. *Conſtance!* ſhe had a Baſtard tother day too. What a miſchievous Maw has this ſhe-Canibal that gapes for me! Slight a common Trader, with I know not how many! I marvel ſhe was left out of *Cupids* Muſter. Sure ſhe brib'd the Ballad-maker; one that I have paid at all times too; here's one, there's tother. And now ſhe hears I am towards Marriage, pretends a claim to me. And what a Miniſter ſhe hath procur'd! A Devil in a moſt Gentlewoman-like apparition. It had been well to have pump'd her. Is ſhe gone?

Enter Pate.

Pate. Who Sir, the Gentlewoman? I put her in her Coach.

Luc. Her Coach! Coaches muſt needs be common, when their Carriages are ſo. By this light, *Oliver*, a Bawd, a verie Bawd. Where's my Brother *Widgine*, and his Governor *Anvile?* They are wholſomer Companie o' the two, yet.

Pa. A Bawd! Bleſs my Maſters wits. But the beſt is, if he be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any man: A fine Cooler, call'd Marriage, to take his Batchelors button a hole lower! Can it be poſſible? She might ha' been Mother o'the Maids, as well, to my ſeeming; or a Matron, to have train'd up the beſt Ladies Daughters in the Countrie. Here comes her man again.

ACT. I. *Scene* V.

Enter Beavis, *to* Pate.

Be. Is Sir *Philip Luckles* i' the Houſe ſtill Sir?

Pa. Are you the Cock-bawd to the Hen where, erewhile Sir.

Be. Are you mad, or are you drunk Sir?

Pa. Come you to bargain for a Punk Sir? Faith where's the meeting? Where's the Supper? at the *Bridgefoot*, or the *Cat?* or where is it?

Be. Nay then Sir, though your Maſter be allowed to meaſure his manners, by his pleaſure, here, on his own Yard, I'le be bold to pull you out on't by the ears, and beat you into better faſhion.

Pa. Hold, hold. Pray hold a little Sir. I cry you mercy. I might be miſtaken. I ſee thou art a good Fellow. I have half a dozen for thee faith. S'foot what big words and terrible action he has! Is this the Bawds language? Pray pardon me Sir, I have been overwatch'd of late, and knew neither place, perſon, nor what I ſaid at the inſtant.

Be. Indeed?

Pa. I Sir, 'tis an infirmity I am much troubled withall; a kind of a —— between ſleep and waking —— I know not what to call it. I would give Twenty Nobles to be cured on't. I pray take it not ill Sir, I uſe any man ſo, when the fits on me, till they throughly wake me.

Be. What, as I did now? By the ears? Are you come to your ſelf enough yet? or ſhall I help you further, Sir?

Pa. No, 'tis very well now, I thank you Sir. Alas, I put my Maſter to the pains, twice or thrice a week, I aſſure you, to my grief.

Be

Be. A very ſtrange diſeaſe! How might you get it?

Pa. Faith I fell into't firſt, with a conceit I took for over-buying a bargain of drink. Your buſineſs with my Maſter Sir? I pray.

Be. Onlie to ſpeak with him from the Gentlewoman was here een now.

Pa. I ſhall acquaint him with it.

Be. I ſhall be your Servant.

Pa. I pray pardon my Error.

Be. And you my boldneſs. *Ex.*

Pa. O not ſo Sir. Well Maſter Pimp I have a plot upon your imployment, as bravelie as you carrie it. I know he is a Bawd by his out-facing. And I do humble and diſguiſe my Manhood to work on him by policie: And if I put not a fine ſlur upon him for all his brave bravados, then *Oliver Pate* has no brains, nor is there anie difference betwixt a Serving-man and a Pandar. *Ex.*

Be. What a Trim-tram trick is this? the Maſter and the man both brain-cras'd; as the one uſed me, ſo did the other my Miſtriſs. But I have brought this into a kind of civil ſenſe again. Do we look like Bawds? There is ſome ſtrange ground for this miſtaking. I am ſure ſhe has ever been reputed a vertuous Gentlewoman, and has now the government and bringing up of a Virgin, of a most hopeful goodneſs. And I think I know my ſelf, and dare beat anie man into a better conſtruction of my quality.

Enter Pate.

Pa. Now wit, and be thy will! Sir, my Maſter deſires to be excuſed; for he is with ſome friends, on private buſineſs, concerning his Marriage, which is to be to-morrow. But ſayes, if it pleaſe

you to meet him in the Evening, between fou five, in the great Palace, and conduct him t Gentlewoman, he will attend her with his ſervice.

Be. Between four and five in the Palace how ſhall I know him? I never ſaw him.

Pa. As I wiſh'd: But you may eaſilie. of a comelie ſtature, and will be in a red C and a white Feather: Beſides, I'le wait on hi

Be. I thank you Sir.

Pa. Fare you well Sir. Good *Foiſt*, I make a whiskin of you now, and for nothin I have been a little bold with my Maſters na this anſwer, the knowledge of which he is un of. I ſaw how he ſhifted her off: Therefore further be bold with his name and perſon, w will put upon a friend in ſtore. My ſpecial f Captain *Anvile*, a notable lecherous Tuppe has been at me for a bit out of my Maſters anie time theſe three Weeks. I'le pleaſur with her for readie monie. I know 'tis ſom ſtuffe, that my Maſter has done withall. A him take what follows.

ACT. I. *Scene* VI.

Enter Fitchow, Howdee, *with Ink and Pa*

Fit. Well Sir. And what ſaid Maſter *Lu*

Ho. Sir *Philip*, you mean forſooth.

Fit. The verie ſame Sir. But I begin him now, as I muſt call him hereafter. Lad not call their Husbands, as they are Knigh Sir *Philip*, Sir *Timothy*, or Sir *Gregory*. D ever hear my Ladie *Squelch* call her Husba *Paul?* No, but Maſter *Squelch*. Inde

others muſt Sir them by their Chriſten names, becauſe they are Knights, and to be known from other men; only their own Wives muſt maſter them by their Sirnames, becauſe they are Ladies, and will not know them from other men. But to our buſineſs, what ſaid he to you?

Ho. His Worſhip ſaid forſooth——

Fit. Nay, What ſaid you to him firſt? I love to hear things in order.

Ho. I ſaid that as you bade me forſooth.

Fit. As I bade you, Clotpoll? What was that? Shall I ever mould thee into a Gentleman Uſher think'ſt thou, that ſtand'ſt ſo? Come forwards Sir, and repeat.

Ho. My Miſtriſs commends her beſt love unto your Worſhip, and deſires to know how your Worſhip came home laſt Night, and how your Worſhip have reſted, and how your Worſhip does this morning? She hopes the beſt of your Worſhips health, and would be glad to ſee your Worſhip at your Worships beſt leaſure.

Fit. This was verie well, word for word as I inſtructed. But did you worſhip him ſo much?

Ho. Yes trulie, and he commended me for it, and ſaid, I ſhew'd my breeding.

Fit. Now Sir. His anſwer? in his own words.

Ho. Quoth he, I thank thy Miſtriſs, and I thank thee. Prithee commend my ſervice to her, and tell her, my worſhip came home upon my worships Foot-cloath; my worſhip took verie good reſt, in my worſhips Bed; my worſhip has very little to do this morning, and will ſee her at my worſhips leaſure.

Fit. Did he ſay ſo?

Ho. 'Twas either ſo, or ſo much I am ſure. But he did not make me repeat, as you did, till I had con'd it by heart.

Fit.

Fit. Well *Howdee* get you down. And do you hear *Howdee*? If Sir *Paul Squelch* come, bring him up.

Ho. I will forſooth Miſtriſs.

Fit. I bade you learn to call me Madam.

Ho. I ſhall forſooth Ma-dam.

Fit. You ſhall forſooth Madam. 'Tis but a day to't, and I hope one may be a Ladie one day before her time. [*Ex.*

Ho. A day too ſoon I doubt in this forward age.

Fit. In the mean-time, let me ſtudie my remembrance for after Marriage.

Imprimis. To have the whole ſway of the houſe, and all domeſtical affairs, as of accounts of houſhold charges, placing and diſplacing of all ſervants in general; To have free liberty, to go on all my viſits; and though my Knights occaſions be never ſo urgent, and mine of no moment, yet to take from him the command of his Coach; To be in ſpecial fee with his beſt truſted ſervant; nor to let one live with him, that will not bewray all his counſels to me. To ſtudie and practiſe the art of Jealouſie; To feign anger, melancholy, or ſickneſs, to the life. Theſe are Arts that Women muſt be well practis'd in, ere they can attain to wiſdom, and ought to be the onlie ſtudie of a widow, from the death of her firſt Husband, to the ſecond; from the ſecond to the third, matters of deeper moment; from the third to the fourth, deeper yet; And ſo proportionablie to the ſeventh, if ſhe be ſo long bleſt with life: But of theſe I may find time hereafter to conſider in order as they fall, Beſides, in all, to be ſingular in our will; to reign, govern, ordain Laws and break 'hem, make quarrels and maintain 'hem; profeſs truths, deviſe falſhoods; proteſt obedience, but ſtudie nothing more than to make our Husbands ſo; controll, controvert, contradict, and be contrarie

contrarie to all conformitie; To which end, we muſt be ſure to be arm'd alwayes with prick and praiſe of the deceaſed; and carrie the Inventorie of our Goods, and the gross Sum of our Dowrie perpetualiie in our mouths. Then does a Husband tickle the ſpleen of a woman, when ſhe can anger him, to pleaſe him; chide him, to kiſs him; mad him, to humble him; make him ſtiffe-necked, to ſupple him; and hard-hearted, to break him; to ſet him up, and take him down, and up again, and down again, when, and as often as we liſt.

Enter Howdee.

Ho. Madam.

Fit. I marrie, now thou ſay'ſt well.

Ho. Andt pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

Fit. Well ſaid again.

Ho. One Mr. *Tridewell*, a Gentleman, deſires to ſpeak with your Ladiſhip, from Sir *Philip*.

Fit. Tridewell! O it is Sir *Philips* Kinſman, I have heard him ſpeak much good of him, and entreated me to give him good Reſpect, which were enough to marre his entertainment, had I not another purpoſe of mine own, that may prove as ill. Bring him up *Howdee*.

Ho. I will Madam. —— *Exit.*

Fit. I that was verie well. This *Howdee* do I mean with a caſt Gown to put in apparel, and make my Gentleman Uſher; Not onlie for the aptneſs of his name, to go on my Viſits; but for his proportionable talent of wit and manners.

ACT. I. *Scene* VII.

Enter Tridewell to Fitchow.

Tri. If I can yet redeem him, he is happie. By your leave Ladie: May my boldneſs prove pardonable?

Fit.

Fit. Sir, the name of him you come from, is Warrant ſufficient to make you welcom here: All that is here being is his.

Tri. Is this ſhe trow!

Fit. I underſtand you come from Sir *Philip Luckles.*

Tri. 'Tis true, I brought his name thus far to enter me to your preſence. But here I ſhake it off, as I would do his remembrance, but that I know him too well.

Fit. Too well Sir? How mean you?

Tri. Too well indeed Ladie, but in the ill part I know him to be no equal match for you. Yet I hear you receive him as a Sutor.

Fit. Right Sir. And him only.

Tri. It is not gone ſo far I hope.

Fit. Beſhrew me but it is, and farther too Sir. He has all wooed and won me.

Tri. Beſhrew your fortune then. And if my counſel,
The friendlieſt counſel e're you hearkned to,
Stop not your ventrous foot from one ſtep further,
(For now you are upon the brink of danger)
You fall into a Sea of endleſs ſorrows.

Fit. This is pretty!

Tri. Look back into your ſelfe, read o're your Storie,
Find the content the quiet mind you liv'd in,
The wealth, the peace, the pleaſure you enjoy'd;
The free command of all you had beneath you,
And none to be commanded by above you.
Now glaunce your eye on this ſide, on the yoke,
You bring your neck to, laden down with cares,
Where you ſhall faintlie draw a tedious life,
And every ſtep incounter with new ſtrife.
Then, when you groan beneath your burdenous charge,

And

And wearilie chance to revert a look
Upon the price you gave for this ſad thraldom,
You'le feel your heart ſtab'd through with many a woe,
Of which one dies not while a thouſand grow.
And will be then too late: Now is the time,
Now rings the warning Bell unto your breaſt:
Where if you can but entertain a thought,
That tells you how you are beſet with danger,
You are ſecure; Exclude it, you are loſt
To endleſs ſorrows, bought with deareſt coſt.
Fit. Pray Sir deal freely with me. What Reſpect
Moves you to make this ſtrong diſſwaſion?
Is it your care of me? or love of him?
Tri. A ſubtil queſtion! This woman is not brainleſs.
Love of him Ladie? If this can be love,
To ſeek to croſs him, in ſo great a hope,
As your injoying; being all the means,
Or poſſibilitie he has to live on;
If it be love to him, to let you know
How lewd and diſſolute of life he is,
By which his fortunes being ſunk, he is grown
The ſcorn of his acquaintance, his friends trouble,
Being the common borrower of the Town.
A Gallant lights not a Tobacco Pipe,
But with his borrowing letters (ſhee's not mov'd)
And if you put him off a Fortnight longer,
He'le be laid up for monies he took up
To buy his Knighthood; beſides his deep ingagements
To Goldſmith, Silkman, Taylor, Millener,
Sempſter, Shooemaker, Spurrier, Vintner, Tapſter,
(All ſtirs her not, ſhe ſtands as if prepar'd
To hear as much of truth, and bear with it.)
Men of all Trades, and Occupations,

From his Mercer downward to his Waterman,
Have ventur'd the laſt ſixpence on his Credit;
And all but wait to pay themſelves from you.
And I may well imagine how 'twould grieve
A woman of your wealth, to disburſe all,
To ſave a Knight out of his Ward i'th' Counter;
And lack with all his Company at home;
While he frequents youthful ſociety
To make more charge for Nurſeries abroad;
For I have heard him ſay you are old, and that
It is your wealth he marries, and not you.
If this be love to him, that I diſcover
(The means to ſave you to be his undoing)
Let no man take a friends help in his wooing.
Fit. And how this ſhould proceed from care of me,
Falls not into my underſtanding Sir.
Tri. Conſider Ladie. ——
Fit. Sir I have conſider'd
Before, and in your ſpeech, and ſince; and cannot
By all that can be ſaid remove a thought.
I lov'd him not for words: Nor will I uſe
Words againſt yours; 'twere poor expreſſion
Of love to boaſt it. 'Tis enough I know it.
Boaſters of love, how can we Lovers call,
When moſt of ſuch love one no more than all.
Tri. Sure I was much miſtaken in this woman.
Fit. Nor would I have you to expect a Railing,
To ſay you baſelie wrong the Gentleman:
A way ſo common, common women uſe it.
But this Sir I will ſay, I were to blame,
If I ſhould think your love to him were leſs
Than the great care of me, you ſeem to urge,
As you pretend it is.
Tri. She will diſcover me.
Fit. You are his Kinſman nearly, and reputed,
By his own mouth, his beſt of choſen friends;

My



ıtter ſtranger, one from whom
ıad, or can expect leaſt good.
ɔu ſhould, for a Reſpect ſo contrarie,
ɔr wit in queſtion to believe you,
ɔnſcionable.
hink I ſtand
witneſs 'gainſt anothers life,
ıke his puniſhment.
will I fondlie think you meant to ſeek,
match, to make it for your ſelf:
ɣ known unworthineſs, and your
him being no poſſible way
ıe think the better of your worth.
. this be ſhe? how ſtrangely am I
)

I forgive, and charitablie think
ɔught no ill purpoſe; prettie Pageantrie,
· hereafter, 'mong our marriage mirth,
cene: for now I'le take no notice.
ill not: you may, if you pleaſe,
ɔur Cuz how hainouſly I take it.
:hou haſt mercie, Love, keep't from thy

e you hear me?
I have enough.
but leave to ſpeak this little to you,
ll by Heaven be uncontroll'd as Fate.
ind him bad, I'le blame my fortune:
ɛnt, or thank you for your counſel.
ind him good, and all this falſe,
ı ſo violentlie have urg'd againſt him;
im nere the more, nor you the worſe:
not ſo poor, nor weakly ſpirited,
ld all friends to whom my faith is bound,
ɛir knowledge, that all this were true,
ɔne hours protraction of our Marriage
ık't appear, that I would give allowance

To all their Bugbear Reaſons, to deſer
That hour the uniting of our hands: becauſe
Our hearts are link'd by the Divineſt Laws.
Tri. What have I done? The curſe of ove
weaning brains,
Shame and diſgrace, are guerdon of my pains.
O, I ſhall fall beneath the ſcorn of fools:
A puniſhment as juſt, as great for ſuch,
That do in things, concern them not, too much.
Fit. What ails the Gent?
Tri. On what a ſetled Rock of Conſtancy
She planteth her affection? not to move,
Though all the breath of ſlaaderous Reproach,
Driving tempeſtuous clouds and ſtorms of horror,
Should beat, at once, againſt it.
Fit. Sir, Howdee?
Enter Howdee.
Ho. Ma-dam.
Fit. Not you Sir.
Tri. I would I had not ſeen, at leaſt not heard
her
In all ſo contrarie to all opinion.
Fit. You are not well Sir.
Tri. They ſaid ſhe was old, unhandſom, an
uncivil,
Froward, and full of womaniſh diſtemper.
She's none of theſe, but oppoſite in all.
Fit. Sir.
Tri. My wittie purpoſe was to ſave my friend
From ſuch a hazard; and to loath her ſo,
That I might make her loathſom to his fanſie.
But I my ſelf am ſaln into that hazard;
To wrong my friend, to burn in lawleſs Love,
Which oh that prayers or penance may remove.
Fit. You are not going Sir?
Tri. I beg your pardon, dare not look upo
you. —— *Ex*
Fi

it. Gone in a dream! Well, I perceive this jugling.
ſtrain was only to explore the ſtrength
ıy affection to my luckleſs Knight.
vhich, if both their Cunnings I not fit,
ne be call'd the barren Wife of wit.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. *Scene* I.

Fitchow.

. The ſtrangeneſs of this Gentleman's action ot out of my mind yet. Sir *Philip* could not ave a hand in it. Does he repent his bargain ly, and deſire to be quit with loſs of his ſt? 'Tis but his faith and troth.

Enter Widgine, Anvile.

id. Siſter, where are you? My Governor and come to wait upon you in Sir *Philip Luckles's* h. It waits at door for you, and what to do you?
t. I cannot tell. Perhaps to invite me forth the aire of *Hidepark* or *Maribone*, or elſe——
id. Or elſe me no or elſes, Siſter, you cannot it. And I was a fool to ask you the queſtion, I think on't.
t. That was well remembred Brother.
id. Siſter, you are to be a Ladie within this hour. Your Knight is readie, ſo is the Parſon My Governor here knows.
w. Yes Ladie, and that he intreats you to

bear with the ſuddenneſs of the occaſion, which he proteſts, deeply urges him to be married preſently; deſiring you not to trouble your ſelf in examination of his Reaſons; for upon his honeſtie and honour, the end of it is for good to you both. Come ſweet Madam (now I am bold to give you your due Title) your Knight is ready preſt on his adventures (dee hear) and 'tis only you, that he ſeeks to incounter.

Wid. There's a Jeſt now, butſhe underſtands it not. He makes her an Infidel, a wild beaſt or a monſter, by that word incounter; what do Knights adventurers incounter elſe? look all the *Mirror* over. He'le incounter her. O the wit of a Governor!

Anv. 'Tis as I ſay Madam (dee hear) the good fit's come on him!

Wid. Ever at the tail of his dee hear, I am ſure to ſmell a jeſt: the fits come on him!

Fit. This ſudden importunity confirms my former doubt: He thinks his Scare-crow will make me keep off now, but he is coſen'd. Well Sir, he ſhall find me obedient to his hand. I am in all prepar'd to meet his purpoſes; though, Brother, I had thought to had conference this morning with Sir *Paul Squelch*, touching a match for you.

Wid. For me Siſter! Ha' you found out a Wife for me? ha' you? pray ſpeak, ha' you?

Fit. And a good match too Brother, Sir *Pauls* Neece; on whom, he, being Childleſs, means to beſtow a large Dowrie.

Wid. By my faith, and he may do't. He is rich Governor, one of the beſt Ten i' th' hundred men about this Town.

Fit. He is a right good man. Within there.

Ent. Howd.

Bid *Flaps* your Fellow bring my Fan and Mask.

Ex. Howd. *Anv.*

Anv. Is he bounteous and liberal, ha? Does he make large Suppers, and lend money? Dee hear? Is he good at that?

Wid. Nay, there you miſtake Governor. A good man i' th' City is not call'd after his good deeds, but the known weight of his purſe. One, whoſe name any Uſurer can read without ſpectacles; one that can take up more with two fingers and a thumb upon the Exchange, than the great man at Court can lift with both his hands; one that is good only in Riches, and wears nothing rich about him, but the Gout, or a thumb-Ring with his Grandſirs Sheep-mark, or Grannams butter-print on't, to ſeal Baggs, Acquittances, and Counterpanes.

Ent. Maid, Howdee, *with Maſk and Fan.*

Anv. A Butter-print?

Wid. I 'twere a cunning Herald could find better Arms for ſome of 'hem; though I have heard Sir *Paul Squelch* proteſt he was a Gentleman, and might quarter a Coat by his Wives ſide. Yet I know he was but a Graſier when he left the Countrey; and my Lord his father whiſtled to a Teem of Horſes (they were his own indeed.) But now he is Right Worſhipful, and I would I had his Neece unſight and unſeen I faith for her monies ſake. You never heard me ask if ſhe were fair or handſom, dee mark that Siſter? my fathers Rule right! And if I be not a true *Widgine* (God forgi' me) I think he was none.

Fit. But ſhe is very fair Brother, and very handſom, and the prettieſt innocent Countrey thing withall. Do I want nothing here?

Wid. I now you bring me to Bed Siſter.

Ma. Your Maſk ſits well forſooth.

Fit.

Fit. But where's my Wimple forſooth ?

Ma. Upon the Cupboards head, pray *Humphrey* fetch it. *Ex. Howdee.*

Wid. He lives not that loves a Countrey thing like me. Alas none loves a Countrey thing like me. And though I am a Cockney, and was never further than *Hammerſmith*, I have read the Countrey-mans Common-wealth, and can diſcourſe of Soccage and Tenure, Free-hold, Copy-hold, Leaſe, Demeans, Fee-simple and Fee-tail, Plowing, Hedging, Diking, Grubbing, occupying any Countrey thing whatſoever, and take as much pleasure in't, as the beſt Clown born of 'hem all.

Fit. And ſhe is verie young, not above Fifteen, brother. How this Fellow ſtayes ! Go you.

Ex Ma.

Anv. And that's a ſafe age for a Maid in the Countrey ; dee hear ?

Wid. Pardon me Governor, I do hear, and not hear thee at this time.

Fit. And ſings, and ſpeaks ſo pretty Northernly they ſay.

Anv. Is ſhe Northern (dee hear) will ſhe not ſhrink i'the wetting ?

Wid. Governor, I know thou ſpok'ſt a Jeſt now, by thy dee hear ? but prithee forgive me, I cannot applaud, nor mark thee at this time.

Enter Howdee *with a Wimble.*

Fit. What makes you ſtay ſo ? I fear you have been among my ſweet meats.

How. She ſaid it was upon the Cupboard, and it was under the Cupboard.

Fit. Is this my Wimple ? Do you bring Carpenters Tools to dreſs me withall ?

Ent. Maid.

Ma. Here is your Wimple forſooth.

Fit.

Fit. I ſhall teach you to know a difference between Gentlewomans geere, and Carpenters Tools, I ſhall.

Wid. Nay, ſhe is ſo vext now! dear Siſter, to the Countrey Laſs again. You ſaid, ſhe ſpoke and sung Northernly. I have a great many Southern Songs already; but Northern Ayres nips it dead. *York, York,* for my money.

Fit. Yes brother ſhe is Northern, and ſpeaks ſo; for ſhe has ever liv'd in the Countrey, till this laſt Week, her Uncle ſent for her up to make her his Child, out of the Biſhoprick of *Durham.*

Wid. Biſhop, nor Biſhoprick ſhall hold her from me.

Fit. And brother ——

Wid. Siſter no more, though I have never ſeen her.

No Biſhoprick i'th' Land from me ſhall win her. If you will go, and clap hands with your Knight, come; I would ſee you match'd firſt, becauſe that will add ſome honour to the *Widgines,* when my ſelf ſhall be brother to a Lady. I ſhall write firſt of that name; and then am I no ſooner married, Governor, but we will ſet our Travels a foot, to know Countries and Nations, Sects and Factions, Men and Manners, Language and Behaviour.

And ſo in height of complement grow compleat,
More goes to making of a Man, than Meat.

Exeunt.

ACT II. *Scene* II.

Enter Trainewell, Conſtance.

Tra. Pray tell me, and tell me truly, What is the

the moſt has paſt between you? If it be the main loſs of your Maiden-head, it ſhall nere go further, therefore let me know it.

Con. As I live Mrs. *Trainewell*, all that ere he had o' me, was but a kiſs. But I mun tell ye, I wiſh'd it a thooſand, thooſand till him.

Tra. How often have you ſeen him?

Con. Feath but that bare eance nother, and your ſeln were by too. Trow ye that Ide not tell ye and 'twere maer. By my Conſcience Mrs. *Trainewell* I lee not.

Tra. That once that I ſaw him with you, your Uncle was there too, in the Orchard, but laſt Week.

Con. Vary true, mine Uncle was then by too. And he brought Sir *Philip* to ſee his Orchard. And what did he then do, trow you, but tuke me thus by th' haund, and thus he kuſt me; he ſed I were a deaft Laſſe: but there he ſein'd. But for my life I could not but think, he war the likeſt man that I had ſeen with mine eyne, and could not devaiſe the thing I had, might be unbeggen by him. Then by and by as he walk'd, he ask'd mine Uncle, gin he would give him me to make a Lady till him. And by my trouth Mrs. *Trainewell*, I lee not, I bluſh'd and luk'd upon him as I would fain a hed it ſo: Mine Uncle ſaid yes, and Sir *Philip* ſhuke my haund, and gude feath my heart joy'd at it. God gin the Prieſt had been by. But I thought all ſure enough, and would not ha' ſold my part for the Spaniſh Ladies Joincture. But ſtreight anon mine Uncle and he fell on other talk, of Lords and Ladies, and many fond like things, I minded not; for I is weell ſure, this keept me waking ere ſine. And God pardon me what I miſthought every hour i' th' Night.

Tra. How have you made me wrong this Gentle-

man

man, to challenge him as if he had been your due upon this idle complement? when I undertook the Meſſage, I preſum'd (for ſo your words did intimate to me) you had been ſure, as faſt as faith could bind you, man and wife. Where was my diſcretion? Now I perceive this was but common Courtſhip, and no aſſurance of a Marriage-promiſe.

Con. I wot not what he meant, but I is weell ſure, I'le nere be ſure to ony man but he. And if he love me not as wee'll, God pardon him; for I meant him none ill.

Tra. I know not how to counſel or comfort you, until I hear him ſpeak. My man tells me, he appointed him to meet, and bring him to you about this hour. Poor heart I pity thee. Before thou come to half my years, thou wilt forget to love half ſo truly.

Enter Beavis.

Be. Miſtriſs.

Tra. O, are you come? where's the Knight?

Be. He ſtayes below, and will'd me to come up firſt, to make his paſſage clear and ſecure.

Tra. That was diſcretion.

Be. Rather fear I think; for he ask'd me if the house were not mvch haunted with Roarers or Swaggerers, poniards and piſtols; whether there were not an Aſſurer for it, as upon the *Exchange*, as if his life were upon hazard? whether a man might come on without loſs of Credit, and off without need of a Chyrurgion? Much odd talk he delivers, that in my conceit, bewrayes at once, both a laſcivious and cowardly diſpoſition; and upon my underſtanding, cannot be ſo generous, or nobly ſpirited, as he is received. Do what you will.

Tra. I ſuſpect ſomething.

Con. Will he not come, Mrs. *Trainewell?*

Tra.

Tra. Yes ſweetheart. But go you to your Chamber, and let me have a word before you ſee him. Go call him in. Do ſo ſweetheart, I'le not be long.

Con. I'le do ought you bid me. God gin I ſaw him eance. *Ex. Con.*

ACT II. *Scene* III.

Enter Anvile, Beavis.

An. A place of fair promiſing! How have I liv'd that never diſcover'd this place beſore? This place Royal! But ſought my recreation in By-lanes, and fluttiſh Corners, unfavoury Allies and Ditch-ſides; when here the whole houſe is perfum'd; an Earl might think it his own Lodging; Ladies might come to ſee the pictures, and not bluſh, to go in or out unmask'd.

Be. Sir, Will you ſpeak to my Miſtriſs? The man is tranſported ſure!

An. I underſtand thy office leads thee no further, thy pains are abroad and below ſtairs. Here honeſt *Fetch.* Look thee, here's the poor price of a new pair of ſhooes, take it. Deſcend, and execute thy duty.

Tra. Bleſs me! this is another man. More abuſe yet?

Anv. Now Gentlewoman to you. What fees belong to your Key? Come, where's the Bed? where's the Party? Here's the man, here's the money. Chunk, chunk you old Gameſter, doſt hear? Here's half a Peece to buy thee Complection, Sack or Aqua-vitæ, what thou lik'ſt.

Tra. What are you Sir I pray?

Anv. Faith one that's a little ill-given at this time.

time. Where's the piece? here are the Peeces I tell thee.

Tra. What Piece Sir? If you can imagine what you are, where you are, what you would have, or where you would be, I pray tell me Sir, I'le do the beſt I can to ſatisfie you. O' my diſcretion will I Sir.

An. Give me but a little ſpace to wonder at thy ſtrange demands, and I will tell thee, good *diſcretion.* If I ſhould purchaſe a broken Coxcomb, or bruis'd Ribs now, for miſtaking another mans habit, the ſmart were only mine. The Villain ſwore to me, his Maſter was ſent for, and that his Maſter ſwore this was a Bawd to his choice Whore, newly entertain'd; and that ſhe knew not him, and might well miſtake me for him. On which preſumption I have waded thus far, and if I ſtick in the mud, or be driven back by a Tempeſt, I am arm'd. 'Tis not the firſt time I have been weather-beaten, or dry-beaten, dee hear?

Tra. Sir.

An. You do not know me, or at leaſt not remember me,

Tra. If I erre therein Sir, I hope your pardon. For as you ſhall reveal your ſelf, I ſhall either repent me of my oblivion, or accuſe you of unadviſedneſs,

An, She ſpeaks like the Wife of an Orator, that could dictate her Husbands ſpeeches! Were not you this morning at Sir *Philip Luckles'* lodging? ſpoke not you with him? ſent you not for him afterwards to repair hither to the Party? and know you not the man?

Tra. O infinite abuſe! Sir I cry you mercy, I hope you will pardon my weak-ſightedneſs; the Worlds bad, and we love to deal ſecurely. Could not your Worſhip make your ſelf known

ſooner

ſooner. Pleaſe you to entertain your ſelf here a while, I will inſtantly provide for your better welcom. O horrible indignity! But if Porters and Cudgels may be had for money, and I fit you not, let me loſe my diſcretion. I am furniſh't with Blankets already.—— *Ex.*

An. I will inſtantly provide for your better welcom! Will you ſo? 'Twill paſs, and by this light I think for my Maſter-jeſt; I will recover my charges, and gain over and above for three Returns more with the bare Repetition of it out of one man's purſe, the *Widgine.* My Jeſts are his nutriment, and my wit is his own, he payes ſo duly for it. If the Wench be but pleaſing now, to my expectation, my felicity is crown'd.

Tra. O Child, we are undone.

Con. Marry, God ſhield Mrs. *Trainewell.* Is he geane? Muſt I not ſee him?

Tra. Alas it is not he, but ſome Villain ſent by him to vex and ſpite you. One that perſwades himſelf, we are of thoſe common creatures, that ſell their honeſties.

Con. Heaven bliſs you, and give us leave to dee firſt. Can he be ſo unkaind, to ſcorn me ſo? woe is me.

Tra. He is ſo diſhonourable. But I will fit his Undertaker, what ere he be. Look you, is that he think you?

Con. O weell a near Mrs. *Trainewell?* Sir *Philip* is the likelieſt man that ere you ſaw dayes o' your life. This Lozel dow not. Nor would he fend him. So trim a man cannot have ſike bad purpoſe.

Enter Beavis.

Be. Miſtriſs, there's a Gentleman, one Mr. *Tridewell,* that ſayes he is Sir *Philips* Kinſman, will by all means ſpeak with him.

Tra.

Tra. Sweetheart, can you diſſemble your ſorrow with a Song, to paſs a little time? I'le down and ſift out the ſubtlety of this deceit.

An. There is no Government under the Sun, like the Politick Government of a Bawdy-houſe.

She ſings above.

SONG.

You ſay my Love is but a Man,
But I can find more odds,
'Twixt him and others then I can,
Find between him and Gods.
He has in's eye
Such Majeſty.
His ſhape is ſo divine.
That were I owner of the world,
He only ſhould be mine.

An. Sweet prologue to the interlude!

Enter Beavis.

Doſt hear me honeſt Fellow? was this the Parties voice?

Be. Only hers upon my ſincerity, Sir.

An. Excellent! She has rais'd my deſire above her Notes. Why am I thus raviſh'd, and yet delay'd?

Be. Sir, for that my Miſtriſs craves your pardon. 'Tis not her neglect that works upon your patience, but the neceſſitie to rid a troubleſom Lord or two out of the houſe, before the Party can appear to you. But pleaſe you to obſcure your ſelf in this dark Cloſet, while I convey them hence, and then, inſtantly, the top-gallant of pleaſure ſhall crown your Main-maſt, ſhe ſayes.

An.

An. O how her wit and care revives me! From henceforth ſhe is my Bawd for ever; my *diſcretion!* But are they wholſom Lords *Sirrah?*

Be. 'Tis no matter for any thing they did here Sir, I warrant you. In quickly pray Sir.

An. Muſt I be lock'd in?

Be. You cannot be ſafe elſe Sir.

An. The Politick Government of this little Common-wealth!

ACT II. *Scene* IV.

Enter Tridewell, Trainewell.

Tri. Indeed Lady, I am ſo far from being in any plot herein, that I proteſt it was meerlie by his out-ſide, and that in the doubtful light of the Evening, that I could gueſs 'twas he. And had he been denied, I had gone well ſatisfied, it had been ſome other man; which if it prove, and ſo his name be abus'd.—— Or if it be he indeed, though hitherto my moſt reſpected Coſin, that offers ſuch an outrage, as you deliver it to be; I am ſo much a friend to honeſty, that let me but ſee the man or beaſt, I'le do the fair office of a Gentleman to right you; indeed Ladie I will.

Tra. You profeſs noblie Sir. Firſt will it pleaſe you, ſee this Gentlewoman, ſo much the ſervant of your Kinſman? What ſhe is, I have told you; only I preſent her to your judgment, whether her outward ſeeming may deſerve ſuch ſcorn.

Enter Conſtance.

Tri. Alas fair Ladie, would they injure you?

Con. Yea ſeath, and ſcorn me too Sir, ill betide them

them. But and you do me help, and ma' Sir *Philip* love me, God reward you.

Tri. And has your youth and beautie plac'd your love on him?

Con. Gude ſeath Sir, I may not ſay how weell I love him: But were I one of neere a mickle, heeſt eene have all. And yet he loves me not.

Tri. Indeed 'tis pitiful, weep not ſweet Ladie, he ſhall love ye.

Con. Now Gods beniſon light o'ye for it.

Tri. Shew me the miſchief that hath abus'd us all, can you conceal him longer?

Tra. In thus much to conjure you by your Manhood, to do nothing that Law may queſtion, to your, or our disadvantage, we ſhall not need, For our own Right, to do our ſelves miſdeed. Therefore take this in hand.—— *A Ropes End.*

Tri. You do inſtruct me well, pray let me ſee him.

Anvile out of the Closet.

An. Oh for a large window, one of the laſt Edition, to leap out with half my life or limbs.

Con. Lo ye lo ye, the worſt like man to Sir *Philip* ye ſaw in all your dayes.

Tri. Miſchievous Devil! What magical madneſs conjur'd you into this ſhape?
Indeed I'le conjure you out on't.

An. Oh hold, for Heavens ſake hold, I'le confeſs.

Beats him.

Tri. Nay indeed, I'le beat you a little firſt, you'll confeſs the better;
'Twill come the eaſier from you, 'tis a good preparative.

An. Oh! oh, I'le confeſs any thing.

Tri. No Sir, not anie thing; but the truth, the truth Sir.

An.

An. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ſo help me.——

Tri. You would be ſwearing now would you? there's for that.

An. No indeed, indeed, and indeed la I will not.

Tra. Good Sir no more. What may this poor thing be, that brav'd it ſo but now?

Tri. I'le tell you Ladie. The moſt notorious, baſe, beaten Raſcal about the Town. 'Twere loſt breath to ſay more by him, he is as you ſee. Onlie his name is *Anvile*: and they that know him not, call him Captain.

Be. Anvile: Pray Sir let me trie my Blade on him too.

Tri. I pray thee do, to ſave me a labour; for he is not half-beaten yet. *Beavis beats him.*

An. Oh, oh, Ladies, ſpeak for me, ha' you no mercy?

Tra. Hold. No more.

Tri. Well Sir, thank the Ladies. Now Sir, put this Ladies favour here in your pocket, and keep it there till I call for it. And mark what I say, if ever I find thee without this inſtrument, or the like, when I ſhall call for it to beat thee (mark me) indeed I'le beat thee dead. And now to your examination, How got your Rotten Mutton-ſhip into this Lions caſe? Was it by the Owners knowledge? Was the Maſter of theſe Cloaths privie to your undertaking? Anſwer Sirrah, *bona fide*, I or no.

An. No upon my life, onlie his man abus'd me for my monie.

Tri. What preſumption made you think ſo vilelie of theſe Gentlewomen?

An. Sir *Philips* own words to his man, upon a Letter this Ladie deliver'd to him this morning.

Tri.

Tri. The Error's found. Her name you ſay is *Conſtance*, which likewiſe is the name of a proſtituted Strumpet, with whom, 'tis thought, the wantonneſs of his youth hath held former familiaritie; and now it ſeems makes doubt, imagining that Letter to be hers, that ſhe pretends a claim to him.

An. Right Sir; which he took ſo contemptuouſlie, that inſtantlie he reſolved to marrie the Widow, Mrs. *Fitchow;* and was this morning married privatelie in a Chamber, within an hour after you ſaw him.

Con. And I undone than.

Tri. And I if it be ſo.

An. It is undoubtedly true, I saw them married, and dined with them, at his lodging, where they will ſup too: But after Supper they go to her houſe in the Town to Bed.

Tri. This foul miſtaking we ſhall all repent, if we prevent not what may iſſue from it.

Tra. Alas Sir all will be too late.

Tri. Will you but truſt my ſervice for your honour?

Tra. We will wait on you Sir.

Tri. Then Sir for this time you shall be repriv'd,
From further penance: Riſe and be our Guide.
But keep your fear ſtill; for if all our Art
Miſcarry, thou art ſure to ſhare the Smart. *Ex.*

ACT. II. *Scene* V.

Enter Pate, Howdee.

Pa. Brother *Humphrey,* take my hand and word for thy inſtructions. I will acquaint thee with an

old Ladies Uſher in the *Strand*, that ſhall give thee thy Gait, thy Poſtures, thy Language, thy Habit, and thy whole charge in ſo plain a method, that thou ſhalt inſtantly ſtart up as prettie a Gentleman Uſher, none diſprais'd, as any between Temple-bar and Charing-croſs, marrie further I cannot promiſe you. But prithee tell me, Is our Ladie of ſo hot a temper, and ſtately carriage, as ſhe is reputed?

Ho. O I Brother, ſhe muſt command all, or all ſhall ſmoke for't. She did ſo in my old Maſters dayes I am ſure, and he glad of peace at that Rate too.

Pa. But how is ſhe to her ſervants, bountiful and free?

Ho. Yes both of her voice and hands.

Pa. She will not ſtrike will ſhe?

Ho. And ſhe could bite as well, the rankeſt Jade that ere was curried, could not come near her.

Pa. Heaven be good to us! ſhe nere ſtruck thee, did ſhe?

Ho. 'Tis no matter for that.

Pa. Nay Brother, you know we have vow'd to be all one, the marriage hath united us, prithee tell me.

Ho. She broke me a Tooth once with a Deaths Head-Ring on her finger, it had like to ha' coſt me my life! 'thas been a true *memento* to me ever ſince; Bobs o' the Lips, Tweaks by the Noſe, Cuffs o' the Ear, and Trenchers at my Head in abundance.

Pa. Will ſhe throw too.

Ho. Anie thing ſhe can lift, and makes us pay for all ſhe breaks; though ſhe break our Heads or Faces withall. Fan-handles, Looking-Glaſſes, or anie thing.

Pa.

Pa. We ſhall have a foul houſe on't I fear. But ſince it is too late, fight Dog, fight Bear, I'le turn my Maſter looſe to her. Here they come. By this light methinks they look as if they were fallen out alreadie.

ACT. II. *Scene* VI.

Enter Luckles, Fitchow, Waiting-woman, Widgine, *and* Bulfinch. *At the other door* Squelch, Nonſenſe, *and* Beavis.

Squ. Though I were abſent at the Ceremonie, I now bring my wiſhes of much joy.

Luc. And not too late I hope Sir *Paul*, we may yet carrie them to Bed with us.

Fit. You had been chieflie Sir invited, had we not ſtol'n a day from time, to have done a fathers part at Church, to which in your abſence, I intreated our worthy friend Mr. *Apprehenſion Bulfinch* here.

Squ. Mr. *Bulfinch*, I rejoice to meet you here directlie, look you Sir, do you know this young Gentleman?

Bul. Yes ſure, methinks I ſhould know him, but I am ſure I never ſaw him before; ha——

Squ. Have you forgot Sir *Hercules?*

Bul. I apprehend him to be Mr. *Salomon Nonſenſe*, Son and Heir to my right worthie friend, Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* of *Cornwall.* If you be not he Sir, I am ſure it is you; I may be deceiv'd, but I am certain 'tis he.

Luc. He is doubtful, but yet he is ſure he knows him. What a *Bulfinch* is this! ſure 'tis his language they call Bull-ſpeaking.

Non. You ſay verie well Sir; and never credit me as you knew my father, I would be verie readie, as you know how dutie binds; for becauſe it is a uſual thing in theſe dayes, deſiring the love and friendſhip, I proteſt and vow Sir I ſhould ——

Luc. Moſt perfect *Nonſenſe!* This is a finer youth than tother. My wives acquaintance are moſt anſwerable to her Kindred.

Squ. 'Tis ſo directlie Mr. *Bulfinch*, and I have brought him to Town——I underſtand my Neece is in your houſe, my Ladie Bride. Is ſhe employ'd in your Chamber?

Fit. She is not here Sir, is ſhe *Howdee?*

Ho. Certes no Ma-dam.

Squ. How! not here? Sirrah, what did you tell me?

Be. What ſhall I ſay or do? I ſhall be hang'd directlie.

Squ. How was ſhe accompanied?

Be. By my Miſtriſſ Sir, and two Gentlemen of her acquaintance, whoſe names I know not.

Squ. Knaverie, Villanie and Thieverie! I ſmell it rank, ſhe's ſtoln, ſhe's gone directlie.

Wid. 'Tis indirectlie Sir if ſhe be stoln; there your word fails you.

Squ. If ſhe be in the Land I will recover her; I hope I ſhall find as much Right in Law, as a Broaker or a Joiner.

Fit. Good Sir *Paul*, I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd, what afflicts you?

Squ. Oh Mrs. *Fitchow*, my Neece, my Neece.

Wid. He's mad I think. Sir, you forget my Siſter is a Ladie.

Squ. She's loſt, ſhe's ſtoln, and all my joy is gone, my Neece, my *Conſtance.*

Luc. Conſtance! (out of the Countrie?

Fit. Who your young Neece that came latelie

Wid.

Wid. My *Countrey thing* Siſter, that you promis'd me?

Squ. Promis'd you? I am abus'd, I do ſuſpect you acceſſaries. Sir I have purpos'd and promis'd her to this Gentleman, and here I charge you to reſtore her me.

Wid. Are you the man Sir that muſt have her?

Non. Never credit me Sir, if I have her, or have her not to my knowledge.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, you are courteous and noble; as you will continue ſo in opinion of honeſt men, let me have Right.

Luc. Sir *Paul*, upon my faith I am ignorant of anie ſuch wrong: And, for her part, ſhould ſhe fare amiſs, I ſhould ſuffer in her injurie equallie with your ſelf; for I profeſs to you, I did love the Laſs ſo well, and at the firſt ſight, that had I not been otherwiſe allotted, and indeed contracted to her, from whom now there is no ſtarting, ſhe ſhould have been my Bride, if all my love and fortune might have won her.

Fit Had you ſpar'd this proteſtation, Sir, you might have diſſembl'd your love to me the better.

Luc. Diſſemble?

Fit. 'Tis ſaid Sir.

Pa. By this hand my Ladie's jealous alreadie.

Ho. Bleſs us; what looks are theſe!

Squ. Sir I muſt take my leave, this is no time to trouble you.

Luc. Nay, good Sir ſtay, and ſhare in our ill Banquet. Heark, ſome friend I hope. Look Sirrah——*Cornets flouriſh.* *Ex. Pate.*

Fit. Some of your old Companions have brought you a fit of Mirth: But if they enter to make a Tavern of my Houſe, 'Ile add a voice to their conſort ſhall drown all their fidling. What are they?

Enter Pate.

Pa. Some that come in gentile faſhion to preſent a Mask.

Fit. Lock up the doors and keep them out.

Ex. Howd.

Luc. Break them open, and let them in.—

Ex. Pate.

Fit. Shall I not be Maſter of my own houſe?

Luc. Am not I the Maſter of it and you?——

Ex. Luc.

Wid. Nay ſiſter.——

Fit. Paſſion of my heart.

Squ. Bul. Madam, Madam.

Squ. You muſt allow of reaſonable things.

Bul. Be contented, Sir *Philip* is a noble Gentleman, and a Courtier, and, as I apprehend——

Wid. I dare warrant you ſiſter theſe are his friends, that come with their Loves to congratulate his fortune. Speak Mr. *Non-ſenſe*; A ſpeech of yours would do't.

Non. Never credit me, but I forſooth am of that opinion, that it is as it were. I proteſt and vow—I ſhould be as forrie as anie man——

Wid. If this were to be put into Latine now, which were the principal Verb.

Fit. Mr. *Nonſenſe*, you have prevail'd, you ſee I am content.

But what I purpoſe, Fate ſhall not prevent.

Wid. Did I not tell you?

Enter Luckles.

Luc. More lights, and let them enter. Gentlemen, take your places. Sir *Paul*, to Night forget your ſorrow. So will I mine, though I renue't to morrow. Come ſit ſit. Miſtriſs pleaſe you.

Fit. You wrong your honour Sir, your moſt humble hand-maid.

Wid.

Wid. Brother, I told you alwayes ſhe had haſtie mors, and as unreaſonable as heart can wiſh, but n over. Now ſhe's as mild as any Dove again.
Luc. Then we are friends, and ſhe's my Dove in.

MUSICK.

Maſquers enter. All in willow Garlands, Four len, Four Women. The two first pairs are ridewell *and* Conſtance, Anvile *and* Trainewell. *efore the Daunce,* Conſtance *ſings this Song.*

SONG.

Nor Love, nor Fate dare I accuſe,
For that my Love did me refuſe;
But oh mine own unworthineſs,
That durſt preſume ſo mickle bliſs.
It was too much for me to love
A Man, ſo like the gods above;
An Angels ſhape, a Saint-like voice,
Are too Divine for Humane choice.

Oh had I wiſhly giv'n my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part;
Sought only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace
Of Foot, of Hand, of Lip, or Eye,
I might have liv'd where now I dye.
But I preſuming all to chooſe,
Am now condemned all to looſe.

the end of the Daunce, Tridewell *and* Conſtance *hiſper with* Anvile, *each of them giving him a olded paper.*

uc. 'Tis well perform'd. Now we would gladlie w, to whom we owe our thanks.

An.

An. That I'le deliver to you. Mean while the reſt deſire they may withdraw a while.

Luc. Light, and all fair Reſpect be given unto them. ——

Exeunt all the Maſquers but Anvile.

Squ. The womans voice had much in't like my Neece.

Wid. Your Neece Sir *Paul*, ods me I muſt go ſee her.

Luc. Nay Brother, give them all their free pleaſures; by your leave you ſhall ſtay.

Wid. Shall! ſhall I? I will then.

An. Now to your patience I diſcloſe my ſelf.

Wid. Whoop! My Governor! Look you ſiſter, look you Sir *Philip*. Did not I alwayes tell you he was the Rareſt wit i'the World? This was his own invention, I'le be hang'd elſe. Sweet Governor the conceit of the Willow, and why thou weareſt it?

An. My ſelf, onlie to make the number in the Dance futable; and ſo did all the reſt to fulfil the faſhion, onlie two excepted, that were the Leaders and Subject of the Dance. The one, your Coſin *Tridewell*, who holds himſelf a loſt Lover, in that you Madam, to whom his affection is whollie devoted, have made your ſelf incapable of him, in being the lawful Right of another. This paper ſhews him more at large.

Luc. Is't poſſible! Did he for that ſo earneſtlie diſſwade me from her this morning?

Fit. I never ſaw him before this day, nor he me. Theſe are tricks and ſtudied fooleries to abuſe me.——

Tears the Paper.

Luc. Who was the other?

An. She was your fair Neece Sir *Paul*, the moſt diſconſolate beautie that ere I ſaw, giving her ſelf for

for ever loſt unto your love Sir *Philip*, preſuming you once promis'd her Marriage, of which ſhe made a claim this morning by her Nurſe, whom you revil'd by name of Bawd, calling fair *Conſtance* Whore; and to her more deſpight, haſtned your Marriage ſooner by a day, than you before intended with this Ladie.

Luc. Conſtance! May that name in all other Women be accurſed beyond themſelves; Hell it ſelf could not have vapor'd ſuch an Error forth, as I am loſt in. *Conſtance!* why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind a Devils, nay worſe, a Whores? to whom before 'twas given.

Bul. Sir *Philip*, and Madam, you apprehend theſe things as things done, when they are not things indeed, but, as it were, ſhew and deviſe, as by the ſequele you may at large apprehend.

Squ. I am of your mind Mr. *Bulfinch*. And truſt me I am glad my Neece was drawn into the wittie conceit; for which, with a new Gown I'le thank her.

Enter Pate.

Luc. Where is ſhe? I will endure no longer till I ſee her.

Pa. The Maſquers are all gone Sir.

Luc. Gone Villain?

Pa. They took their Coaches inſtantlie, and diſpers'd themſelves by ſeveral wayes. I had no Commiſſion to ſtay them.

Fit. Are you ſo ſenſible of her loſs?——*Ex. Fit. with her Servants.*

Squ. My Neece might notwithſtanding her loſt love, have tane me home in her Coach.

Luc. You ſhall have mine Sir *Paul*, and my Companie ſo far to ſee her; and whether their preſentation

preſentation were jeſt or earneſt, I will not reſt till I be ſatisfied; my Coach. I'le make no ſtay Sweet-heart. She's gone.

Wid. Excellent! The Bride's ſtollen to Bed.

Squ. It ſhould be ſo, I like the cuſtom well.

Bul. For if you apprehend it rightlie, it expreſſeth duty in the woman to lie prepared for him; and love in the man, not to be ſlack to embrace that duty.

Wid. A prettie Moral! A womans dutie to lie down, and a mans love to get up. One may learn ſomething of theſe old Fellows everie day.

Squ. Therefore no Coach, no Companie noble Knight. Purſue your home-occaſions, and God gi' ye joy.

Luc. Nay Sir *Paul*, I proteſt. ——

Squ. Not a word more of it directlie.

Wid. Take me with you good Sir *Paul* to ſee your Neece, I find Mr. *Nonſenſe* here verie indifferent. And I know 'twill be the greater joy to her, to match but into the familie of Sir *Philip*, of which I am half a Pillar now. Beſides, my ſiſter made me half a promiſe of her in good faith, my Governor's my Witness, and I have lov'd her ever ſince.

Squ. But you never ſaw her face.

Wid. No, but I'le be hang'd if I did not love her Viſor the beſt ere while, though I could not tell whoſe 'twas, nor which was which.

Squ. Good Mr. *Water Widgine*, this is no time of Night to dive into buſineſs of this depth. It is neſtling time I take it, how think you Mr. *Bulfinch?*

Bul. I apprehend it to be paſt Twelve a Clock verie near.

Squ. Therefore what your ſiſter hath promis'd you, let her perform if ſhe can. Meantime this Gentleman

Gentleman is my choice; come Mr. *Nonſenſe*, you have had a long time of ſilence. Mr. *Bulfinch.*——

Bul. I apprehend you Sir.

Luc. We'll ſee you to the Gate by your leave.

Ex. Omnes.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III. *Scene* I.

Enter Luckles.

Luc. What has ſhe written here? It is the same hand I read in the morning.

I am not your counterfeit, or unchaſte Conſtance: *But that only* Conſtance, *that truly love you; and that will, if you live not for me, dye for you.* Oh that I could at anie price or penance now redeem one day! Never was haſtie match ſooner repented.

Enter Widgine, Anvile.

Wid. He's melancholie methinks. 'Slid my fifter may lie long enough languiſhing for a Ladiſhip if this fit hold him; for ſhe has it not reallie till he go to Bed and dub her.

An. Will not you go to Bed Sir? we wait for your points.

Luc. I will. But is it time? Brother, would you would do me the favour to inquire.

Wid. Yes, I'le go ſee for the Poſſets ſake. —*Ex.*

Luc. Captain, deal fairlie with me. By what means joined you with this Society? Or how grew ſo ſoon your truſt or great acquaintance with them?

An. Without offence, I'le tell you. You know this morning at your Lodging, there paſt ſome words

words betwixt me, and your ſullen Kinſman Maſter——indeed la, *Tridewell,* and from him too much indeed for me, a profeſt Souldier to bear but the place protected him. Till after upon mature conſideration I made after him for ſatisfaction, thus arm'd as you ſee. Purpoſing with this Ropes end to Right me, and to maintain that Right with this Sword, which I thank *Mars* never yet fail'd me; as it hath well been manifeſted by the effuſion of much unworthie blood of my abuſers in *France, Spain, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Hungary* all parts of *Germany.*

Luc. Good Captain travel not ſo far in your Relation; but come home again to the buſineſs.

An. I have us'd it in ſome ſcore or two of Sea fights too by the way.

Luc. But to the matter Captain, where met you my Coſin?

An. The firſt ſight I recover'd of him, was, as he was entering the houſe of the greaſie Knight there what call you him?

Luc. Sir *Paul Squelch.*

An. Squelch, I a pox ſquelch him, I waited a quarter of an hour at his door for your Kinſman and longer I would not, had he been Kinſman to the Emperor, and my Enemie. Therefore in went, told Mr. *Tridewell* in his ear, my coming was to call him forth, to diſcharge the Office of a Gentleman with his Sword, in anſwering thoſe wrongs wherewith I held my Reputation wounded. Was it not well, ha? Could a poor Gentleman ſay more? and that in civil faſhion verie privatelie in reſpect of the Companie, not ſhewing anie the leaſt diſtemper, in look or geſture. But the women read preſentlie in his countenance the whole matter and brieflie by their prettie perſwaſion I took ordinarie ſatisfaction of him.

Lu

Luc. What was that Captain?

An. Why he confeſt'd he wrong'd me, was ſorrie for't, and ſo forth. What ſhould we ſpeak more on't? This you muſt not ſpeak of neither. You muſt promiſe me that o'your honour, as you deſire to hear what follows; I love no ripping up old ſores.

Luc. Not a word I, Captain upon my word. What a Raſcals this! To the point, good Captain.

An. Then thus Sir. I ſoon perceiv'd their drift to appeaſe, and win me to their friendſhip was for my aſſiſtance, and indeed to bear them out in this Nights work, the Mask. The whole plot of all which, was meerlie to ſowe diſſension between you and your new married Ladie, to work if they can a ſeparation, before carnal copulation, in which if they can prevail, and that the diſlike continue between you to that height, that a Divorce be required equallie by the conſent of you both, your Marriage then is fruſtrated, and you ſtand in *ſtatu quo prius*, dee hear. So your Coſin *Tridewell* may lawfullie purſue his hopes in your Bride, whom he loves as eagerlie as the melanchollie Virgin dotes on you.

Luc. But may this hold good in Law Captain?

An. There's a Canon for it Sir, if both parties agree to a Divorce after Marriage, ſo it be before Copulation.

Luc. Though the former part of his Diſcourſe was a moſt egregious lye, yet the laſt hath ſome ſound of pleaſure in it, which I may make uſe of.

Enter Tridewell.

Tri. Come gi' me the inſtrument. Shall I never find thee anie where, but thou wilt by juſt deſert exact a beating from me? Haſt thou no Conſcience? wouldſt thou have me lame my ſelf, or melt my greaſe upon thee? Come Sir, I have over-heard you all, give me the inſtrument, the inſtrument

ſtrument I say; indeed I'le have it. So. Sir.—

Luc. Nay Coſin, for the ſervice he hatl you to Night, and love of me, pardon hi time. Beſides, his charge is in the houſe, at charge he lives. You will both ſhame an him.

Tri. Well Sir, I ſhall for this time pardc and never beat you more, if before Sir *Phil* you will ſubſcribe to this. 'Tis nothing but ; ful proteſtation to do reaſonable things as appoint, and not to reveal what I ſhall tru withall.

An. If you will covenant on your part in c of my Reputation, to let me Rail at you your back, I will ſubſcribe.

Tri. Take your pleaſure, I am content. W In what without a Knave we cannot end, A Knave imploy'd do's the office of a frien

An. Here Sir, I deliver it as my deed.

Tri. Here, and I deliver you this again t Indeed you ſhall for performance of Coven

Enter Widgine.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated, my Siſte fortified her lodging with locks, bolts, ba barricadoes.

Luc. To what end Brother? for what cau

An. I know not whither it be diſcontent ſulneſs that poſſeſſes her; but you are to h entrance there to Night. That ſhe has ſuffi ſworn.

Tri. Good.

Luc. How! am I denied? to my wiſh.

Tri. Pray let me ſpeak with you Sir.

Luc. At large you ſhall; for though it wedding Night, you ſhall be my Bedfellow. there. Good Night Brother.

Tri. Good Night Captain. *Ex.*

Wid. How now Governor? what has anger'd thee? ſomething troubles thy countenance.

An. Your coming, and the priviledge of this place hath once more preſerved that unworthie *Tridewell* from the juſtice of my furie, which ſhould have fallen on him, had he been twind with me by this light.

Wid. By this light, Governor? would you have fought by Candle-light? (Star-light.

An. Sir I dare do't by Day-light, Moon-light,

Wid. Owle-light.

An. Anie light under the Sun. And that ſhall be tride well on *Tridewells* head, dee hear?

Wid. A good Jeſt! Tride well upon *Tridewell.* He has wit in his anger. But Governor, laying your anger aſide, let me be beholden to your wit in atchieving this Northern Laſs; thy acquaintance with her muſt be the means, prithee go lie with me, and help me to dream out ſome courſe. Nay, look now thy furie blows ſo high, thou doſt not hear me.

An. Not hear? yes, were I in a Combat as great as ever I my ſelf fought anie, I could both hear, and give counſel. Therefore ſay unto your ſelf, by the help of your Governor, ſhe is your own.

Wid. O man paſt example!

An. But dee hear?

Wid. Here, here, thou ſhalt have anie thing—*gives him money.* *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. *Scene* II.

Enter Squelch, Conſtance, Nonſenſe, Trainewell.

Squ. Come your wayes Huſwife, no more of your whinings, and counterfeit tricks. If this Gentleman

Gntleman be not worthie of your love, I am not worthie to be your Uncle, directlie.

Tra. Alas, what mean you Sir?

Squ. Accept of him, you accept of me. If you refuse him, you denie me directlie.

Tra. She underſtands you not a word Sir.

Squ. If you will join hands and faith with him, here's your portion, there's your joincture; if not, your way lies before you, pack directlie.

Tra. Good Sir, conſider her diſeaſe. If her underſtanding were direct, you might ſpeak directlie to her: But if I have any diſcretion, ſhe is too full of melanchollie to be purg'd this way.

Squ. What would you have me do? Or how in your diſcretion would you counſel me?

Tra. Not to be mad Sir, becauſe ſhe is melanchollie; not by taking a wrong courſe for her Recoverie to ruine her, and forfeit your judgment. Do you think, that commands with chidings, threats or ſtripes, have power to work upon her, when ſhe has neither will nor Reaſon within her ſelf to do, or not to do anie thing whatſoever.

Squ. Now the gigs up.

Tra. If her health in ſenſe and underſtanding were perfect, yet as ſhe is woman, her will were firſt to be wrought upon by fair and gentle treatie. But as ſhe is at this time ſo ſick in mind, that knowledge of what ſhe is, what ſhe does, eſpeciallie of what ſhe ſhould do, is dead in her, her mind muſt be firſt recover'd; and that by a due courſe, in ſoft and temperate proceedings; to which, fit time, as well as means, muſt be allowed. Moreover ——

Squ. Oh, no moreovers I beſeech you, nor more of her at this time. I underſtand your purpoſe alreadie, I do directlie. Therefore ſpeedilie take what courſe, and uſe what means ſhall in your diſcretion

cretion be thought fit. I will ſubſcribe, I will directlie ſubſcribe to your diſcretion. My Wife, when ſhe went out of the World, left me as great a curſe behind her, in the charge ſhe gave me with this Woman, this quick-ſighted guide of my houſe, a blind one were better.

Tra. You ſhould firſt ſee, if it pleaſed you, how her affection may be wrought upon by the Gentlemans own fair intreatie. Pray Sir ſpeak to her like a Sutor, look upon him Sweetheart; this Gentleman loves you: Pray ſpeak Sir, Do you not?

Non. Never credit me prettie Gentlewoman——

Con. Nor will I, fear it not; nor anie man that ſayes he loves me: For alas, I was too latelie ſcorn'd.

Non. You are a Laſs indeed, I proteſt and vow, and ſuch a one, as I would be verie ſorrie to appear anie way, or in the leaſt degree, as it were pleaſe you to underſtand me; for I'le be ſworn there is not in the World.

Con. Truth in ſwearing, leſs in promiſing.

Non. If you will believe me Ladie.

Con. Nor ne man for your ſake.

Non. There is not in the World I ſay

Con. I ſay ſo too Sir, What was't I pray.

Non. There is not in the World anie Gentlewoman——

Con. Tell that no further; for we are all too gentle leſſen men were leſs cruel.

Tra. Hear him ſpeak *Conſtance.*

Con. You ſhall hear me ſing firſt by your leave.

Tra. Poor heart.

Squ. Here's wiſe work! direct Lunacie and Ideotiſm. Bleſs my houſe from the Ward Maſters Informers.

Con. Pray ſir, are you ſir *Phiiip?*

Tra. Say you are.

Non. Yes Ladie, I am ſir *Philip*,

Con. But you are none of my Sparrow. Your mouth's not wide enough for your words.

Tra. She has ſtop'd his mouth there.

Con. His words would ſoften Adamantine ears. And looks would melt a marble heart to tears. O wea is me!

Tra. Nay, you muſt not weep Sweet-heart.

Con. What mun I do than? Shall I ever get him by ſinging trow ye?
In troth I would never but ſing, if I thought that were the gaineſt way.

Tra. I had rather hear you ſing though, than ſee you weep.

Con. It muſt be of my Love than, my Sparrow, as I told you. And thus it goes.

SONG.

A bonny bonny Bird I had,
A Bird that was my Marrow:
A Bird whoſe paſtime made me glad,
And Philip *'twas my Sparrow.*
A pretty Play-fere: Chirp it would,
And hop, and fly to fiſt,
Keep out, as 'twere a Uſurers Gold,
And bill me when I liſt.
Philip, Philip, Philip *it cryes,*
But he is fled. and my joy dyes.

But were my Philip *com'd again,*
I would not change my Love
For Juno's *Bird with gaudy train,*
Nor yet for Venus *Dove.*
Nay, would my Philip *come again,*
I would not change my ſtate,
For his great Name ſakes wealth of Spain,
To be anothers Mate.
Philip, Philip, *&c.*

No.

No, no, you cannot be the man; I know him right weell by you ſir, as wily as you be. Gin you had all his trim geere upon you, and all his ſweets about you, yet I ſhould not be ſo fond to miſtake a Jennie Howlet for a Taſſel Gentle. Ah, ah, ha.

Tra. Why Love, what fault do you find in this Gentleman?

Con. Feath, but eene eane. That he is not ſir *Philip*; for thus would he do; thus would he kiſs his hand; and thus ta' me by mine: Thus would he look, and ſet his eye on mine; and give me leave to ſee my ſelf in's eyen. 'Twas the beſt glaſs introth that ere I ſaw, I nere look weell fine, nor ere ſhall Ime ſure, until I ſee me there again.

ſing,

But he is geane, alas hee's geane, and all too late I ſorrow:
For I ſhall never be well again, till yesterday be to-morrow.

God you good Even ſir. ——*Ex.*

Tra. Follow her ſir.

Squ. And put her to't ſir, and out of this humor. I'le add the tother five hundred to her portion, and you bring her about handſomlie. O when I was a Batchelor! I think I can do ſomewhat yet in my old dayes; But when I was a Batchelor, how I could have handled this geere.

Non. Never credit me ſir, if you will believe me, but ——

Squ. I do believe you ſir ſufficientlie good Mr. *Nonſenſe*, no more of your impertinent ſpeeches. But follow her, and put her to't I ſay, to't directlie; take her into the Orchard; 'twas there ſhe fell in love they ſay; it may be the place is omenous.

Ex. Non. Tra.

Tra. Sir, there will be no way for her Recoveri but to remove her Lodging, and have ſome goo Phyſitians about her.

Squ. Where you pleaſe. and uſe whoſe help yo pleaſe, ſhe is your own; diſpoſe of her freelie, as will of what is mine, I'le take a new courſe of li directlie. Let me ſee, ſhe is loſt, paſt Recoveri Say I ſhould marrie, I might yet have an Heir mine own.

Tra. Yes, but of whoſe getting ſir?

Squ. There might riſe a fearful queſtion.

Tra. Think not of it ſir. A man of your yea and gravitie, with the reſpect the World gives yo for your place and worſhip in the Common-wealt together with the Riches you have pil'd up in mountainous eſtate; to caſt all down with yo ſelf and fortune, at the foot of a ſtranger! Thin what would be thought of you, if ſuch a dotag ſhould poſſeſs you.

Squ. She's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray how was Mr. *Spartledirt* talk'd o tother day for doing ſuch a trick? yet he was he a wife Lawyer. You ſee a fair example in th late marriage of ſir *Philip Luckles*, and his *Fitcho* a match of your own making, and cauſe of yo Neeces, and your own misfortune.

Squ. No more I beſeech you.

Tra. There's tugging for a Maſterie, and bu ſetting for the breeches. He barks at her, ſh ſnaps at him; ſhe breaks his Wine-glaſs, he h Looking-glaſs; ſhe puts away his ſervants, h turns away hers; ſhe locks her chamber-door, h bolts his, begetting nothing but a World of ſtri and diſorder.

Squ. I pray ſhut up that point, I will n marrie: No directlie I will not, though the trut is my purpoſe; was to have caſt my ſelf an fortu

fortune whollie upon you, if it might have ſeem'd well in your diſcretion, umh umh.

Tra. I pray ſtay a little ſir, take me along with you.

Squ. Not a ſtep further, this way by your leave. I think I have puſſel'd her diſcretion.

Tra. Underſtand me ſir. As I would not have you fall raſhlie upon anie thing, no more would I have you flie ſuddenlie from anie purpoſe, without advice and sober deliberation. If you ſhould marrie one that would be a comfortable Nurſe unto you, as (though I ſay't) you partlie know——

Squ. Say you nothing, for I do know nothing, nor I will know nothing more of this matter directlie; for if ever I marrie, let me ſuffer all that the Law provides for Perjurie; let me be cropt and ſlit worſe than a French Curtal, or a Parliamental Delinquent for blaſpheming the Blood-Royal. No, I will now beſtow my wealth in Monumental good deeds, and charitable uſes in my life-time, to be talked well on when I am dead.

Tra. Yes, build Almes-Houſes and Hoſpitals for Beggars, and provide in *Bridewell*, and houſes of Correction for your friends and kindred. Pray give enough to *Bedlam*, you may feel ſome part of that benefit your ſelf before you die, if theſe fits hold you.

Squ. She would have do me no good with that I have neither. Let me conſider, the moſt I have to ſay directlie hath not been verie well gotten. Were it not a point of good Conſcience, to ſpend that prodigallie, and ſave a lewd Heir the ſin? And that which I have got well and honeſtlie, hath been with much care and travel; were it not then a point of equitie to my ſelf, to ſpend that with eaſe and pleaſure? 'Tis done directlie, what I

have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. Within there ho?

Tra. What's the toy now?

Ent. Clerk.

Squ. Sirrah, Take there twenty Peeces. Beſtow it all preſentlie in choiceſt meats, and richeſt wines for my Supper; this one Nights Supper directlie. What I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it.

Tra. Cle. Bleſs us!

Squ. Six brace of Partriches, and ſix Pheaſants in a Diſh. Godwits, Knots, Quails, and the reſt of the meats anſwerable for half a ſcore, or a dozen perſons of the beſt Qualitie, whom I will think of preſentlie.

Cle. Brain of a down-right Juſtice! What means my Maiter, to leap out of Thirtie ſhillings a Week houſe-keeping, into Twentie pounds a Supper? I may ſell my Clerks place, for ſure he means to thruſt himſelf out of the Commiſſion. He can be no Juſtice long, if this humor hold: Who ſhall be the Gueſts Trot?

Squ. I have it directlie. You ſhall go to the Ordinaries, and from thence invite ſuch young Gallants as you find to be Gameſters. I mean of the higheſt cut.

Tra. Men that you do not know ſir?

Squ. I directlie, if they know me, or have heard of me, 'tis ſufficient, we ſhall be ſoon acquainted. Bring not a man with anie paid for gold Laſe or Scarlet about him, I charge you, nor without a protection in his pocket.

Tra. You run a great hazard in this ſir. You may perhaps be cheated of all you have, if I have anie diſcretion.

Squ. And much good do't their good hearts. What

What I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it directlie. You have put me by one or two courſes, but not all your diſcretion ſhall beat me out of this. If you take ſome care in the buſineſs, and huſwife the entertainment to make it brave for my credit, you may get a Gown or a Jewel by it. If not——

Tra. Sir I'le obey you. If he be mad, I will not be fooliſh, but ſtrike in for a ſhare. And for your Gueſts ſir, let me alone, my man is beſt acquainted at the Ordinaries.

Squ. Why now you ſpeak.

Tra. Within there, *Beavis?* But in troth ſir, I doubt whither anie ſuch Gueſts will come, you have alwayes been ſo ſtrict and terrible in your Iuſtitiarie courſes.

Enter Beavis.

Squ. Let him ſay mine eyes are opened, and their vertue is revealed unto me. And if anie of the youngſters have Miſtreſſes, let 'hem bring 'hem. They ſhall have Muſick; what I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. My fleſh, though not in the way of Marriage, requires ſome ſatisfaction too. Where might a man in all this plentiful Town, find a choice piece directlie that he might make his own? onlie his own? A verie hard queſtion. And cuſtom has made it almoſt an unreaſonable one, though it were in ones own Wife. In a Citizens or Tradeſmans wife, a man muſt ſuffer the Rivalſhip of a ſlovenly Huſband, the ſtink of his Horns ever under ones Noſe. A caſt Ladie, or Gentlewoman of courtlie acquaintance, to maintain her, is to feed a Fountain, that waſts it ſelf through manie Spowts; what I ſupplie her with will be drawn out by twentie; all her friends muſt ſhare of my prodigalitie. To train up an

an innocens Countrey Girle, is like hatching a Cuckoe; as ſoon as ſhe is Ripe, and ſees the World afore her, ſhe flies at her advantage, and leaves me dead i' the Neſt. How now.

Enter Clerk.

Cle. Sir, here's a Delinquent brought before your Worſhip to be examined, a Gentlewoman ſir.

Squ. Who brings her?

Cle. Vexhem the Conſtable ſir.

Squ. Look on his feet, ſure 'tis the Devil in his likeneſs; that old Bawd knowing how it ſtood with me, has brought me one of his *ſuccubæ* Art. Sure 'tis *Vexhem?*

Cle. Sure ſir? The Devil himſelf knows him not better than I know him from the Devil. I am ſure he has been in ſee with me theſe nine years, almoſt ever ſince he was Conſtable; and has brought more profit to my Desk, than all the honeſt Officers in the Counties of your Commiſſion ſir. Oh he's a Rare Fellow, he'll tickle a Whore in Coany.

Squ. You know my mind, I will in and handle this geere in privitie.

Enter Nonſ. Conſt.

Tra. Beavis, You underſtand me, prithee go diſcreetlie about it.

Be. Pray let me ſee a little of this firſt.

Non. If I put her to't, or ever offer to put anie Woman to't again, never credit me; let me never be truſted, I proteſt and vow Gentlewoman ſhe has us'd me ——

Tra. Verie ill favouredlie methinks.

Be. Ha' you put her to't ſir.

Non. I cannot put her to't, nor ſhe will not be put to't.

Sing.

Con.

Con. *I wo' not go to't, nor I mun not go to't,*
For love, nor yet for fee,
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dye.
Yet mine intent, I could repent, for ane mans company.

But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrouſlie chang'd. I am ſure his faults were not written on his forehead. God pardon him.

Non. If mine be, you can beſt read 'hem, 'tis your own hand-writing.

Be. She has done a cure on him, he ſpoke ſenſe now. Alas Sir, that a fair hand ſhould make ſuch blots! what hand is it? Secretarie, Roman, Court or Text? I have not ſeen the like; 'tis all dominical letters, red ink, his face is like an Almanack of all Holydayes.

Tra. Sure 'tis Stenographie, everie Character a word; and here and there one for a whole ſentence.

Be. Here's one might ſerve for a whole Hiſtorie. The life and death of *Raw-head* and *bloody-bones.*

Non. I ſee I am not ſuch an Aſs, I would I might never ſtir but I am —— Where's Sir *Paul?* if I do not tell him——

Tra. What did you to provoke her thus?

Non. Nothing but what I can anſwer in a ſort dee ſee me as well as——never gi' me credit I had warrant under his hand.

Be. How ſir?

Non. By word of mouth ſir.

Be. That's above hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it ſo? Good Sir, his meaning was, you ſhould put her fairlie on like a Lover, with ſweet ſpeeches, and gentle behaviour.

Non. She underſtands nothing that I can ſpeak.

Be. Nor anie bodie elſe I think.

Tra. And therefore you fell to expreſs your ſelf in

in rude action. She has ſerv'd you but well, you are a fine putter to't indeed. *Sing.*

Con. Mun toot Mun toot, Muntar a ra ra Muntar a ra ra ra ree,
And ever I ſigh and cry alack for Philips *love I dye.*

Juſt ſo did our Deyry Maid at home ſerve my Ladie *Fidledets* Butler, and there I learnt it. But when ſhe had ſo done, what did ſhe then do? Beſtow'd a pennieworth of *Unguentum Album*, and it made him whole preſentlie. Good Mrs. *Trainewell* ſend to your Pothecarie for ſome, 'twill make him weell e'ne now.

Tra. I ſweetheart; but firſt you ſhall go in the Coach with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know I am not weell too. But I'le have no Doctor but Sir *Philip.*

Tra. It ſhall be Sir *Philip* (poor ſoul) all muſt be Sir *Philip.* You ſhall lie at his houſe.

Con. But not with him by my faith, and your leave, in't we be married.
Prithee *Beavis* gar him waſh his face, he'll ſcare ſome bodies Barns elſe. —— *Ex. with Tra.*

Be. I'le throw him into the Dock rather than he ſhall ſucceed *Jack O'Dandy.* Come ſir, all ſhall be well again, fear not.

Non. I thank you ſir.

ACT. III. *Scene* III.

Enter Luckles *and* Tridewell.

Luc. Coſin, I underſtand you at full; and am glad that occaſion hath pointed out a probabilitie to lead me out of this labyrinth, and you to your deſired end. *Tri.*

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you ſhall arrive at your own wiſhes.

Luc. She has put me into't her ſelf too.

Tri. By ſequeſtring her ſelf from you the firſt Night.

Luc. For which Coſin, if I take not occaſion to keep my ſelf from her, all nights, dayes, and times hereafter, may the act of our bodies beget prodigious monſters, and nothing elſe.

Tri. A fearful vow! look to't. And I warrant ſhe ſues for the Divorce firſt.

Luc. May we prove but as certain as you are confident in our other project, for recalling *Conſtance* to her ſelf, and thee then to her, these fetters being ſhaken off, may they prove golden ones to you, I ſhall not envie you.

Tri. For her take no thought Sir. The intereſt I have in her Turreſs, with the work I have faſhion'd upon my Anvile, ſhall bring all to your wiſh. I expect to hear from him inſtantlie.

Luc. I'le freelie reſign your wiſh to you, and add half I have to augment her Eſtate to you. Oh I tremble to think on her; her preſence ſhakes the houſe like an earthquake; the outrage of Prentices is not ſo terrible to a Bawd or a Cutpurſe, as her voice is to me. Yet to you ſhe may be calm as the breath of friendſhip, and mild as the midnight whiſpers of chaſte love.

Tri. Sir, I profeſs my affection flies eagerlie at her; ſhe takes me deeplie, however you have miſtaken one another. Oh here comes my *Anvile!* Methinks his verie countenance invites me to ſtrike him, though I know he does me good ſervice now.

Enter Anvile.

An. 'Tis done ſir, I warrant ſhe's plac'd, ſucceſsfullie, dee hear?

Tri.

Tri. How prithee?

An. I have ſent her before his Worſhip by a Conſtable.

Luc. Who has he ſent? before whoſe Worſhip?

Tri. You ſhall know all, he has ſent your caſt Whore before ſir *Paul.*

Luc. The myſterie, Gentlemen?

Tri. The ſucceſs ſhall unfold it in good time to your and my benefit? doubt not, if ſhe but follow her inſtructions.

Luc. Nay, if ſhe be not Miſtriſs of her Art, there is no deceit among Tradeſmen, no briberie among Officers, no bankrupt out of Ludgate, nor whore out of Bridewell.

An. And if I ha' not fitted her with a ſecond, my friend *Vexham*, the Conſtable, then ſay there is no wit among Knaves, no want among Scholars, no reſt in the Grave, nor unquietneſs in Marriage, dee hear?

Luc. Of which here comes the trueſt teſtimonie.

Enter Fitchow, Pate, Widgine, Howdee.

Fit. Out of my doors thou Miſcreant,

Wid. Nay ſiſter. O Governor, art here?

Fit. Avoid my houſe, and that preſentlie, I'le claw your skin off after your Liverie elſe, and make you ſo much nakeder than time makes all other ſerving creatures.

Luc. Do you talk of turning away my man? you ſhall give me leave to turn away your *Howdee* firſt, and then put off my, God a mercie, how doſt thou?

Fit. Am I jeer'd? flowted to my face? Is this fit usage for a wife?

Luc. A Wife? a Witch.

Fit. A Husband? a Hangman.

Luc. Out Puſs.

Tri.

Tri. Nay Sir, indeed the fault is yours moſt extreamlie now. Pray ſir forbear to ſtrain beyond a womans patience.

Fit. Am I ſcorn'd and revil'd?

Luc. Ah, ha, ha.

Fit. Made a propertie for laughter?

Luc. A ah, ha.

Fit. Have I no friend, no ſervant to command?

Luc. Ah, ah, ha.

Fit. Has my Ladiſhip made me ſo lamentable a thing, that I have loſt the power of a Miſtriſs? You ſir, run and call ſome friends to ſuccour me, or I'le thrattle you.

Luc. Stir but a foot ſirrah, or utter but a ſillable, and I'le cut your thrattle-pipe.

Ho. I ſhall be carv'd out betwixt them.

Fit. What will become of me? you Woodcock, Ninnihammer.

Wid. Have you forgot my name ſiſter? would not *Widgine* become your mouth as well? forget your natural brothers name?

Fit. Can you call me ſiſter, and ſee me abus'd thus?

Wid. Foutre for ſiſters; I am not to meddle with another mans wife, I am about one for my ſelf; you mention'd her firſt to me: But I muſt be beholden to others wits and means to compaſs her; or elſe.

Luc. Do as I bid you, or ——

Ho. O ſir, ſhe'll rend me in pieces, tear me like a Lark.

Luc. Doſt thou fear her or me? Do't, or I——

Ho. Sir, there's Mr. *Walter* can ſing it Rarelie.

Luc. So he ſhall ſir, and ſo will all; but you muſt put us in. Begin.

Ho. Hey down down, &c. *ſing.*

Wid. Siſter, wife, and all, is a prefent nothing to this

this. Come round Gentlemen; keep her but of and let me alone.

They all take hands, and dance round. Widgine *in the midſt ſings this* Song. *They all bear th burden, while ſhe ſcolds and ſtrives to be amongſt 'hem.* Tridewell *holds her off.*

Wid. He that marries a Scold, a Scold. Song.
He has moſt cauſe to be merry,
For when ſhe's in her fits, he may cheriſh his wits,
By ſinging hey down derry.
All.—— Hey down down derry down down down, &c.

Enter Bulfinch.

Bul. I cry you mercie Gallants, I apprehend you would be private.

Luc. O no Mr. *Bulfinch,* you ſhall make one o our Councel.

Bul. I apprehend Gentlemen you are merrilie diſpos'd, in good ſadneſs.

Wid. Apprehend a fools head, Come into play.

All. I, I in with him, and about again.
They pull him into the Round.

Wid. He that marries a merry Lass,
He has moſt cauſe to be ſad:
For let her go free in her merry tricks, ſhe
Will work his Patience mad.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.

He that weds with a Roaring Girle,
That will both ſcratch and bite;
Though he ſtudy all day to make her away,
Will be glad to pleaſe her at night.

And

And he that copes with a ſullen Wench,
That ſcarce will ſpeak at all,
Her doggedness more than a Scold or a Whore,
Will perpetrate his Gall.

All. *Hey down down, &c.*
He that's match'd with a Turtle Dove,
That has no ſpleen about her,
Shall waſte ſo much life in the love of his Wife,
He were better be without her.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.

Fit. O ſcorn upon ſcorn, torment upon torment. Let me rather be buried alive, than bear this.
She gets loose.
Slaves, Raſcals, get ye all out of my doors. By vertue of my nails, I charge ye. I'le not leave an eye or a noſe amongſt ye. *Flies upon all.*

How. Wid. Bul. Anv. O Lord, O Lord.

Luc. Come bouncing after my Boyes.
Ex. ſinging.

Fit. O how am I wrong'd.
Ex. Omnes, præter Fit. Tri. Bul.

Bul. Sure I did apprehend this mirth, as right as could be poſſible the wrong way.

Tri. Madam, I ſee too much of your vexation, and indeed I ſuffer too much with you. As I am a Gentleman, I will give you right friendlie counſel, if you will hear me.

Fit. Sir I have perceiv'd humanitie in you, and do love it in you. But I know not what to do, nor whom to hear. I am fallen into the pit of Bondage, and will take any courſe for my Redemption. Oh Mr. *Bulfinch.*

Tri. This will make to my purpoſe.

Fit. Sir I am wrong'd beyond expreſſion. This Gentleman

Gentleman is an eye-witneſs of my ſufferings Pray come in Sir, I will hear your counſel, together with this Gentlemans advice.

Bul. Madam, your caſe is in my apprehenſion moſt deſperate, yet full of comfort, in regard you ſeek advice and counſel. Mine is ever readie, and more fortunate oftentimes than judicious. For I do nothing but upon good Reaſon and deliberation

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV. *Scene* I.

Enter Squelch, Holdup, Vexhem.

Vex. Sir I beſeech your Worſhip, deal not ſo ſeverelie with me.

Squ. Sirrah I will teach you how to deal with dealers, and not with vertuous Gentlewomen; bring *Innocency* before *Juſtice*, and be able to lay nothing to her charge.

Vex. Indeed Sir, the Captain inform'd me of her, and ſaid he would be here readie to accuſe her. Good Sir.

Squ. Moſt officious Sir, What Warrant had you? None. What is the Captain's name? you know not. Where's his lodging? you are ignorant. But here was your cunning, it appears moſt plainlie, that you thinking her to be one of the Trade, thought to make a prey of her purſe; which ſince your affrightment, could not make her open unto you, you thought to make her Innocencie ſmart for't. I will make your Knaverie ſmart for't directlie. Come is the *Mittimus* readie? give me't—— *Writes and Seals it.*

Enter

Enter Clerk.

Vex. Good your Worſhip, hold your hand, for my poor families ſake.

Squ. Here take him forth, and let the next Conſtable convey him to *Newgate.*

Vex. Sir, 'tis the first time that ever I offended in this kind. I pray your Worſhip be of a better mind towards me.

Squ. Away I ſay directlie. As I am in my right mind and *Middleſex*, I will ſhew my Juſtice on thee.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha.

Squ. Do's the Knave laugh? Bring him back. May a man ask the cauſe of your mirth?

Vex. Sir I have laught at the vexation of a thouſand in my dayes. I hope I may have leave once in my life to laugh at mine own.

Squ. Oh is it ſo? Pray hold you merrie Sir.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha, ha —— *Ex.*

Squ. Now Ladie, whereas you were brought before me as a Delinquent, I retain you as my Miſtriſs. I like her beyond meaſure. A prettie young thing! new brought to a pace! Ah, ha! She has committed a little Countrie follie, as ſhe privatelie confeſſes. What's that? It may ſtand in Rank with that they call vertue here, and then ſhe is content to live as privatelie as I pleaſe. She ſhall up, I will winter and ſummer her before ſhe ſhall ſee a High-way of this Town. She's for my turn directlie. Mrs. *Holdup*, is your name ſay you?

Hold. Canitha Holdup ſir, a poor Gentlewoman. My father bore the office of a Commiſſioner for the Peace in the Weſt-countrie, till misfortune wrought his Eſtate out of his hands.

Squ. Holdup! I have heard of him, and know

what 'twas that ſunk him. He liv'd by the Sea-ſide, 'twas trading with the Pyrats. Buying their Goods, and ſelling them Victuals.

Hold! 'Tis too true ſir. He paid ſo dearlie for't at laſt, that I have no more but my bare breeding, and what I bear about me to live upon.

Squ. Which is enough, enough directlie; if you can bear your ſelf diſcreetlie, and contain your ſelf within thoſe bounds of fortune, in which I'le plant you. Alas good ſoul, weep not; let monie and authoritie be thy comfort; by which thou ſhalt feel no want, nor fear no danger. But to our buſineſs; I have alreadie acquainted you with my Neece *Conſtances* diſeaſe, and that ſhe is remov'd out of my houſe for her health. I will lodge you at a truſtie Tenants house where ſhe is unknown. You ſhall take her name upon you.

Hold. Which is mine own alreadie.

Squ. And if you can but a little counterfeit her melanchollie, you may freelie paſs for her; and my acceſſes to thee, my ſweet Girle, ſhall crown us with fulneſs of delight and pleaſure.

Hold. Sir, you have moſt worthilie made me your own, and all my ſtudie ſhall be to obey you.

Squ. Now had I but a fit Attendant for the perſon of my Love.

Hold. Some ſimple honeſt bodie ſir.

Squ. Then we were fitted. How now.

Enter Clerk.

Cle. My Ladie *Luckles's* man deſires to ſpeak with you.

Squ. Stand you by unſeen a while. Send him in. I do expect ſome meſſage now, in the behalf of her unluckie Ladiſhips wife brother, Mr. *Widgine*, touching my Neece. Now friend how does my good Ladie?

Enter

Enter Howdee.

Ho. I left her verie ill ſir; for ſhe has beaten me, and thruſt me out of doors with her own hands, without pennie in my purſe, or other Cloak o' my back, than the bare Livorie, that a caſt Servingman cannot ſhake off, of Knave and Beggar.

Squ. Thou leſteſt her verie ill indeed. But well, thou wouldſt have me be a means to re-eſtabliſh thee in thy Ladie.

Ho. In her ſervice ſir.

Squ. I ſpeak by a figure *Humphrey*; for to be inward with, or indeed within a Miſtriſs, is to be a ſervant in the moſt Courtlie phraſe.

Ho. I ſir. Thoſe are convenient ſervants ſir. We are covenant ſervants. They are reſpected above Husbands: We abaſed beneath Slaves. They purchaſe place, honours, and offices, oftentimes with their Ladies monies, when we find not our wages without hard words, and are in fear (poor ſnakes) to have our ſloughs pulled over our ears before the year go about. We drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies: But the beſt is, we labour and ſweat it out for our Ladies, when they are fain to take phyſick, and lie in for their Ladies.

Squ. Moſt intelligent *Humphrey*. Let us retire to the purpoſe. Put caſe I have a Miſtriſs in ſtore for you, to whom I may commend you upon my own credit, and undertake for your entertainment and means by my own purſe. What would you ſay? what would you do?

Ho. Sir, I will ſay over the Gent. Uſhers Grammar to you, and do her ſervice by the Rules.

Squ. Well ſaid directlie.

Squ. Incipe Humfride. Say your part.

Ho. In a Gentleman Uſher there be eight parts. Boldness

Boldneſs, Neatneſs, Flatterie, and Secreſie, rewarded. Diligence, Obedience, Truth, and Honeſtie, unrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldneſs?

Ho. His Boldneſs is the uſe of his Manhood in right of his Ladies honour, degree, place or priviledge, at home, abroad, in private or publick meeting, for the hand, for the wall, for the what ſhe will, for the what ſhe calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded?

Ho. By obtaining of Sutes made out of caſt Gowns or Petticoats. Which if he be a Taylor, as moſt of our middle ſort of Profeſſors are, he is thereby made a man in ſpight of the Proverb, and thruſt into the High-way of advancement.

Squ. Perge Humphrey. His Neatneſs now?

Ho. His Neatneſs conſiſts moſt diverſlie ſir. Not only in the decent wearing of thoſe cloaths and clean linnen, pruning his hair, ruffling his boots, or ordering his ſhooe-tyes; theſe are poor expreſſions, a Journey-man Barber will do't. But to do his office neatlie, his garb, his pace, his poſtures, his comes on, and his comes off, his complements, his viſits.

Squ. His Howdees.

Ho. In which a profound judgment would be puſſel'd.

Squ. I believe thee.

Ho. And the moſt abſolute or artificial memorie ſet o'the Rack. To be able to Relate how this Ladies tooth does, and tother Ladies too. How this Ladies Milk does, and how tothers Doctor lik'd her laſt water. How this Ladies Husband, and how tother Ladies Dog ſlept laſt Night. How this Child, that Monkey, this Nurſe, that Parrat, and a thouſand ſuch. Then his neatneſs in Chamber-work, or about the perſon of his Ladie, in

in caſe her maid or woman be otherwiſe occupied, to convey a Pin into her Ruff neatlie, or add a help to her Head-dreſſing, as well as *John among the Maids.* Laſtlie, His dexteritie in carving, and his diſcretion in marſhalling of meats; to give everie meſs the due ſervice, and everie diſh his lawful preheminence.

Squ. And how is this neatneſs rewarded *Humphrey?*

Hum. Doublie ſir, at board and at bed; by good bits, and the love of the Chambermaid.

Squ. Well *Humphrey*, becauſe we will not make this Scene too long, we will omit the reſt; onlie why are your laſt four parts, Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honeſtie unrewarded?

Ho. Sir, They are parts that ſpring out of vertue, and are therefore born with their Reward in their mouths, and ought to expect no further from anie ſervice in theſe times.

Squ. Moſt edifying *Humphrey*, I have a Miſtriſs in ſtore for thee.

Ho. I long to ſee her ſir.

Squ. Didſt thou never ſee my Neece *Conſtance?*

Ho. No ſir. But I have heard ſhe is diſeas'd with melanchollie, and if ſhe ſhould prove mad too, like my old Ladie, I were then as far to ſeek as ere I was.

Squ. Fear it not *Humphrey.* My warrant eaſe thy care. Neece come forth. [*Enter* Holdup.] I ſhall fit you with a ſervant. Fall to your poſtures *Humphrey.* Your Garb. [*He does his poſtures.*] So. Your Pace. So. Your Congie. So. Hand your Ladie. Good. Arm your Ladie. Good ſtill. Side your Ladie. Verie good. Draw out your Ladie. Excellent. Preſent your Ladie. Singular well, good *Humphrey.*

Ho. Sir, I can ſhoulder my Ladie too; but that is

is when ſhe takes Coach; and foot my Ladie, when ſhe alights.

Squ. Precious *Humphrey*, I admire thy Art.

Ho. I learnt all of a good old Ladies man in the *Strand* ſir, that muſt be nameleſs.

Squ. Now *Humphrey*, walk your Ladie to the Burſe.

Ho. O moſt hoſterlie ſpoken! under correction ſir, wait your Ladie I pray ſir.

Squ. Well ſaid *Humphrey*. Here's ſomething for my inſtruction. Now wait your Ladie to the Burſe. She has ſome trifles to buy there. I will find you there preſentlie, and conduct you to your lodging. *Gives her money.*

Hold. What ſhall I do with all this ſir? I would indeed but buy an ounce or two of Thread, ſome Nitting Pins and Needles, and a frame to flouriſh my work on. Hereafter I will work in gold and ſilver, if you pleaſe, for your own wearing.

Squ. As I would wiſh! her ſimplicitie takes me above her beautie. Go I ſay, I'le follow. Methinks I een feel my ſelf, thank my ſelf for being in this good humor. What I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it directlie. *Ex.*

ACT. IV. *Scene* II.

Enter Fitch, Trid. Bulf. Widg. Anv.

Fit. Gentlemen, you now know the calamitie I ſuffer under. And you have ſhew'd me the beſt way to comfort, for which I thank you. I have given you my Reſolution for a Divorce, upon condition. Before which, I muſt promiſe you nothing ſir. But I aſſure you in the mean time, you ſtand prime

prime in my affection ; for I have in all found you a right worthie Gentleman.

Tri. Madam, I have not utterance to declare my acceptance of your love. It muſt therefore be lock'd up in my breaſt, the treaſure of my heart. Now for the condition upon which your Divorce depends, we muſt ſee that perform'd, and then——

Fit. Sir, I will make good more than I now may promiſe.

Tri. You ſpeak Noblie.

Fit. It reliſhes a little too much of womanlie wilfulneſs I confeſs. But all my wilfulneſs (that I'le promiſe you ſir) ſhall die in the end of this buſineſs.

Tri. Well then, before your diſcreet Neighbour Mr. *Bulfinch* here. If you have not your will in this, I will diſclaim in your favour hereafter. Sir, the condition is (as you may remember——

Bul. I apprehend it ſir. That ſir *Paul Squelch* his Neece be firſt married or contracted, and then ſhe conſents to a Divorce: And that you be aſſiſtant to her Brother here to obtain her for him.

Tri. To which I promiſe my readie help, onlie I muſt not appear in the buſineſs.

Bul. I will onlie appear in it, for I will not be ſeen in the matter.

Tri. As how ſir?

Bul. As thus ſir. I will keep your counſel ; not onlie in holding my peace to all the World, but in ſaying nothing to ſir *Paul* himſelf. Dee apprehend me ſir?

Tri. And thank you ſir. Now everie man to his part Mr. *Widgine.* You have both your ſiſters and my beſt directions alreadie, which I doubt not but with the help of your Governor you will make good uſe of. Madam will you in, and but wiſh well to our proceedings, and trouble your thoughts no further. *Ex. ſeverally.*

An.

An. Sir, what help he has of me, is for the Ladies and his own ſake, not yours, dee hear?

Wid. No bluſtring now good Governor: Prithee reſtrain thy furie. Thou canſt never hear nor ſpeak to that Gentw. with anie patience, and yet he is on our ſide now. Prithee let's loſe no time. I never long'd more for my mothers coming from a Chriſtning, than to be at this Northern Laſs.——

Ex.

ACT. IV. *Scene* III.

Enter Tridewell, Trainewell, Holdup.

Tri. Wanton you have begun propitiouſly: Proceed but confidentlie, and I'le warrant thee a wealthie Husband by it, or a compoſition that may prove thee better purchaſe.

Hol. Sir, be you and this Ladie but as confident of my fidelitie, and truſt me in this action, and if I break not the toyles your Kinſman is in, and make you Miſtriſs of my intereſt in ſir *Paul*, let all the good you intended me, be a lockram Coife, a blew Gown, a Wheel, and a clean Whip. You are ſure the Ladie will yield to a Divorce, if *Conſtance*, whom I now perſonate, be firſt married or contracted.

Tri. Right. She does but hold off till then, and that wilfullie; becauſe ſhe fears it is for *Conſtances* love onlie, that her Husband deſires the Divorce.

Hol. And you are ſure that *Conſtance* is ſafe from her diſcoverie.

Tra. I upon the hazard of my diſcretion.

Hol. To anie then that knows her not verie well, if I appear not the ſame *Conſtance* —— you have given me her Character right?

Tra.

Tra. The beſt that we can poſſiblie.

Hol. Nay, I have a further help then, you both imagine yet.

Tri. Tra. May we know it?

Hol. It ſhall be no ſecret. My ſervant *Howdee*, whom you and ſir *Paul* ſuppoſe his Ladie turn'd away, was by her Ladiſhip taught onlie to feign it; and cunninglie inſtructed to work himſelf into the ſervice of *Conſtance*, to further her brothers proceedings. And ſince fortune has put him upon me, whom he takes to be the ſame Miſtriſs, if I make not apt uſe of it. ——

Tri. 'Tis moſt fairlie omenous. Come Ladie, he cannot but be at hand, and our ſtay may do hurt. (You remember the Doctors lodging I told you of, and ſir *Philips* appointment to meet you there an hour hence.

Tra. All ſir I would uſe no other. She is there alreadie. *Ex.*

Tri. No more then, away. Fare you well ſweet creature. *Ex.*

Hol. If my deceit now ſhould be diſcovered, before my work be ended, my brain-tricks might perhaps, inſtead of all theſe fair hopes, purchaſe me the laſh; 'fore *Venus* my fleſh een trembles to think on't. It brings likewiſe into my conſideration, the baſeneſs of my condition; how much unpitied the puniſhment of a Whore is, and how ſuddenlie it overtakes her! my joint Conſpirators are in no danger. I only run the hazard, though they are as deep in fact as my ſelf. Well, if I ſcape this pull, and draw anie fortune by'r, I'le change my function ſure. A common Whore? I le be a Nun rather. They come moſt fitlie, and I muſt into my fit.——

Withdraws behind the hangings.

ACT

ACT. IV. *Scene* IV.

Enter Widgine, Anvile, Howdee.

How. Indeed ſir it was my Ladies plot, but you muſt take no notice of it.

Wid. I'le thank her with all my heart, and ſhe ſhall never know on't.

How. But if ſir *Paul*, my now Maſter, ſhould diſcover my deceit, how ſhall I ſcape his vengeance?

An. What doſt thou think of me, weak fellow? Am not I a Commander, ha?

How. I, in the War Captain; but he is a Juſtice of Peace, and a Commander of Captains in *Middleſex*, ſends two or three drunken ones to *Newgate* at a clap ſometimes.

Wid. Fear no diſcoverie *Humphrey*. Let me but ſee her, and I'le warrant thee.

How. She'll ſee none but ſir *Philip*, you muſt be no bodie elſe. Remember that: you muſt know no other name you have. Now if you can ſir *Philip* it handſomelie, there's it.

Wid. I warrant thee, and my Governor ſhall ſir *Philip* me at everie word; and if I do not ſir *Philip* her, better than ever ſhe was *Philipt* in her life, then ſay I am no Legitimate *Widgine*.

Hol. 'Tis paſt your ſtrength or reach either by fortie I believe. I doubt your middle finger is too ſhort Mr. *Widgine*.

How. Well, I muſt venture it. Here ſhe comes.

Has a Baby.

Wid. What's ſhe doing. Ods me! making a Baby I think. Are you good at that ifaith? I'le be at that ſport with you, it ſhall coſt me a fall elſe.

How. Oh ſhe has a hundred ſuch apiſh toyes.

Een

Een now ſhe was great with Child forſooth as ſhe could go. And was perſwaded ſhe had a Child as big as I in her bellie. I wondered at it, and ſhe told me ſhe had had a hundred there as big in her dayes.

Wid. What, what?

How. I but ſhe knew not what I ſaid. By and by, I muſt be a Man-Midwife forſooth, and deliver her; for 'twas paſt a Womans skill. Now ſhe thinks ſhe is brought a Bed, and Nurſes the Child her ſelf.

Wid. And who's the father?

How. O none but ſir *Philip.*

Wid. I'le father it as well as he. Is't a Boy or Girle trow? Would ſhe would make a Chriſtning Banquet while we are here. Heark, ſhe ſings.

Song.

Peace wayward Barn; O ceaſe thy mone:
Thy far more wayward Daddy's gone:
And never will recalled be
By cryes of either thee, or me:
For ſhould we cry,
until we dye,
We could not ſcant his cruelty.
Ballow, Ballow, &c.

He needs might in himſelf foreſee,
What thou ſucceſſively might'ſt be;
And could he then (though me forego)
His Infant leave, ere he did know,
How like the Dad
would be the Lad,
In time to make fond Maidens glad?
Ballow, Ballow, &c.

Wid. How is this prettie Mrs. *Conſtance,* that you complain of your Love before he be loſt.

Hol.

Hol. Who be you I pray?

Wid. Pray thee tell her Governor, I ha' not the heart to lye now.

An. It is ſir *Philip* Ladie, come to do you Right. Dee hear?

Hol. Yes ſir, I hear you vary weell; and could een wiſh i' my heart I could believe you.

An. Speak your ſelf ſir.

Wid. You may Mrs. *Conſtance;* for as I am an honeſt man, I never meant to wrong you.

Hol. I do believe you ſir. But pray proteſt no more by that name, till you make your ſelf ſuch by marrying me. You have getten a Barn by me, I is ſure o'that.

Wid. I come for the ſame purpoſe Sweet-heart. I'le both father and keep thy Child, and make thee an honeſt Woman. Give me your hand before this Gentleman, and your ſervant here; and ſay but the word, I'le get a Licence preſentlie, fetch you away, and diſpatch you to Night. *Sing.*

Hol. Marry me, marry me, quoth the bonny Laſs; and when will you begin.

Wid. As for thy Wedding Laſs wee'll do well enough, in ſpight o' the beſt o' thy Kin.

Hol. I can but thank you, obey you, and pray for you ſir.

Wid. Governor, Wilt thou believe me? It een pities my heart, to wrong ſo ſweet a piece of ſimplicitie. But fortune has dreſt her for me to feed on, and I'le fall to

An. Or the Devil to choak you. Well boyſtrous Mr. *Tridewell,* your Ropes end hath driven me into a buſineſs, here deſerves a whole Rope. But I hope that *Deſtiny* attends not me, though this Marriage be his: And ſince it is his Fate, fair befall it him, I am diſcharg'd.

Wid.

Wid. Come Governor, we are agreed; let's go that we may hye us again, and diſpatch.

Hol. Nay ſir. You ſhall not ſay you married me for nought, you ſhall hear me ſing before you go.

An. What an Owſel 'tis! ſhe means he ſhall marrie her for a Song. Birladie a competent modern portion. *Song.*

Hol. *As I was gathering* April's *flowers,*
He ſtreight let fall one of his ſhowers;
Which drave me to an Arbor.
'Twere better I my Lap had fill'd,
Although the wet my Cloaths had spill'd,
Then to ha' found that harbor;
For there a subtile Serpent was,
Close lying, lurking in the Graſs.
And there while harmleſs thinking I,
Still watching when the ſhowre would dye,
Lay liſtning to a Bird,
That ſinging ſate upon the Bower,
Her Noats unto the falling ſhowre,
the Snake beneath me ſtir'd;
And with his ſting gave me a Clap,
That ſwole my Belly, not my Lap.

Wid. By my troth 'tis prettie.

Hol. And by my Conſcience 'tis true, 'twere made i' *Durham*, on a Laſs of my bigneſs.

An. And in thy Cloaths I believe.

Hol. But will you be gan now, than all my joy leaves me.

Wid. Sweet ſoul, thou ſhalt have thy joy again. I will joy thee, enjoy thee, and over joy thee. Governor, let us flie about this buſineſs. I will not ſleep, before I have got a Licenſe, ſtoln her away, wedded her, bedded her, and put her in her wits again. *An.*

An. Are you able to do that think you?

Wid. I'le warrant thee; for all Maids are mad till they be married.

An. What ſay you to that Ladie? Pox on you, I run a ſweet hazard to advance your fortune, do I not?

Hol. Remember your Covenant with Mr. *Tridewell* Captain. And when the work is done here's my hand, you ſhall partake of what I get by't. And heark you.'

Wid. She may perhaps when ſhe comes to her ſelf, and finds me to be no ſir *Philip*, be a little ſtartled. But I mean the firſt Night to put ſo much of my own love into her, as ſhall work out his I doubt not, or anie his that came there before me. *Enter* Howdee

How. O Gentlemen! my Maſters coming, all's ſpoil'd if he take you. Part quicklie.

Hol. Is mine Uncle com'd? and mun we part than?

An. Kiſs and part, kiſs and part.

Wid. Sweetheart, not a word of me till I come to fetch you off with honour.

Hol. All beniſons be with you. Indeed you be the goodlieſt man, that ere made Maiden fain.

Wid. Poor heart ſhe dotes. I do not know how much I am in debt to my Conſcience, till I have made her amends.——*Ex.*

Hol. This may breed good blood. If I come but as well off o'my old Uncle, as am like to come on with my young Coſin, here will be a match unlook'd for; a match without treatie; a match untalk'd or unheard of. He is coming before I have ſhifted my face. Methinks I hear the ruſtling of his briſtles hither. Yet my lips muſt ſtand the aſſault; pray love the Porcupine, leave none of his Quills in 'hem.

ACT

ACT IV. *Scene* V.

Enter Squelch *to* Holdup.

Squ. Where's my Girle? my honey ſweet Girle? Kiſs me; Kiſs I ſay directlie: I'le ſecure thee. As I am a man of Authoritie, and that of *Middleſex*, I'le ſecure thee. Ha my Laſs, theſe lips have the true *Elixir* in 'hem indeed, to reſtore youth and ſtrength; paſt all *Medeas* charms, or what the Poets would have feign'd. How now! weeps my Love? I hope my Neeces habit has not wrought her diſeaſe into thee.

Hol. No: now I ſee you ſir, I am well, perfectlie well: yet pardon me ſir. Your abſence cannot but breed me fears, when I have leaſure to think on my unworthie condition, and the danger I undergo in't.

Squ. 'Twas a thouſand pities that this Wench was ſeduc'd. She might have made a Wife for a good Eſquire. She would ſerve a Tradeſman yet moſt unblemiſhablie. And when I have done with her, doing that for her, as I mean to do. She may perhaps match with a younger Brother, purchaſe him a place, advance his fortune, to be able in the end to repay her with a Ladiſhip. 'Tis not without a Preſident, and I will help her to follow the example directlie. For what I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. Ha my Bird, my Chick! Kiſs me. Kiſs me up. So. Kiſs me up I ſay. So again. Thou haſt don't directlie. Maintain it now with a cordial kiſs. So, ſo, ſo. Good, Verie good; and while it is ſo, a word with you in private. Come my Bird, mh mh mh.

Enter Howdee.

How. Sir, there's a Woman below. ——

Squ.

Squ. Sir, What have I to do with anie Woman below? Do you with your Woman below, I am verie well here.

How. Is the old man mad trow? Sir, ſhe will have to do with you above, if you ſpeak not with her below. I had much ado to keep her down ſtairs, her caſe is ſo lamentable ſhe ſayes. I never ſaw a Woman ſo importunate in my life ſir. You muſt down ſir.

Squ. I am down alreadie. All's naught. What limb of the Devil is't. Doſt thou know her?

How. She ſayes ſhe is Wife to a Conſtable ſir, that you latelie committed; and if your Worſhip does not Releaſe him preſentlie, that he's undone, and ſhe's undone, all their children are undone, that unborn in her bellie is undone, and I know not how manie more are undone for ever.

Squ. Hell take her. How could ſhe know that I was here?

How. She ſpied you in the ſtreet ſir, and followed you, and follow you ſhe would, had you gone into the Privie Chamber ſhe ſwears; her cauſe enforces her ſhe ſayes. And ſhe is ſo great with Child too, that no man dares give her a thruſt to keep her back. I hear her blow up ſtairs.

Squ. Keep her down, I'le follow thee.

Exit How.

Hol. Good ſir be pitiful for the Womans ſake, and releaſe him. Perhaps her Reckoning is out, and ſhe has no bodie to call the Midwife.

Squ. I muſt home to my Clerk then; for I cannot write here, nor do anie good beſides I am ſo vex'd. But I will return to thee in the Evening, Duck: And ſince I am ſo apt to be ſpied, I will come diſguis'd.

Hol. Indeed I'le put out the Candle when you are here then, for I ſhall never endure to ſee other

ſhape

ſhape of man. O theſe Trunk hoſe are a comelie wearing.

Squ. I will be diſguis'd directlie. I will run through all the ſhapes of *Jupiter*, before I will again be prevented. Farewell, O my ſweet! At ſeven in the Evening expect me.——*Exit.*

Hol. Sweet ſay'ſt thou? Thou art not I'le ſwear. I am glad he was prevented. I ſhould never held out a courſe with him, that cannot endure a breathing; a Cheeſe-ſhop on fire cannot out-ſtink him. *Enter How.*

How. Your Uncle's gone Miſtriſs, and ſayes he will be here at ſeven a Clock again. But ſhall I tell you a fine thing Miſtriſs?

Hol. Yea marrie *Humphrey*, what may that be, and 'tis not of ſir *Philip.*

How. But it is of him Miſtriſs. He ſayes he will bring a Coach for you at ſix a Clock to fetch you away; will you go with him?

Hol. By my ſaule that will I an't be all the World over.

How. How ſhall your Uncle find you at ſeven (then?

Hol. We'll leave him at ſix and ſevens. I mean betwixt both. 'Twill be trim truſt me. And hear'ſt thou me *Humphrey?* Thou muſt bid Mrs. *Trainewell* come to me a little before ſix, for a verie good Reaſon.

How. Humh ——

Hol. Nay, it ſhall hinder nothing. Wee'll away the faſter.

How. I think ſhe be in her wits alreadie. If not, I muſt humour her, though I be put to the trouble to ſhift her away again. She ſhall marre no ſport that's certain.

Hol. Come with me *Humphrey*, thou ſhalt go een now, and tell her; and I'le be packing up the while.—— *Ex.*

How. This clinches. I ſhall win my Ladie heart for ever. To manage two ſuch buſineſſe more, were enough to raiſe me Agent for a State.

Exe. *The End of the Fourth Act*

ACT V. *Scene* I.

Enter Pate *in a Doctor's Habit,* Train. Conſt.

Pa. To diſcourſe a tedious Lecture unto you Ladie, in ſpeaking Philoſophicallie of the diſeaſe o melancholie, were to ſhew more learning than diſcretion. There are large Volumes of it in Print, to verie ſlender purpoſe..

Tra. Sir, I deſire rather your diſcretion, than the gloſs of learning. I am rather govern'd by the wholeſom effects of the one, than the ſmooth directions of the other.

Pa. To the point then Ladie. I ſee no Reaſon why I ſhould vex and torment this delicate and tender bodie, with phyſick. Her diſeaſe is melancholie; the cauſe of this diſeaſe I have found apparantlie in the two hours probation ſince you left her with me, to be love, which ſhe hath ſo greedilie taken in, that it hath overwhelm'd her ſpirits, and turn'd the faculties of all her ſenſes into a rude confuſion, ſending forth the uſe of them extravagantlie.

Tra. Sir, I muſt not onlie approve, but applaud your skill. 'Tis love indeed; and I am right glad that your opinion jumps with my own knowledge; for now I doubt not of your ſpeedie addreſs to the cure.

Pa. 'Tis done in three words. The partie that ſhe loves, muſt be the Doctor, the Medicine, and the cure.

Tra.

Tra. Sir, the Gentleman is below, he came with me, onlie I would not bring him to her ſight without your approbation, fearing it might do hurt.

Pa. Pray call him up, on peril of my judgment. *Ex. Tray.* Give me your hand, Mrs. *Conſtance*, I have good news for you.

Con. 'Tis a long whayle ſine I heard ony.

Pa. The Gentleman, whom you love beſt, ſhall be your Bedfellow.

Con. He is wed alreadie, Sir. Another wife would gar him be put down at Gallows; and I would not be ſhe for all the worldlie good that ere I ſaw with both mine eyen. And o' my Conſcience I'le be none of his Ligby for twice ſo mickle.

Pa. She prattles verie prettilie methinks. Married alreadie? Sure *Cupid* ſhot you with a forked Arrow out of his Croſsbow. But what will you ſay, Ladie, if by my Art I render this Gentleman unmarried again, and a Sutor unto you preſentlie?

Con. Marrie ſhall I tell you what I'le ſay ſir? That deſerves hanging worſe than tother matter, you would poyſon his wife by your Art, wo'd ye? and make your Gown there the Hangmans fee the ſecond time. It looks as it had been once his alreadie; and you like ſuch a Doctor I mun tell ye, by your leave. God bliſs me fro thee. Mrs *Trainewell*, where are you?

Pa. Out of her wits ſay they? I fear ſhe is wiſer than all of us, that have to do with her. She knows my Gown better than I do; for I have had but two hours acquaintance with it. 'Tis no longer ſince I hir'd it of the Hangmans Merchant a Broker. It might ha' been *Lopus* Gown for ought I know:

ACT. V. *Scene* II.

Enter Trainewell *and* Luckles *to them.*

Tra. They are fain out I think.

Con. O Mrs. *Trainewell,* for dear charities ſake ha' me ſoon fro' this man: for I'le nere take onie thing at him. He talks of poyſoning.

Pa. By my faith you wrong me: Nor of anie poyſoning purpoſe. I was but putting a caſe of—

Con. Pray put up your pipes ſir. I like not your muſick: troth nor his countenance nather. Sweet Mrs. *Trainewell,* gar me be ſhut him. Now all the joyes of Immortalitie light o' ye ſir. *To Luckles.*

Pa. Is that the Gent?

Tra. Yes ſir. Pray obſerve. But how fell you out ſir?

Pa. I muſt firſt ſalute him by your favour. Sir, all the accumulations of honour ſhowre down upon you.

Luc. Sir, May you reap the whole harveſt of your fruitful wiſhes.

Con. Dear ſir, keep further fro' him.

Pa. But one word, ſweet Ladie, and you ſhall have the whole benefit of his preſence to your ſelf.

Tra. Be not afraid ſweet-heart, he dares not hurt ſir *Philip.*

Con. In troth he breaths too near him.

Tra. I'le warrant you. What has he done to move her thus? I know not what this obſcure Doctor is. But M. *Tridewell* put me upon him; and his approved honeſtie has and muſt kill all miſtruſt in me.

Pa. Your Coach is readie at door you ſay.

Luc.

Luc. Yes my moſt delicate Doctor.

Pa. As you find her then, after a few words away with her. I have perform'd my part ſir. I'le hold the diſcreet Governeſs in talk in the next Room.

Con. But one word call ye this?

Pa. I ha' done ſweet ſoul. Ladie I have inſtructed the Gent. ſhall we leave them?

Tra. One word by your leave firſt M. Doctor, and I'le attend you. Sir, not alone my Diſcretion, but my Reputation lies at ſtake; and I make no doubt of your Nobleneſs upon your Kinſmans word, my Complotter in this buſineſs. Therefore while I hold argument with the Doctor (who ſhall by no means perceive our deceit) ſlip you away with her in your Coach, where M. *Tridewell* hath appointed till the Evening; and let me alone to ſcuffle with the old man the while. And then I doubt not all our troubleſom labors ſhall have a peaceable end. I'le ſend old Mad-cap to your Ladie in a Thunder-clap. But noble ſir, your Reputation.——

Luc. My life and honour be her guard, and your ſecuritie.

Tra. No more ſir. I'le lay no conjurations upon ſo noble a ſpirit. Come Maſter Doctor——

Soft Muſick. Ex. Tra. Pate.

Luc. But do you love me, *Conſtance?*

Con. O right weell ſir.

Luc. And will you be my woman?

Con. I is ſure, I'le never be mine own elſe.

Luc. But will you not go away with me now, if I requeſt you?

Con. Anie whither but to Bed before we be married.

Luc. What from your Governeſs, your Uncle, and all the world?

Con. And thank you too ſir. And ta' me but fro'

fro' this ill looking Doctor; for I ſhall be weel with you ſir.

Luc. Come, ſince you truſt me ſo well, we two will not part till we are lawfullie made one.

Con. Heaven bliſs the hour you ſpeak in, and all Saints be witneſſes. *Ex.*

ACT. V. *Sce.* III.

Enter Squelch, *meeting* Trainewell, *and* Pate. *Muſick continues.*

Squ. Where's this Doctor? where's this melancholie Gentlewoman?

Tra. O me is he come?

Pa. Is this her Uncle?

Tra. Even he ſir. Where's my charge; Mrs. *Conſtance?*

Pa. Save ye ſir. I'le go find her. *Ex.*

Squ. Where's my charge? I'le go find her. What's the meaning?

Tra. She was here but now ſir, while the muſick plaid. And we withdrew our ſelves, thinking ſhe might ſleep ſir.

Squ. There went a Coach away as I came in. Whoſe was it?

Tra. A Coach ſir? Alas I am afraid, my fleſh trembles.

Squ. At what in your great Maſter the Devils name? Where's my Neece?

Tra. Sir, here came in one Mr. *Widgine*, the Ladie *Luckles*'s Brother.———

Squ. Well.

Tra. As acquainted with the Doctor ſir.——

Squ. Well, well.

Tra.

Tra. And he ſaw her ſir. But ſeem'd to depart, when we withdrew our ſelves to talk about the cure.

Squ. Verie verie well. While you were wiſelie talking about the cure, a *Widgine* flies away with the Patient. Where's this Doctor? Doctor, I ſay, Doctor! He's run away too, my life on't. A meer Plot, a Conſpiracie; 'tis ſo directlie, below there. I cannot ſee how it can be otherwiſe. [Enter *Clerk.*] Saw you the Docttor? Yes ſir, he went now ſorth at the Water-gate, and took Boat in haſte.

Squ. Exceedingly well! How came your Diſcretion acquainted with this Doctor?

Tra. Sir, he was reported to me by verie good judgments, to be a Rare Practitioner.

Squ. A moſt Rare Fellow, and does admirable tricks, by ſlight of heels. But I may perhaps outrun 'hem. *Ex.*

Tra. My Purge works as I wiſht. I am amus'd though at the flight of the Doctor. But I have too manie buſineſſes to entertain new thoughts. *Ex.*

ACT. V. *Scene* IV.

Enter Tridewell, Fitchow.

Fit. May I believe it, good ſir? may I be ſo happie, that my brother has her?

Tri. As I have truth in me, I am moſt crediblie told ſo. Marrie the worſt is, her Uncle is ſo mad at their eſcape, that he will never give conſent to the match, whereby her portion will be leſs.

Fit. Hang him Clod. My will ſhall be a portion ſufficient to my brother, I care not, though he give her not a penny, ſo *Wat* has the wench.

Tri.

Tri. Make you no more doubt of that, than I do Madam, who have upon the Report of it alreadie, prepar'd the learned of the Civil Law, thoſe that you nominated of your good acquaintance, and are forward to do you the beſt office, who have appointed to meet before the Judge of the Archdeacons Court preſentlie, whither I have promiſed to bring, and will attend you.

Fit. But the other ſide muſt be ſummon'd by Proceſs.

Tri. Sir *Philip* hath warning alreadie Madam; and without needleſs Proceſs will be there before you, and wait your coming. So that my ſelf and his ſervant, who have never been both abſent from one of your companies, ſince your Marriage, juſtlie depoſing you never did the realleſt Rite of Marriage, the Bed-office, Madam; you both conſenting, and deſiring a Divorce. It is inſtantlie granted, without anie proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three whiſpers. Ods pitie, look who here is.

ACT. V. *Scene* V.

Enter Squelch *to* Fitchow.

Squ. O are you here my Ladie *Luckleſs?*

Fit. 'Twas time you found me ſir; you might ha' miſtaken my name elſe. For within this hour, I might have reſum'd the ancient title of your friend, and *Awdery Fitchow.*

Squ. Show wow, where is my Neece?

Fit. Where are your wits ſir? you come upon me indeed! What Neece? What's the matter?

Squ. My Neece *Conſtance*, that your brother *Widgine*

Widgine stole from the Doctor, and is flown away withall. But he muſt not think to ſcape ſo; I may take him, and his Duck too, in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as ſure as your Ladiſhip, or your *Fitchew*-ſhip, and they think your ſelves.

Fit. Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happen'd?

Squ. The plot ſmells of your Ladiſhips police; your Ladiſhips lillie white fiſt is foul in the buſineſs. But I will have a bout at fiſticuffs in Law with your Ladiſhip; your great acquaintance and alliance in the Whatſhical Court *Non obstante.* Your power there muſt not carrie it, my great Ladie. Directlie it muſt not.

Fit. You are an uncivil greaſie Companion, to upbraid and revile me thus in my own houſe.

Tri. O good Madam, hurt not your ſelf with anger, better laugh it out.

Fit. He makes me forget my ſelf by his example. Sir, you are a Commiſſioner for the Peace I take it: Does it become a man of your place and gravitie, to flie out in theſe extreams? You ſpend too much breath in theſe loud Notes, verie hurtful to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and ſpeak peaceablie, I will anſwer you.

Squ. I pray you forſooth, or ſweet Madam, or what you pleaſe, Where is my Neece?

Fit. Will you believe me ſir? you may: For in truth, as I have anie; And before this worthie Gentleman, I never ſaw your Neece in my life; anie I have heard ſhe is a prettie Gentlewoman, likelie to make a good match, for which I told my brother of her, and would have treated with you for her, could I have ſpoken with you as I wiſh'd by two or three meſſages. But whither my brother has got her, or where he or ſhe is, of my own knowledge, I cannot ſay directlie.

Squ.

Squ. She mocks me to my face all this while. Well good-wife, Miſtriſs, Madam ——

Fit. Well my Lord Innekeepers ſecond Son: Does your Provender prick you?

Squ. Prick Madam! I tell thee thou Thing, made up of Chippings, broken Beat, Candle-ends, and ſifting of Sea-cole.

Fit. Out you Currie-comb.

Tri. Forbear ſweet Ladie, let him be mad by himſelf.

Squ. I will be ſo reveng'd.——

Fit. How pray?

Squ. He had been better to have kill'd a man, raviſh'd a Virgin; nay, done the moſt dangerous contempt that law could deviſe to puniſh, then if I take him to ſuffer under my Revenge.

Fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. I'le muſter up my Conſtables, and ſend out a privie ſearch immediatelie.—— *Ex.*

Tri. What think you of your brothers ſucceſs, now Madam?

Fit. Much the better, that it vexes him ſo: Scirvy foul mouth'd Fellow.

Tri. Look you now Madam. See who here comes.

ACT V. *Scene* VI.

Enter Widgine, Holdup, Howdee.

Wid. Siſter fall down, and adore me for my great atchievement. *Humphrey* kneel down to her that ſhe may dub thee for thy ſervice. Never did the beſt nos'd Dogs, that ever were Coach'd for their goodneſs, hunt more trulie, take more bravelie

gravelie, and carrie away more cleanlie, than we have done this daintie piece of fleſh here. Siſter kiſs her, and be better acquainted; ſhe is mine own fleſh, I'le uphold it.

Tri. She is a *Holdup* her ſelf, if I miſtake not her name.

Fit. Being your fleſh brother, her neareſt affinitie of blood runs in my veins. Therefore with a ſiſters love I embrace you, and bid you welcom.

Hol. Mine Uncle will by right wood I fear me. But I'le near greet for that ſir, while I have your love.

Fit. I know it is ſhe by her tongue, though I never heard her before. Nor ever fear ſweet ſiſter, we ſhall be all friends ſhortlie.

Hol. I would be glad and 'twere ſo.

Wid. Siſter come hither. Now hear and admire my wit, as well as my fortune. *Humphrey* come and take thy ſhare of my ſiſters wonder.

How. I hope I perform'd my dutie.

Wid. Which we muſt not ſee unrewarded ſiſter.

Fit. No: I mean to give him my Maid, and a hundred Marks with her, beſides all ſhe has about her.

How. I am made for ever: I thank your languiſhing Ladiſhip.

Fit. Well ſaid *Howdee:* for my Ladiſhip is een at the laſt gaſp. I am to be Divorc'd within this half hour. But your proceedings brother? How did ſhe receive you at firſt?

Wid. O at firſt, ſhe was the prettileſt mad that ere you ſaw. You your ſelf cannot deviſe to be ſo mad as ſhe was.

Fit. I thank you ſir.

Wid. And all for ſir *Philip*, ſhe would love none but

but ſir *Philip*, ſpeak to none but ſir *Philip*. I told her I was ſir *Philip* (ah Godamercie *Humphrey* that was thy invention.) Then the little Vipe hung upon me, not to be ſhak'd off, till I promis'd her Marriage, and to father a Child, which, in her diſtraction, ſhe conceited ſhe had by me. I promis'd her anie thing, ſo took her into an inner Room, to make all ſure, as well within as without; and I ſo phillipt her. ——

Fit. Enough brother, no more, I underſtand you.

Wid. But I muſt have more, and ſhall never have enough on't. It paſſeth your underſtanding and mine too, the delight of it. [*Sing*] *O what a delight ſhe gave me.* And how light I am after it *Heigh.* My prettie ſweet Raſcal.

Fit. Enough I ſay.

Wid. You do not love to hear on't, becauſe you lack it. But you ſhall hear the miracle it wrought Siſter. The loſs of her Maiden-head recover'd her wits. I made her right and ſtrait in an inſtant. And now ſhe loves me in my own perſon; knows me for a *Widgine*, and will not give her *Wat* for the beſt ſir *Philip* of them all. And longs for nothing but the Prieſt and Bed-time, Ha my ſweeter and ſweeter! My Governor's gone for a Licence.

Fit. So, ha' you done now?

Wid. I'le undertake——

Fit. Yet again.

Wid. That *Humphrey*, and I with the tricks and trinkets we have about us, will cure all the mad Maids of her ſtanding in the Town. And do not think, but much may be gotten to profeſs it.

Tri. You have made a large Relation, Mr. *Widgine*, and a pleaſant, I doubt not.

Wid. Oh I could live and dye in this diſcourſe ſir. *Tri.*

Tri. Ladie do you think of the time?

Tri. I will inſtantlie along with you. *Howdee* come you with me. Brother, the ſearch hath paſt this houſe alreadie. You may go in with your Sweetheart, and ſtay here ſafelie. Go in, and keep cloſe. till I ſend to meet me at Supper.

Wid. In and in ſiſter, and be cloſe enough, fear not —— *Ex.*

Fit. Now ſir when you pleaſe.

Tri. I am your ſervant Ladie.——*Ex.*

ACT V. *Scene* VII.

Enter Trainewell *and* Vexhem.

Vex. Miſtriſs, I will go no further in this buſineſs, than you have limited me in your directions; 'twill be Revenge enough for my diſgrace to make him ſee his Error.

Tra. Therefore be diſcreet and ſecret. The diſguiſe he is in I have told you. The place is this. At the door you ſhall leave me. The hour 7 a clock.

Vex. Miſtriſs, I will not watch more trulie at midnight, than I will pray for you for this diſcoverie. I will inſtantlie call my privie ſearch, guard, and catch a bird, of juſtice in the lime-twigs of his own Warrant.—— *Ex.*

ACT V. *Scene* VIII.

Enter Nonſenſe *and* Beavis.

Non. I tit not ſpeak with ſir *Paul* then, it ſeems, to know the Reaſon why I am ſubdoodled thus. In I proteſt and vow a kind of fools Paradiſe.

Be.

Be. Good ſir bear your injurie with a n
patience. Sir *Paul* will not be long abſent. A
till he comes, my Miſtriſs entreats you (for y
own good) to take his part upon you, in gi
entertainment to divers of his friends, who are
vited hither to a Feaſt to Night.

Non. Ha' you any Whitpots?

Be. Much better meat, ſir. But here's
ſtrangeneſs of it, and the onlie occaſion that
quires your aid in the entertainment. This g
Supper or Feaſt (as I may properlie call it) was
pointed by ſir *Paul* himself, the money to buy
proviſion deliver'd by his own hand, to his own
vant, the gueſts of his own election; yet he,
of the multiplicitie of croſs affairs, that have hap
this day, hath quite forgot that there was anie
preparation, or anie ſuch meeting intended,
appears evidentlie by his abſence. But my Miſ
has got all the meat privatelie made readi
the next houſe, on purpoſe that he ſhould
nothing.——

Non. To trie if he would forget it or no?

Be. Right ſir, I have bidden all the gueſts,
expect them immediatelie.

Non. But what muſt I ſay to 'hem?

Be. Onlie ſalute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome;
'hem ſir *Paul* was haſtilie call'd forth on his
jeſties Affairs; entreat their patience till his
turn, which you know will be verie ſudden, altho
you know not where he is; and ſo forth, as o
ſion ſerves. *Enter* Bulfinch *and* Cl

Bul. Your Maſter abroad, and not within
you?

Cle. Yes. But good ſir ſtay his coming, I p
you, for his good.

Bul. I partlie apprehend you at full. I
Trainewell appointed me to come too with
poſſ

poſſible ſpeed. M. *Nonſenſe* you are well apprehended.

Non. Onlie ſalute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome. Tell 'hem ſir *Paul* was haſtilie call'd forth on his Majeſties Affairs; Entreat their patience till his Return, which you know will be verie ſudden, although you know not where he is; and ſo forth, as occaſion ſerves.

Bul. Love has made you a Courtier, M. *Nonaſe.*

Non. No I proteſt and vow, I do but ſpeak as they ſay.—

Be. What have you ſaid ſir?

Non. What you ſaid I have an ill *verbatim* elſe.

Be. I ſaid but the meaning of what you ſhould ſay, and put it in your own words.

Non. No ſir, I will take your own words for this matter.

Be. I am beholden to you.

Cle. I am glad fortune has ſent one man of Civil Government before the Roarers come. Here comes ſome of 'hem alreadie, I'le down and look to the reſt of the houſe.

Enter Luckles, Conſtance, *diſguis'd and maſqu'd.*

Luc. Save you ſir. Are you the Worſhipful of the houſe?

Bul. I apprehend you ſir. ——

Luc. How ſir? —— *Draw.*

Bul. Miſtake me not I beſeech you, I apprehend you to be ſome great ſtranger here, becauſe you know the place better than the Maſter of it.

Luc. You do not mock me ſir?

Be. Sir. This is one of the gueſts.

Non. Onlie ſalute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome.——

Luc. What's this?

Non. Tell 'hem ſir *Paul* was haſtilie call'd forth on his Majeſties Affairs.—

Luc.

Lnc. Is this a Parrat or a Popingay?

Non. Entreat their patience till his Return, which you know.

Luc. Do you know what you ſay ſir?

Non. Will be verie ſudden, although you know not where he is?

Luc. If I did, I would not ſeek him here ſir.

Non. And ſo forth, as occaſion ſerves.

Luc. This is ſome inchanted place, and the people are charm'd. I have miſtaken the houſe ſure.

Enter Tridewell *and* Fitchow, *diſguis'd and masqu'd.*

Tri. Where's this hoſpitable Knight that invites ſtrangers. I mean meer ſtrangers, that he knows not. Shew me the Lad of bounty, I hunger not for his Supper, as I do to ſalute him.

Luc. He will prove the greateſt ſtranger here himſelf, I think, for he is not at home ſir. I am a gueſt as you are, and would be as glad to ſee him.

Tri. He does not mean to jear us, does he?

Be. I beſeech you miſtake not ſo his purpoſe ſir, which is fair welcom, and good Chear to you all. Therefore, Gentlemen and Ladies, will it pleaſe you to entertain one another a while. [*Enter* Clerk with Sack and Tobacco.] Look ye, here's good Sack, and good Tobacco. And before the reſt of the gueſts be come, ſir *Paul* will be here himſelf.

Luc. This fellow ſpeaks.

Enter Anvile, Widgine, Holdup, and Howdee diſguis'd.

Bul. As I am a Juſtice of Peace I connot apprehend, and yet methinks I do. What ſort of people theſe Gentlemen may be. See: more! Is Sir *Paul*

Paul turn'd ſwaggerer? Or is his houſe abuſ'd by ſervants? I will not leave it, until they go out before me like a *Jayle-delivery*. They look like men betwixt a Reprieve and Pardon. Friend: Are these ſir *Pauls* protected friends?

Be. His protected friends, ſir.

Bul. Protected?

Be. I ſir, there is a fraternity of them: The Brothers of the *Protect.* There is not a man of them, but has all *Mayors, Sheriffs, Bayliffs, Sergeants at Mace, Marſhals men, Conſtables, and other his Majeſties Officers*, in a Comb-caſe in his pocket. They are a Generation that never eat but in Parliament time, and now every Table is full of them.

Bul. I ſhould wonder what they did here elſe. See. A Roaring Doctor too, broke out o' the Kings Bench. *Enter* Pate *like a Doctor.*

Pa. By your leave Gallants, I perceive your company is not yet full.

Tri. Are you of the invited ſir?

Pa. It is not to be doubted ſir. Yet a Volunteer. But there are ſome without that are more than invited, yet come againſt their wills.

Luc. How mean you M. Doctor?

Pa. Brought ſir by a Conſtable and Officers, to be examin'd. Where's the jollie Juſtice?

Tri. What are they can ye tell ſir.

Pa. A Gentlewoman, and a Spaniard.

Au. A Spaniard, Ha!

Pa. I, a Spaniard, Ha: if you will have it ſo.

Luc. If we had but a Juſtice among us to examine them, it might pass the time till ſir *Paul* came.

Be. Sir, here is a Juſtice, and for the same purpoſe too for ought we know, that ſhall not refuſe to do it, and in ſir *Pauls* Gown and Cap too.

Luc. This is a wittie fellow.

Be. Sir, you cannot do a more acceptable office for your friend, than to execute his place in his abſence. Your authority makes you capable of it; and I do the rather perſwade it, becauſe the Gentlemen whom you wiſely ſuſpect for looſe persons, may ſee ſome example of Juſtice; which may prevent ſome preſent evil in their ſtay here.

Bul. I apprehend you friend. Give me the Gown and Chair, and let the Delinquents approach. *Umh, umh.*

Luc. 'Tis a Spaniard indeed.

Enter Vexhem, Squelch, *like a Spaniard*, Trayn, Cleark.

Vex. An Engliſh Spaniard ſir; and therefore the verier knave, as will be prov'd I doubt not, to his ſhame, and my renown in the Common-wealth. By your Worſhips leave.

Bul. What news bring you M. Conſtable?

Vex. Spaniſh news ſir. Wil't pleaſe your Worſhip to examine the vertue of my Warrant, and then theſe Perſons accordingly?

Squ. Very good! I am brought before my ſelf to be examin'd, and before a fine rabble too! how the devil broke this unknown Nation into my houſe, or do not I miſtake it? My foolery has led me into a fine predicament. I will not yet diſcloſe my ſelf, but look a little further towards the event.

Bul. Are you a Spaniard ſir?

Squ. Such a one as you ſee *Signior.*

Bul. *See Signior.* He ſpeaks nothing but Spaniſh. The queſtion will be how we ſhall underſtand this Examinant.

Squ. Hey day!

Bul. I do ſee Signior, I thank the light, that you are a goodly man of outward parts, and except it were the black Knight himſelf, or him with the

the Fiſtula, the propereſt man I have ſeen of your Nation. They are a people of very ſpare dyet, I have heard, and therefore ſeldom fat. Sure you have had moſt of your breeding in this Countrey, the dyet whereof you like better than your own, which makes you linger here, after all your Countrey men, upon ſome uncouth plot. And I ſhall wonder therefore how you can ſpeak no Engliſh. Can you ſpeak no Engliſh at all ſir? Anſwer me I pray.

Squ. Not an Engliſh word not I ſir. Alas I have not been five dayes in the Kingdom.

Luc. This is excellent!

I, peace. You'll mar all if you laugh.

Bul. Alas, what ſhall we do then? Gentlemen, have any of you any Spaniſh, to help me to underſtand this ſtrange ſtranger?

Tri. Not a Rial ſir not I.

Luc. Not a Rials worth amongſt us of any Language but ſheer Engliſh.

Bul. What Shire of our Nation is next to *Spain?* Perhaps he may underſtand that Shire Engliſh.

Tri. Devonſhire or *Cornwal* ſir.

Non. Never credit me, but I will ſpowt ſome Corniſh at him. *Peden bras vidne whee bis cregas.*

Squ. Am I transform'd utterly? Is my language alter'd with my apparel, or are you all mad? what unſpeakable miſery is this?

Bul. I ſee we ſhall never underſtand, nor do good on him, till he be inſtructed in the Engliſh tongue.

Vex. And pleaſe your Worſhip, the beſt Univerſity for this purpoſe, will be *Bridewell.* I am acquainted with the beſt Tutors there, Maſter *Cleanwhip*, Maſter *Dry-laſh*, and divers others in.

Squ. You officious Raſcal, are you mad?

Vex. No ſuch matter ſir. But in my right mind, & *Midleſex* fear it not.

[illegible] be in. His inſtruction will coſt [illegible] You are not to aid to learn. Therefore [illegible] and let me fall upon the Gentle-

[illegible]

[illegible] Now Gentlewoman, will it pleaſe you to be [illegible]

[illegible] I have shew my face.

[illegible] as I apprehend. *Omnes.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Gentlemen, as I will more circumſtantially [illegible] you preſently, after a word [illegible] my fellow Priſoner: for which I crave [illegible]

[illegible] in all my heart, if you can ſpeak Spaniſh and make him underſtand you.

[illegible] I am not the woman you took me [illegible] for your greater good. If [illegible] my prudent demand, I will turn all [illegible] make you of worthier [illegible] than ever you were, by [illegible] and all that know [illegible] Your Name ſhall be reſtor'd to [illegible] and all that be as well as you [illegible] if you have a mind to be [illegible] being perpetually laught at, [illegible] that mine.

[illegible] What is your Demand?

[illegible] was to make a [illegible] your honeſt Wife: no more. [illegible] will be naught elſe.

[illegible] ſtreight then. [illegible] Thy wit deſerves my love. [illegible] and faith I'le do't. Thou [illegible] directly.

[illegible]

Tri.

Tri. Sir, what will you ſay, if this Gentlewoman convert the Spaniard, turn him true Engliſh ſubject, and preſent him you with the Oaths of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy* in his mouth preſently?

Bul. I will ſay, ſhe deſerves for ever hereafter to hold her peace.

Tra. Now bear up ſir. Look confidently, and ſay, you put on your Diſguize purpoſely to entertain diſguiz'd gueſts. Come avant with your Picca de goat, and begin with the Juſtice here.

Squ. Thou haſt made me a man for ever, and I will make thee a Woman directly. Gallants ſave you. See here the *Metamorphoſis*, that means to metamorphoſe you all. Alas I know you for all your Diſguizes, and thought to entertain you in your kind. *Omnes.* Sir *Paul Squelch!*

Squ. Firſt out of you, my Uſurer, and moſt Upſtartical Juſtice, whoſe office is your trade, and Cleark your Prentice, I will draw a man of little or no moment; yet my friend, and Maſter *Bulfinch*, out of the Chair of Juſtice. This may prognoſticate the putting of my ſelf, or many others out of Commiſſion within theſe few years; though I am no Prophet. Do I ſpeak Engliſh now? Do I know you now, or you me?

Bul. Queſtionleſs, we ſhould know one another ſir *Paul*; or elſe one of us two were both very ignorant.

Squ. To proceed in my Metamorphoſis. I will change you moſt confus'd Roarer, into an accompliſht Knight. And bid you welcom, noble Sir *Philip Luckleſs.*

Luc. I like the change well, and thank you ſir.

Squ. Next ſir of you Roarer, or Jeerer, or whatſoever you are, I will make a compleat Gentleman, moſt anſwerable to your name Maſter *Tridewel.*

Tri.

Tri. Very well ſir.

Squ. But out of you Maſter Doctor, I will pick a certain Knave. Where is my Neece ſirah?

Pa. Which of your Neeces ſir?

Squ. Have I ſo many ſir? I mean my only one *Conſtance*, find her me, or I will tranſlate you out of an *Æſculapian* Cock, into a *Newgate* Bird immediately.

Wid. Sir, if you will metamorphoſe me out of a Batchelour into a Bridegroom, I'le ſhew you your Neece.

Squ. This my Neece?

Vex. O have I found you Miſtriſs? Sir, this is the Gentlewoman I brought before your Worſhip to-day.

Squ. Hold thy peace: art in thy right mind?

Vex. As I am in my right mind and *Midleſex*, it is ſhe ſir. I had not matter enough then to lay to her charge; for which I thank your Worſhip I kiſt *Newgate*. But now I have ſir: ſhe has left a Child upon our Pariſh, I am ſure got by an unknown Father; and has been a looſe Liver, both at *Duke Humfreys*, and moſt of the winkt at houſes about the Town theſe four years, which I can ſufficiently prove.

Squ. Hold thy peace Knave. I'le put theſe plumms i' thy mouth elſe. *Gold.*

Hold. Sir, my Child ſhall trouble your Pariſh no longer, here is a Father, my troth plight Husband, ſufficient to keep it and me, wilt thou not Duck?

Wid. Duck? my name is *Widgine*, you miſtake the man ſure.

Hold. Sure I do not. This Gentleman, and this Gentlewoman, and this truſty Servant of ours, are my witneſſes, I am your Wife ſir.

Wid. O, I am undone, quite caſt away. Siſter help me now with your Law wit, or I periſh for ever. *Fit.*

Fit. This is not to be endured: cheating, and vile abuſe. This contract can not be lawful. One perſon miſtaken for another, a lawful impediment to be divorc'd for, though they were married.

Tri. It might do well, if (as he confeſſes himself) he had not made all too ſure, as well within as without.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, while they wrangle out their cauſe, let us agree: Find you but the means to make her lawfully your Wife, and here take her with my faithful promiſe, of the equal half of my eſtate preſently.

Luc. Sir *Paul* I thank you.

Fit. I ſay this is no lawful contract: And though we are legally divorc'd, yet neither he nor I may lawfully marry, while we both live, having been lawfully married. And till you can diſprove that, ſir I'le forbid your Banes good ſir *Philip*, and lay your hopes a cooling friendly Maſter *Tridewel*, for your love in managing this buſineſſe.

Tri. Lady, give me leave, if I have ſtrain'd a point of friendſhip, it was your love gave the ſtrength to my wit.

Fit. My love?

Tri. Your love indeed Lady. Which (and which *Cupid* pardon me for) now, that I ſee I may enjoy, I am not ſo eagerly taken with, yet if you will——

Fit. Sir you cannot enjoy me, nor he her, leſſe you can diſprove the lawfulneſſe of our former marriage.

Tri. To clear that point, do you know the Miniſter?

Fit. 'Tis not ſo long ſince, but I can remember his face.

Tri. Then to continue ſir *Pauls* Metamorphoſis: I'le draw him out of this Doctor. Is not this he? *Diſcovers* Pate *like a Parſon.*

Fit.

Fit. It is. But is not he a lawful Miniſter? I would know that.

Pa. To clear that doubt, there lies my *Order of Prieſthood.*

Omnes. Who, *Oliver*!—— *Throws off his Diſguize.*

Pa. Even he, the Parſon *Nochurch*, and this my Patron, whom I muſt beſeech, together with the whole company to, preſerve me out of the high Commiſſion: for look you, here is again your Licence.

Fit. Would you do this Maſter *Tridewel*?

Tri. Faith I foreſaw an untowardneſſe in the Match: which if you repent the breach of, there's your Licence? and the way to Church lies before you.

Fit. No ſir. Firſt get my brother free of his contract, and then a Licence with your own name, and I'le wait on you to Church as ſoon as you will.

Tri. O that's done already. What are you agreed?

Wid. Moſt happily ſir. Siſter all's well again. I have given her a hundred pounds to relinquiſh her right in me. Which afore all these witneſſes you do; do you not?

Hol. Yes, moſt freely,

Wid. Well then, I will not forſwear to marry. But if ever I ſteal a wife again, let her be a witch, and may I burn with her for company. Governour, thou art out of countenance, and thou too honeſt *Humfrey*, methinks. Come, bear up. I forgive. 'Twas your errours, not malice.

How. Sir, for my part, I'le take my corporal oath——

Wid. It ſhall not need, good *Humfrey.*

An. And for me ſir—

Wid. Nay, I dare not but believe thee before thou

ou ſpeakeſt, Governour: therefore prithee lets t talk on't ourſelves, but quietly, and preſently gin our travels, that we may hear nobody elſe ik on't.

Squ. Gentlemen and Ladies, I ſee you all at eace ſo well, that I wiſh no further content to ny, except Maſter *Nonſenſe* here.

Non. Never credit me, but I have had ſport nough o' conſcience, and if I do not make a Stage-lay on't when I come into *Cornwall*, I proteſt and ow then ſay there was *Nonſenſe* in this.

Squ. I am glad you conclude ſo friendly with the reſt. All the unquietneſſe will be in the Kitchin preſently, if your meat ſtay for you, Gallants. *Knock within.* 'Twas time to ſpeak. They knock at Dreſſer already. Will ye in?

You are all welcome: And I wiſh every Gueſt
As merry, as our Northern Laſſes *Feaſt.*



THE

SPARAGVS

Garden:

A COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeare 1635, by the then Company of Revels, at *Salisbury* Court.

The Author *Richard Brome.*

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Okes*, for *Francis Conſtable*, and are to be ſold at his ſhops in Kings-ſtreet at the ſigne of the Goat, and in Weſtminſter-hall. 1640.



To the Right Honourable WILLIAM Earle of *Newcastle*, *&c.*, Governour to the Prince his Highneſſe.

My LORD!



Our favourable *Conſtruction* of my poore *Labours* commanded my *Service* to *your Honour*, and, in that, betray'd *your* worth to this *Dedication:* I am not ignorant how farre *unworthy* my beſt endeavours are of *your leaſt allowance*; yet let *your Lordſhip* be pleaſed to know *you*, in this, ſhare but the inconveniences of the moſt renowned Princes as *you* partake of their glories: And I doubt not, but it will more divulge *your noble Diſpoſition* to the World, when it is knowne *you* can freely pardon an *Officious treſpaſſe* againſt your *Goodnes*. *Cæſar* had never bin commended for his *Clemency*, had there not occaſion beene offered, wherein

hee might ſhew, how willingly hee could fc
give: I ſhall thanke my Fortune, if th
weake preſentation of mine ſhall any wa
encreaſe the *Glory of your Name* amor
Good Men, which is the chiefeſt ayme ar
onely ſtudy of

Your Honours devoted ſervant,

Richard Bron

To his deſerving friend Mr. *Richard Brome on his* Sparagus Garden, *a Comedy.*

WHat ever walke I in your *Garden* uſe,
Breeds my delight, and makes me love thy Muſe
For the deſignment; ſith I cannot ſpie
A proſpect, which doth more envite mine eye:
I'me in a maze, and know not how to find
A freedome that will more delight my mind,
Then this impriſonment within thy Bower,
Where houres ſeeme minutes, and each day an hower:
Nor, were my ſtay perpetuall, could I grieve,
Where ſuch rare fruits mine appetite relieve.
The envious *Criticke* would recant to ſee
How much oppreſt is every virgin tree
With her owne burthen: Leekes, and Akornes here
Are food for Critickes; but the choycer cheere,
For thoſe, can relliſh Delicates. I might
In prayſing of thy worth, be infinite:
But thou art modeſt and diſdain'ſt to heare
A tedious, glorious, needleſſe Character
Of thee and of thy *Muſe*: Yet I could ſay,
Give me but leave) it is no common Play.
Within thy plot of ground, no Weed doth ſpring,
To hurt the growth of any Vnderling:
Nor is thy Laborinth confuſ'd, but wee
In that diſorder, may proportion ſee:
Thy Hearbs are phyſicall, and do more good
In purging Humors, then ſome's letting blood.

C. G.

To the Author on his Sparagus *Garden.*

Friend,

WHat doſt meane, that thus thou doſt entice
Thy Lovers, thus to walke in Paradice?
Moſt skilfull Artiſt! that ſo well doſt know
To plant, for profit, as for out-ward ſhow;
For on thy *Sparagus* are throughly pleaſed
Our intellects; others ſcarce hunger eaſed.
The wiſeſt of the Age ſhall hither come,
And thinke their time well ſpent as was their ſumme.
The Squint-ey'd Criticke that ſuch care do's take,
To looke for that he loatheth to partake:
Now croſſing his warp'd Nature ſhall be kind,
And vexing grieve 'cauſe he no fault can find.
The ignorant of the times that do delight,
Not in a Play, but how to waſt day-light,
Shall reſort hither, 'till that you deſcry,
With pleaſure, ſmiling *April* in each eye.
Alcinou's garden, which each day did ſpring,
And her lov'd fruit unto perfection bring,
Ought not compare with this: Here Men did grow:
Such care thy Arte and Labour did beſtow
For man's wel-being, and a-new create,
And poyſe them up above a needy Fate.
Is it not pitty ought ſhould hurt this Spring?
(A Serpent in a Garden's no new thing)
Yet wiſely hath thy goodneſſe tooke a care,
He ſhould ſting none, but who cenſorious are.

R. W.

The

The Prologue to the Play.

HE, that his wonted modeſty retaynes,
And never ſet a price upon his Braines
Above your Judgments: nor did ever ſtrive
By Arrogance or Ambition to atchieve
More prayſe unto himſelfe, or more applauſe
Unto his Scenes, then ſuch, as know the Lawes
Of Comedy do give; He only thoſe
Now prayes may ſcan his Verſe, and weigh his Proſe:
Yet thus far he thinks meet to let you know
Before you ſee't, the *Subject* is ſo low,
That to expect high Language, or much Coſt,
Were a ſure way, now, to make all be loſt.
Pray looke for none: He'le promiſe ſuch hereafter,
To take your graver judgments, now your laughter
Is all he aymes to moove. I had more to ſay.——
The Title, too, may prejudice the Play.
It ſayes the *Sparagus Garden;* if you looke
To leaſt on that, the Title ſpoiles the Booke.
You have yet a taſt of it, which he doth lay
In middſt o'th journey, like a Bait by th' way:
Now ſee with Candor: As our *Poet's* free,
So let be ſo your *Ingenuity.*

The Epilogue.

AT firſt we made no boaſt, and ſtill we feare,
We have not anſwer'd expectation here,
Yet give us leave to hope, as hope to live,
That you will grace, as well as Juſtice give.
We do not dare your Judgments now: for we
Know lookers on more then the Gamſters ſee;
And what ere Poets write, we Act, or ſay,
Onely in your hands to Crowne a Play.



The Perſons in the Comedy.

Gilbert, Walter } young Gentlemen and friends.
Touch-wood, Striker } Old adverſaries, *and Juſtices.*
Samuel, *Sonne to* Touch-wood.
Mony-lacks, *a needy Knight, that lives by ſhifts.*
Brittleware, Springe } *Confederates with* Mony-lacks.
Tim. Hoyden, *the new made Gentleman.*
Coulter, *his Man.*
Thomas Hoyden, Tim. Hoydens *brother.*
Sir Arnold Cautious, a *ſtale Batchelour*, and a ridiculous Lover of women.
A Gardiner.
Trampler, *a* Lawyer.
Curat.
Three Courtiers.

Annabel, *Daughter to* Mony-lacks, *and Grand child to* Striker.
Friſwood, *her nurſe; and Houſe-keeper to* Striker.
Rebecca, *wife to* Brittle-ware.
Martha, *the Gardiners wife.*
Three Ladies.



THE

Sparagus Garden.

By RICHARD BROME.

ACT. I. *Scene* I.

Walter, Gilbert, Touchwood.

Walt.

I Feare we ſhall doe no good upon him.

Gil. We ſhall nevertheleſſe diſcharge the office of friends in our endeavour. I meane to put it home to him.

Walt. And ſo will I.

Gil. But be ſure you lye at a cloſe ward the while; for hee is a moſt ſubtill and dangerous Fencer to deale withall.

Walt. I underſtand you.

Gil. He has not his name for nothing; old *Touchwood!* he is all fire if he be incenſ'd; but ſo ſoft and gentle that you may wind him about your finger, or carry him in your boſome if you handle him

him rightly; but ſtill be wary, for the leaſt ſparke kindles him. Hee comes.

Touch. With me gentlemen?

Gil. Onely a few neighbourly and friendly words ſir.

Touch. Oh you are moſt friendly welcome good Mr. *Gilbert Goldwire*, and Mr. *Walter Chamlet I* take yee to be.

Ambo. The ſame ſir at your ſervice.

Touch. Your fathers both were my good neighbours indeed; worthy and well reputed members of the City while they lived; but that may be read upon the Hoſpitall walls, and gates; it is enough for me to ſay they lov'd me: *Samſon Touchwood!* and I were a wretch if I ſhould not honour their memory in their happy ſucceſſion: Agen gentlemen you are welcome.

Gil. Yet you may be pleas'd ſir to remember, though our fathers were both loving friends to you, yet they were ſometimes at odds one with another.

Touch. True, true, ever at odds: They were the common talke of the towne for a paire of wranglers; ſtill at ſtrife for one trifle or other: they were at law logger-heads together, in one match that held 'em tugging tone the tother by the purſe-ſtrings a matter of nine yeares, and all for a matter of nothing. They cours'd one another from Court to Court, and through every Court Temporall and Spirituall; and held one an other play till they loſt a thouſand pound a man to the Lawyers, and till it was very ſufficiently adjudged that your father was one foole, and your father was another foole. And ſo againe gentlemen you are welcome: now your buſineſſe.

Walt. You may now be pleas'd ſir to remember that our fathers grew friends at laſt.

Touch. Heaven forbid elſe.

Gil.

Gil. And note the cauſe, the ground of their reconciliation, which was upon the love, betwixt me and this gentleman's ſiſter. My fathers Sonne married his fathers Daughter, and our two fathers grew friends, and wiſe men agen.

Touch. To the poynt good gentlemen, yet you are welcome.

Gil. Troth ſir the poynt is this: You know (and the towne has tane ſufficient notice of it) that there has been a long contention betwixt you and old Mr. *Striker* your neighbour———

Touch. Ha?

Gil. And the cauſe or ground of your quarrell (for ought any body knowes but yourſelves) may be as triviall, as that which was derided in our fathers.

Touch. Are you there with me?

Gil. And great hopes there are, and wagers laid by your friends on both ſides, that you two will be friends.

Touch. Ile hold you an hundred pounds o' that.

Gil. Nay, more, that Mr. *Striker* will bee willing to give his Grand-child to your Son, ſo you'l give your conſent.

Touch. And your comming is to perſwade that, is it not? if it be ſo, ſpeake; deale plainely with me gentlemen, whilſt yet you are welcome.

Walt. Infooth it is ſo, we come to negotiate the match for your ſonne, and your friendſhip with old Mr. *Striker*.

Touch. You are not welcome.

Gil. But when you weigh the reaſons, and conſider the perfect love of the yong paire, and how the world will praiſe your reconciliation, and bleſſe the providence, that made their loves the meanes to worke their parents charity.

Touch.

Touch. Againe you are not welcome.

Gil. Your ſelfe but now commended the attonement
Of our two fathers, wrought by the ſame meanes:
I meane my marriage with his ſiſter here
Againſt as great an oppoſition.

Walt. But our fathers lov'd their children.

Touch. Your fathers were a couple of doting fooles, and you a paire of ſawcy knaves; now you are not welcome: and more then ſo, get you out of my doores.

Gil. Will you ſir, by your wilfulneſſe, caſt away your ſonne?

Touch. My ſonne? no ſonne of mine, I have caſt him off already for caſting an eye upon the daughter of mine enemy: let him goe, let him packe; let him periſh: he comes not within theſe doores, and you, that are his fine ſpoken ſpokeſmen, get you off o' my ground I charge you.

Walt. We are gone ſir: onely but wiſhing you Mr. *Touchwood* to remember that your ſonne's your ſonne.

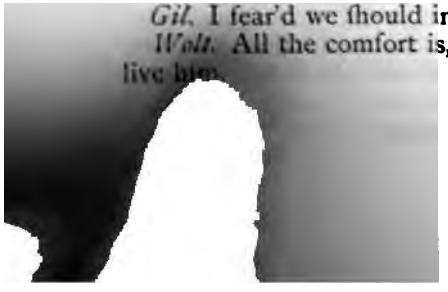
Touch. Indeffinitely not ſir, untill hee does not onely renounce all intereſt in the love of that baggage; but doe ſome extraordinary miſchiefe in that family to right me for the treſpaſſe hee has done; and ſo win my good opinion, till which bee done a daily curſe of mine hee ſhall not miſſe; and ſo you may informe him. *Exit.*

Gil. What an uncharitable wretch is this?

Walt. The touchieſt peece of *Touchwood* that e're I met withall.

Gil. I fear'd we ſhould inflame him.

Walt. All the comfort is, his ſonne may yet outlive him.



ACT I. *Scene* II.

Walter, Gilbert, Samuel.

Gil. BUT the danger is, his father may diſ-inherit him.

Walt. He cannot be ſo devilliſh; here comes his ſonne, a gentleman of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, and ſo contrary to his crabbed Sire, that a man who never heard of his mothers vertue might wonder who got him for him.

Gil. Not at all I aſſure you, *Sam* is his fathers nowne ſonne: for the old man you ſee, is gentle enough, till he be incens'd; and the ſonne being mov'd, is as fiery as the father.

Walt. But he is very ſeldome and ſlowly mov'd; his father often and o' the ſuddaine.

Gil. I prethee would'ſt thou have greene wood take fire as ſoon as that which is old and fere?

Walt. He is deepe in thought.

Gil. Over head and eares in his Mrs. contemplation.

Sam. To diſ-obey a father, is a crime
In any ſonne unpardonable. Is this rule
So generall that it can beare noe exception?
Or is a fathers power ſo illimitable,
As to command his ſonnes affections?
And ſo controule the Conquerour of all men
Even *Love* himſelfe? no: he, that enterprizes
So great a worke, forgets he is a man;
And muſt in that forget he is a father,
And ſo if he forgoe his nature, I
By the ſame Law may leave my Piety.
But ſtay, I would not loſe my ſelfe in following
This wild conceit.

Gil. How now *Sam*, whither away?

Sam. I was but caſting how to find the way
Unto my ſelfe. Can you direct me gentlemen?
Walt. Yes, yes; your father has told us the way.
Sam. Ha you had conference with him? ha yee? ſpeake.
Gil. Marry ſir ha we, and I thinke to purpoſe.
Sam. Ha you wonne ought upon him to my advantage?
Walt. As much as may reſtore you to acquaintance
With him againe, can you but make good uſe on't.
Sam. Pray doe not trifle with me; tell me briefly.
Gil. Briefly he ſayes you muſt not dare to ſee him;
Nor hope to receive bleſſing to the valew
Of a new three-pence, till you diſclaime your love
In your faire *Annabell;* and not onely ſo,
But you muſt doe ſome villanous miſchievous act
To vexe his adverſary, her Grand-father;
Or walke beneath his curſe in baniſhment.
Sam. A moſt uncharitable and unnaturall ſentence.
Walt. But thinke withall it is your father, that
Makes this decree; obey him in the 'xecution:
He has a great Eſtate, you are his onely ſonne:
Doe not loſe him, your fortune, and your ſelfe
For a fraile peece of beauty: ſhake her off;
And doe ſome notable thing againſt her houſe.
To pleaſe your father.
Sam. The Divell ſpeakes it in thee,
And with this ſpell I muſt Conjure him out. *Draw.*
Gil. Oh friend you are too violent.
Sam. He's too deſperate,
To urge me to an act of ſuch injuſtice,
Can her faire love, to whom my faith is given,
Be anſwered with ſo loud an injury?
Or can my faith ſo broken yield a ſound
Leſſe terrible than thunder, to affright All

All love and conſtancy out of the breaſt
Of every Virgin that ſhall heare the breach
Of my firme faith?
Gil. Be not ſo paſſionate.
Sam. I have no further power to do an out-rage
Againſt that Family to whome my heart
Is link'd, then to rip out this troubled heart
The onely ominous cauſe, indeed, of all.
My over paſſionate fathers cruelty; and that
(If I muſt needs doe an injurious Office)
Alone, ſhall be my act to calme his fury.
Gil. Prethee blow o're this paſſion; thou wert (wont
To affect wit, and canſt not be a Lover
Truely without it. Love is wit it ſelfe,
And through a thouſand lets will find a way
To his deſired end.
Sam. The Ballet taught you that.
Gil. Well ſaid, *Love will find out the way:*
I ſee thou art comming to thy ſelfe againe,
Can there no ſhift, no witty ſlight be found
(That have been common in all times and ages)
To blind the eyes of a weake-ſighted father,
And reconcile theſe dangerous differences
But by blood-ſhedding, or outragious deeds,
To make the feud the greater? recollect
Thy ſelfe good *Sam;* my houſe, my purſe, my counſell
Shall all be thine, and *Wat* ſhall be thy friend.
Walt. Let me entreate your friendſhip.
Sam. And me your pardon.
Gil. So, ſo, all friends; let's home and there conſult
To lay the tempeſt of thy fathers fury;
Which cannot long be dangerous, 'tis but like
A ſtorme in *April*, ſpent in ſwift extreames,
When ſtraight the Sun ſhootes forth his cheerefull beames.

Ex.

ACT

ACT. I. *Scene* III.

Striker, Mony-lacks.

Stri. YOU will not aſſault me in mine owne houſe? I hope you will not; nor urge me beyond my patience with your borroughing attempts! good ſir *Hugh Mony-lacks* I hope you will not.

Mon. I hope I mov'd you not, but in faire language ſir;
Nor ſpoke a ſillable that might offend you.
I have not us'd the word of loane, or borrowing;
Onely ſome private conference I requeſted.

Stri. Private conference! a new coyn'd word for borrowing of money; I tell you, your very face, your countenance (though it be gloſſ'd with Knight-hood) lookes ſo borrowingly, that the beſt words you give me are as dreadfull as *Stand and deliver*, and there I thinke I was w'ye. I am plaine w'ye ſir, old *Will Striker* I.

Mon. My father *Striker*, I am bold to call you.

Stri. Your father! no, I deſire no ſuch neare acquaintance with you, good ſir *Hugh Mony-lacks:* you are a Knight and a noble gentleman, I am but an Eſquire and out of debt; and there I think I was w'ye againe.

Mon. I ſhall be with you anon, when you have talk'd your ſelfe out of breath.

Stri. 'Tis true I had the honour to be your Worſhips father in law when time was, that your Knight-hood married and Ladyfied a poore daughter of mine: but yet ſhe had five thouſand pounds in her purſe if you pleaſe to remember it; and as I remember you had then fourteene hundred a yeare: But

But where isit now? and where is my daughter now? poore abus'd Innocent; your riotouſneſſe abroad, and her long night watches at home ſhortned her dayes, and caſt her into her grave———And 'twas not long before all your eſtate was buried too; and there I was w'ye againe I take it: but that could not fetch her againe.

Mon. No ſir, I wiſh my life might have excus'd Hers, farre more precious: never had a man
A juſter cauſe to mourne.

Stri. Nor mourn'd more juſtly, it is your onely wearing; you have juſt none other: nor have had meanes to purchaſe better any time theſe ſeaven yeares as I take it. By which meanes you have got the name of the mourning Knight; and there I am ſure I was w'ye.

Mon. Sir, if you will not be pleaſ'd to heare my deſires to you, let me depart without your deriſion.

Stri. Even when you please, and whither you pleaſe good ſir *Hugh Mony-lacks:* my houſe ſhall bee no enchanted Caſtle to detaine your Knight-errandſhip from your adventures. I hope your errand hither was but for your dinner; and ſo farre forth (and eſpecially at your going forth) you are welcome. Your daughter I doe keepe, and will for her poore mothers ſake; (that was my daughter) peace be with her——ſhe ſhall be no more a trouble to you; nor be your child any longer: I have made her mine; I will adopt her into mine owne name, and make her a *Striker*; ſhe ſhall be no more a *Mony-lacke*, and if ſhee pleaſe me well in matching with a husband, I know what I will doe for her.

Mon. I thanke you ſir.

Stri. Doe you thanke me ſir, I aſſure you you neede not; for I meane ſo to order her eſtate, and bind it up in that truſt that you ſhall never finger a farthing on't: am I w'ye ſir?

Mon.

Mon. I cannot chuſe but thanke you though in behalfe of my childe.

Stri. Call her your child agen, or let mee but heare that you ſuffer her to aske you a bare bleſſing, ile ſend her after you upon adventures ſir Knight: and who ſhall give a portion with her then? or what can ſhe hope from a father that groanes under the weight of a Knight-hood for want of meanes to ſupport it?

Mon. I ſhall finde meanes to live without your trouble hereafter.

Stri. You may, you may; you have a wit ſir *Hugh*, and a projective one; what, have you ſome new project a foot now, to out-goe that of the Hand-barrowes? what call you'em the Sedams? oh cry you mercy, cry you mercy; I heard you had put in for a ſhare at the *Aſparagus Garden*: or that at leaſt you have a Penſion thence; to be their Gather-gueſt and bring 'em cuſtome, and that you play the fly of the new Inne there; and ſip with all companies: am I w'ye there ſir?

Mon. You may be when you pleaſe ſir; I can command the beſt entertainement there for your mony.

Stri. In good time ſir.

Mon. In the meanetime ſir, I had no mind to begge nor borrow of you, and though you will not give me leave to call you father, nor my daughter my daughter, yet I thought it might become my care to advertiſe you (that have taken the care of her from me) of a danger that will much afflict you, if it bee not carefully prevented.

Stri. How's this?

Mon. You have an adverſary——

Stri. But one that I know, the raſcall my neighbour *Touchwood.*

Mon. There I am w'ye ſir, I am inform'd that his

ely ſonne is an earneſt Suitor to your Daugh-
I muſt not call her mine.)
i. How's that?
n. That there is a deepe ſecret love betwixt
and that they have had many private meet-
and a ſtolne match very likely to be made if
revent it not.
i. Can this be true?
n. Give me but a peece from you, and if by
xamination you find it not ſo, ile never ſee
face agen till you ſend for me.
i. To be rid of you take it. *Gives it.*
n. I am gone ſir, and yet I thinke i'me w'ye.
Exit.
ri. Is the Divell become a match-broker?
, who within there: what?
ibell? what *Friſwood?*

ACT. I. *Scene* IV.

Friſwood, Striker.

Here ſir, I am here forſooth.
Stri. Are you ſo forſooth? but
re's your Miſtris forſooth?
rif. Liſtning is good ſometimes; I heard their
e, and am glad on't.
tri. Where is your Mrs. I ſay.
rif. My Mrs, *Annabell*, forſooth, my young
?
tri. What other Mrs. haſt thou but the Divells
her ſelfe, your old Mrs.? and her I aske not
good Mrs. *Flibber* de Jibb with the French
lap o' your coxecombe.
rif. Is the old man mad troe?
tri. I aske for *Annabell.*

Frif.

Friſ. Bleſſe me! how doe you looke?

Stri. Where's *Annabell* I ſay? fetch her me quickly, leaſt I bast her out of your old Whitleather hide.

Friſ. How youthfull you are growne? ſhe is not farre to fetch ſir; you know you commanded her to her chamber, and not to appeare in ſight, till her debauch'd father was gone out o' the houſe.

Stri. And is not he gone now forſooth? why call you her not?

Friſ. I warrant hee has told you ſome tale on her. That lewd Knight, now he has undone himſelfe by his unthrifty practiſes, begins to practiſe the undoing of his daughter too! is it not ſo forſooth? has he not put ſome wickedneſſe into your head to ſet you againſt her?

Stri. I never knew thee a Witch till now.

Friſ. Ha, ha, ha; I warrant hee told you that your adverſary *Touchwoods* ſonne, and my Miſtris *Annabell* are in love league together.

Stri. Marry did he; and I will know the truth.

Friſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Stri. Dar'ſt thou laugh at me?

Friſ. No, no; but I laugh at the poore Knights officiouſnes, in hope of ſome great reward for the gullery that I put upon him: ha, ha, ha. Good ſir a little patience, and I will tell you. Ha, ha, ha——'twas I that deviſed it for a lye, and told it him in hope that his telling it to you, would provoke you to beate him out o' the houſe; for reporting a thing that had had no probability or reſemblance of truth in it.

Stri. Is it but ſo?

Friſ. Sir, I have been your creature this thirty yeares, downe lying and upriſing; (as you know) and you ſhould beleeve mee, you had me in my old Miſtreſſes dayes——

Stri.

Stri. I, thou waſt a handſome young wench then; now thou art old.

Frif. Yet not ſo wondrous old as to be ſung in a Ballet for't, or to have beene able ere *Adam* wore beard to have crept into *Eves* bed, as I did into my Miſtreſſes. (Heaven pardon you, as I doe with all my heart.) *Weepe.*

Stri. What in thy fooleries now?

Frif. Nor ſo old neither but you are content to make a ſorry ſhift with me ſtill; as your abilities will ſerve you— *Weepe.*

Stri. Come, come; thou art not old.

Frif. Nay that's not what troubles me; but that I, that ſerv'd you before your daughter was borne; I meane your daughter that was mother to this daughter which now you have made your daughter; that I that ſaw the birth, the marriage, and the death of your daughter; and have had the governance of this her daughter ever ſince, till now ſhe is marriageable; and have all this while beene as plyant as a twig about you, and as true as the ſheath to your ſteele as we ſay, that I ſhould now be miſtruſted to connive at an il match for her, for whom my chiefeſt care has bin from the Cradle? there's the unkindneſſe. *Weepe.*

Stri. Enough, enough; *Fid.* I beleeve there is no ſuch matter.

Frif. I thought you had knowne me—— *Weepe.*

Stri. I doe, I doe; I prethee good *Fid* be quiet, it was a witty tricke of thee to mocke the poore Knight withall: but a poxe on him, he coſt me a peece for his newes; there's another for thee; but the beſt is he hath tyed himſelfe by it, never to trouble mee more; I have that into my bargaine.

Frif. And you would tye me ſo too; would you?

Stri. Not ſo *Fid*, not ſo: but looke to my Girle, and thus farre marke me. If ever I find that

young *Touchwood*, the ſonne of that miſcreant, whoſe hatred I would not loſe for all the good neighbor-hood in the Pariſh; if ever I ſay, he and your charge doe but look upon one another, ile turne her and you both out o'doores; there I will be w'ye, looke to't.

Friſ. Agreed ſir; agreed.

Stri. Looke to't I ſay, I muſt abroad, my anger is not over yet: I would I could meete my adverſary to ſcold it out; I ſhall bee ſicke elſe. *Exit.*

Friſ. 'Twas well I overheard 'em, my young lovers had bin ſpoyl'd elſe: had not I croſt the old angry mans purpoſe before he had met with the young timorous Virgin, ſhe had confeſt all; and all had bin daſh'd now.

ACT I. *Scene* V.

Annabell, Friſwood, Sam.

An. HOW now, *Friſ.* is my Grand-father gone out of doore?

Friſ. If he were as ſafe out o' the world, it were well for you.

An. Nay ſay not ſo good *Friſ.*

Friſ. Your unlucky father has deſtroyed all your hopes in Mr. *Sam Touchwood;* in diſcovering your loves (what Divell ſoever gave him the intelligence) and you muſt reſolve never to ſee your ſweet *Sam* againe.

An. I muſt reſolve to dye firſt: oh. *Sinkes.*

Friſ. Ods pitty! how now! why Mrs. why *Annabell*, why Mrs. *Annabell;* looke up, looke up I ſay, and you ſhall have him ſpight of your Grand-father and all his workes: what doe you thinke I am an Infidell, to take Mr. *Samuels* forty peeces?

peeces? and a Ronlet of old Muskadine for nothing? come be well, and indeed you ſhall have him.

An. Oh *Sam*, ſweet *Sam*——

Friſ. Theſe love-ſicke maides ſeldome call upon other Saints then their ſweet-hearts; looke up I ſay, your ſweet *Sam* is comming.

An. Ha, where? where is he; why doe you abuſe me?

Scene. Enter Sam.

Friſ. I ſay he will come preſently; looke up I ſay, forgive me! he comes indeed: my Mr. thought I was a witch, and I now ſuſpect my ſelfe for one. Oh Mr. *Samuel*, how came you hither? here he is Mrs. what meane you to come now to undoe her and your ſelfe too? yet ſhe had dyed and you had not come as you did. Why doe you not looke upon him and be well? get you gone, we are all undone if my Mr. come backe and find you: ſpeake to her quickly, then kiſſe her and part, you will bee parted for ever elſe.

Sam. How fares my love?

An. Better then when I was in earthly being,
This boſome is a heaven to me; through death
I am arriv'd at bliſſe, moſt happily
To be ſo well reviv'd thou mad'ſt me dye.

Friſ. I made you not dye, as you will dye, if you ſtand pratling till my Mr. returne and take you: for Mr. *Samuel*, I muſt tell you Mr. *Samuel*, he knowes all Mr. *Samuel*.

Sam. My father knowes as much, and that's the cauſe
Of my adventuring hither to inſtruct you
In a ſtrange practice; here it is in writing,
A paper.
'Tis ſuch a ſecret that I durſt not truſt
My tongue with the conveyance of't; nor have I

The confidence to heare it read : take it,
And in my abſence joyne your beſt adviſes,
To give it life and action ; 'tis rule
Which (though both hard and grievous to purſue
Is all that can our hopes in love renew.

Fris. What horrible thing muſt we doe troo
pray let mee ſee the paper, I hope there is no p
tolling nor poiſoning in it : though my old *Strik*
come ſhort of the man he was to bee with me,
would be loath to ſhorten his dayes with the dang
of my neck ; or making a Bon-fire in Smithfiel
pray let me ſee the paper.

Sam. Not untill my departure gentle *Friſwood*

Friſ. Is there ſuch horrour in it, that you da
not ſtand the opening of the paper ?

Sam. Conſider ſweet our love is Feaver ſick,
Even deſperately to death ;
And nothing but a deſperate remedy
Is left us: for our bodily health, what ſowre
Unſavory loathſome medicines we will take
But to remove an Ague ?
What ſharpe inciſions, ſearings, and cruel Corſive
Are daily ſuffer'd, and what limbes diſſever'd
To keepe a Gangreene from the vitall parts,
That a diſmembred body yet may live !
We in like caſe muſt to preſerve our love,
(If we dare ſay we love) adventure life,
Fame, Honour, which are all but Loves attendan
To maintaine it.

An. I underſtand you, ſweet,
And doe before I read your ſtrong injunction,
Reſolve to give it faithfull execution
What ere it be. I ha got courage now,
And (with a conſtant boldneſſe let me tell you)
You dare not lay that on me Ile not beare :
And Love, predominant o're all other paſſions,
Shall beare me out in't.

Sa

Sam. Oh you have made me happy.

Friſ. As I live my Maſter——

Kiſſe and away; whip quickly through the Garden—

Run you up to your Chamber; ile ſee you out my ſelfe.

Sam. Thus let us breath that till we meete againe.

Friſ. Whoope what d'ee meane?

Sam. We leave for truce at rayſing of the ſiege,

Our interchanged hearts each others pledge.

Friſ. Goe fooles, this ſets you both but more on edge.

An. Farewell.

Sam. Farewell. *Ex.*

ACT II. *Scene* I.

Brittle-ware, Rebecca.

Brit. SWeet wife content thy ſelfe.

Reb. Yes content my ſelfe! ſhall I ſo! with what, you John Bopeepe? you muſt be my husband, and I muſt content my ſelfe, muſt I; no ſir, 'tis you that muſt content me, or 'tis your heart muſt ſmart for't.

Brit. If you could be content with all that I have, or all that I can doe, and expect no further, I then might hope to pacifie you.

Reb. All has not done it yet you ſee, nor have you yet found out the way. Five yeares practice one would thinke were ſufficient, ſo long you have had me; and too long it is unleſſe I had got a better name by't, to be accounted barren——oh me.

Brit.

Brit. Now 'tis out; zonnes what would you l me doe? where's the defect think you? is it probable that you may be defective as well as

Reb. That I may be defective! I defie t Lubber; I defie thee and all that ſay ſo, fribling fumbler thou; I would ſome honeſt cient man might be Judge betwixt us whetl bee defective.

ACT II. *Scene* II.

Money-lacke, Rebecca, Brittle-ware.

Mon. How now, alwaies wrangling?

Reb. Defective quoth a————

Mon. What's the matter Land-lord?

Reb. Doe I looke like a thing defective?

Mon. Land-Lady—

Reb. Oh fearefull!

Mon. Mrs. *Brittle-ware* what's the matter?

Reb. You ſhall be Judge, Sir *Hugh*, wheth bee defective; you have lyen here Sir *H* theſe three yeares, have beene our conſtant lo off and on as wee ſay; and can you thinke defective?

Brit. You will not be impudent?

Mon. Good Mr. *Brittle-ware* what's the ma

Brit. The matter is ſir ſhe will be content nothing!

Mon. The best wife i' the world! and if cannot afford her that to content her, you a most hard-harted husband.

Reb. What nothing? would you wiſh hi afford mee nothing to content me? I muſt ſomething to content me; and ſomething he find me, or I will make him looke out for't.

Mon. Come, come, I know the quarrell; and I know you will never get a child by falling out.

Reb. Nor any way elſe ſo long as hee is ſuch a jealous beaſt as hee is.

Mon. Oh you muſt leave your jealouſie Mr. *Brittleware;* that's a maine hindrance.

Brit. I am not jealous I.

Reb. Not, and ſtare like a mad Oxe upon every man that lookes upon me?

Mon. Fye upon him, is he ſuch a beaſt, to be jealous of his own wife? if every man were ſo, it would ſpoyle the getting of ſome children in a yeare.

Reb. And denies me all things that I have a mind to.

Brit. The beſt is the loſſe of your longings will not hurt you; unleſſe you were with child.

Reb. I muſt have my longings firſt; I am not every woman I, I must have my longings before I can be with child I.

Brit. You muſt not long for every ſtrange thing you ſee or heare of then.

Reb. As true as I live he fribles with mee ſir *Hugh;* I doe but now long for two or three idle things ſcarce worth the ſpeaking of; and doe you thinke he will grant me one of 'em?

Mon. What may they be? he ſhall grant 'em?

Reb. One of my longings is to have a couple of luſty able bodied men, to take me up, one before and another behind, as the new faſhion is, and carry mee in a Man-litter into the great bed at Ware.

Mon. There's one, and will you deny her this to hinder a child getting?

Reb. Then I doe long to ſee the new ſhip, and to be on the top of *Pauls Steeple* when it is new built, but that muſt not bee yet; nor am I ſo unreaſonable but that I can ſtay the time: in the meane time I long to ſee a play, and above all playes,

playes, The Knight of the burning—— what dee' call't.

Mon. The Knight of the burning Peſtle.

Reb. Peſtle is it? I thought of another thing, but I would faine ſee it. They ſay there's a Grocers boy kills a Gyant in it, and another little boy that does a Citizens wife thy daintieliſt—— but I would faine ſee their beſt Actor doe me; I would ſo put him too't, they ſhould find another thing in handling of mee I warrant 'em.

Brit. Heyday! ſo laſt froſt ſhe long'd to ride on one of the Dromedaries over the Thames, when great men were pleas'd to goe over it a foote.

Mon. Well, ſhall I make a convenient motion for you both?

Reb. Quickely ſweet ſir *Hugh*, I long for that before you name it.

Mon. Have you this Spring eaten any *Aſparagus* yet?

Reb. Why is that good for a woman that longs to bee with Child?

Mon. Of all the Plants, hearbes, rootes, or fruits that grow, it is the moſt provocative, operative and effective.

Reb. Indeed Sir *Hugh?*

Mon. All your beſt (eſpecially your moderne) Herballiſts conclude, that your *Aſparagus* is the onely ſweet ſtirrer that the earth ſends forth, beyond your wild Carrets, Corne-flag, or Gladiall. Your roots of Standergraſſe, or of Satyrion boyld in Goates milke are held good; your Clary or Horminum in divers wayes good, and Dill (eſpecially boyld in Oyle) is alſo good: but none of theſe, nor Saffron boyld in wine, your Nuts of Artichoakes, Rocket, or ſeeds of Aſh-tree (which wee call the Kite keyes) nor thouſand ſuch, though all are good, may ſtand up for perfection with *Aſparagus.* *Reb.*

Reb. Doe you ſay ſo ſir *Hugh?*

Mon. I have it from the opinion of moſt learned Doctors, rare Phyſitians, and one that dares call himſelfe ſo.

Brit. What Doctor is he, a foole on horſe-backe?

Mon. Doctor *Thou-Lord*, you know him well enough.

Reb. Yes, we know Doctor *Thou-Lord*, though he knowes none but Lords and Ladies, or their companions. And a fine conceited Doctor he is, and as humorous I warrant yee; and will Thou and Thee the best Lords that dares be acquainted with him: calls Knights Iacke, Will, and Tom familiarly; and great Ladies, Gills, and Sluts too, and they croſſe him. And for his opinion ſake, and your good report ſir *Hugh*, I will have *Sparagus* every meale all the yeare long, or ile make all fly for't; and doe you look to't Fribble, for it will bee for your comodity as well as mine.

Brit. And ſure it is a rare commodity when a Knight is become a Broker for to cry it up ſo.

Reb. And let me have ſome prefently for my next meale, or you cannot imagine how ſicke I will be.

Mon. But miſtake not me, nor the commodity we ſpeake of Mrs. *Brittle-ware*, where would you have it? here in our owne houſe? fye! the vertue of it is mortified, if it paſſe the threſhold from the ground it growes on. No, you muſt thither, to the Garden of delight, where you may have it dreſt and eaten in the due kind; and there it is ſo provocative, and ſo quicke in the hot operation, that none dare eate it, but thoſe that carry their coolers with 'em, prefently to delay, or take off the delightfull fury it fills 'em with.

Reb. Is there conveniency for that too?

Mon. Yes, yes; the houſe affords you as convenient Couches to retyre to, as the garden has beds for the precious plants to grow in: that makes the place a pallace of pleaſure, and daily reſorted and fill'd with Lords and Knights, and their Ladies; Gentlemen and gallants with their Miſtreſſes——

Reb. But doe not honeſt men go thither with their wives too?

Mon. None other; ſome to their owne coſts, and ſome at other mens.

Reb. Why doe we not goe then? or what ſtay we for, can you tell ſumbler?

Mon. Nay, Mrs. *Brittle-ware*, not ſo ſuddenly; towards the evening will be the fitteſt ſeaſon of the day; meane while goe in and fit your ſelfe for the walke, your husband and I are firſt for an other buſines.

Reb.. Noble Knight I thanke you, I hope my next longing ſhall be to beſpeake you for a God-father.

Mon. You ſhall not long long for that.

Reb. I take your noble word. *Exit.*

Brit. She's gone, and now ſir *Hugh* let me tell you, you have not dealt well with me, to put this ſagary into her fooliſh fancy.

Mon. Wilt thou be an Aſſe now? doe not I know how to fetch it out on her againe think'ſt thou? ſhe ſhall not goe, and yet be contented too.

Brit. I you tell me ſo.

Mon. Why thou wilt not be jealous of me now, that has laine in thy houſe theſe three yeares, wilt thou? nor thinke me ſo fooliſh to provoke thee with an injury; that know'ſt mee and my wayes ſo well.

Brit. I know ſomething by your worſhip worth the price of a new Pillory.

Mon.

Mon. Why ſo then ; and wil I wrong thee *Jack* think'ſt thou, ha ? no nor miſtruſt thee neither : for though thou art a jealous coxcomb over thy wife, and ſhe a touchy thing under thee, yet thou and I *Jacke* have bin alwaies confident of each other, and have wrought friendly and cloſely together, as ever *Subtle* and his Lungs did ; and ſhar'd the profit betwixt us, han't we *Jacke*, ha ?

Brit. I thinke we have ; and that you have ſome new device, ſome ſtratagem in hand now. Uds me, I now remember, is the party come to towne ?

Mon. Yes ; and my Springe has ſeaz'd him upon the way : and here I expect him inſtantly.

Brit. And will he be made a gentleman ?

Mon. That's his ambition *Jacke ;* and though you now keepe a China-ſhop, and deale in brittle commodities (pots, glaſſes, Purſlane Diſhes, and more trinkets than an Antiquaries ſtudy is furniſhed withal) you muſt not forget your old trade of Barber Surgeon, 'tis that muſt ſted us now in our new project.

Brit. I warrant you, is he a trim youth ?

Mon. We must make him one *Jacke*, 'tis ſuch a ſquab as thou never ſaweſt ; ſuch a lumpe, we may make what we will of him.

Brit. Then ſure we will make mony of him.

Mon. Well said *Jacke*, *Springe* has writ mee here his full deſcription.

ACT II. *Scene* III.

Money-lacks, Springe, Hoydon, Coulter, Brittle-ware.

Mon. Slid hee's come already : now Mr. *Springe ?*

Spri.

Spr. I come to preſent a gentleman to you ſir.

Mon. How a gentleman? will you abuſe me?

Spri. He findes your defect already; but be bold ſir, he deſires to be a Gentleman ſir; and (tho he be but course mettall, yet) he has that about him which with your helpe may quickly make him a cleare Gentleman.

Hoy. I have foure hundred pounds ſir; and I brought it up to towne on purpoſe to make my ſelfe a cleare gentleman of it.

Mon. It was well brought up; it appeares alſo that you have ſome breeding, though but a Yeomans ſonne.

Hoy. 'Tis true, I have a little learning ſir, and a little wit, though laſt night I met with ſome upon the way at *Hammer-Smith* that had more: yet I had enough to perceive I was cheated of a matter of ſeaven pound (almoſt all the odde mony I had about me) at my Card afore thy Card; a pox take the whole packe on 'em. Sdaggers if ever man that had but a mind to be a Gentleman was ſo noddy poopt! oh how I could chaſe to think on't.

Spr. Oh but you muſt not; it becomes not the temper of a Gentleman.

Hoy. So you told me; then I thanke you friend.

Spr. Your ſmall acquaintance ſir.

Hoy. I have had more acquaintance where I have found leſſe love, and I thanke you agen good ſmall acquaintance: you told me indeed it became not a gentleman to crie for loſing his mony; and I told you then, that I ſhould, or would be a gentleman: Whereupon Small acquaintance (becauſe I was reſolv'd to play no more) you advis'd me to give over; and you told me you would upon our comming to the City, here bring mee to a Knight, that was a Gentleman-maker, whom I conceive this to be, and here am I, and here's my foure hundred

hundred pound, which my man has here drawne up to Towne, and here I meane to quarter it.

Coul. But I will ſee what penniworths you bargaine for firſt, by your Maſterſhips leave.

Mon. Drawne and quarter'd! you have a wit Sir, I find that already.

Hoy. Yes ſir, I have a downe right Country wit, and was counted a pretty ſparke at home. Did you never heare of little *Tim* of *Tanton?* But I now meane to have a finicall City wit, and a ſuper-finicall Court wit too, before I ſee mine Uncle.

Mon. You may ſir.

Hoy. And be able to jeſt and jeere among men of judgment: I have a many ſmall jeſts, petty Johns, as I call 'hem: But I will have a clubbing wit, and a drinking wit; and be able to hold play with the great Poets I: and with dry jeſts to maule the mallipart'ſt leſſer ones (that hold themſelves better than the biggeſt) out o'the pit of wit I, before I ſee mine uncle.

Mon. You may have all ſir, if you quarter your foure hundred pound diſcreetly: but who is your uncle I pray?

Hoy. For that you ſhall pardon me, till I am a Gentleman. But I aſſure you he is a great gentleman in the City here; and I neither muſt nor dare ſee him, till I am one at leaſt: and I will tell you preſently how I mean to quarter my money.

Coul. They'll quarter that and you too, if I zee not the better to the matter.

Mon. Doſt thou know the uncle he ſpeaks of?

Spr. No, nor cannot learne who it is for my life.

Brit. Some great man ſure that's aſham'd of his kindred: perhaps ſome Suburbe Juſtice, that ſits o'the skirts o'the City, and lives by't.

Mon. Well said *Jack.*

Hoy. Look you ſir, thus had I caſt it: Small acquaintance pray doe you note it too: I love your advice, that at firſt ſight of mee (which was but laſt night) could relieve me from Cheaters.

Brit. From ſome of his owne companions, to cheate you more himſelfe.

Hoy. The firſt hundred pound to be for the making of mee a gentleman: the ſecond hundred ſhall be for apparell.

Spr. He ſpeaks halfe like a gentleman already.

Brit. Right, there's halfe diſpos'd of.

Hoy. The third hundred Ile ſpend in pleaſure: harke Small acquaintance, we'll have wenches.

Whiſper.

Spr. What wants he of a gentleman, and goe no further, but ſave the laſt hundred.

Hoy. Oh Small acquaintance, that must walke too: but all for profit to ſupport my gentility hereafter.

Spr. As how?

Hoy. I will be cheated of it.

Mon. How?

Hoy. Not in groſſe, but by retaile, to try mens ſeverall wits, and ſo learne to ſhift for myſelfe in time and need be.

Brit. Doe you heare this?

Coul. There's a plot now!

Mon. I proteſt I admire him: I never found like Craft in a Yeomans ſonne before.

Hoy. No words on't I beſeech you ſir; nor name that fooliſh word Yeomans ſonne any more: I came to change my Coppy, and write Gentleman: and to goe the nigheſt way to worke, my Small acquaintance here tells me, to goe by the Heralds is the fartheſt way about.

Mon. Well, ſir, we will take the ſpeedieſt courſe for you that may be poſſible.

Brit.

Brit. The ſeaſon of the yeare ſerves moſt aptly too,
Both for purging and bleeding:
Give your name into this booke, ſir.

Hoy. Timothy Hoyden ſir.

Brit. Timothy Hoyden. Write.

Hoy. But muſt I bleed ſir?

Mon. Yes, you must bleed: your father's blood muſt out. He was but a yeoman, was he?

Hoy. As ranck a Clowne, none diſprais'd, as any in *Sommerſetſhire.*

Mon. His foule ranke blood of Bacon and Peaſe-porridge muſt out of you to the laſt dram.

Hoy. You will leave me none in my body then, I ſhall bleed to death, and you go that way to worke.

Spr. Feare nothing ſir: your blood ſhal be taken out by degrees, and your veines repleniſh'd with pure blood ſtill, as you looſe the puddle.

Hoy. How muſt that be done?

Coul. I that ich I would heare.

Mon. I commend you that you ſeeke reaſon: it muſt bee done by meats and drinkes of coſtly price; Muſcadell caudels; jellies, and cock-broaths. You ſhall eate nothing but Shrimpe porridge for a fortnight; and now and then a Pheſants egge ſoopt with a Peacocks feather. I that muſt be the dyet.

Hoy. Delicate!

Coul. This ſtands to reaſon indeed.

Mon. Then at your going abroad, the firſt ayre you take ſhall be of the Aſparagus Garden, and you ſhall feed plentifully of that.

Hoy. Of the ayre do you meane?

Mon. No of th' Aſparagus. And that with a Concoction of Goates milke, ſhall ſet you an end, and your blood as high as any Gentlemans lineally

lineally deſcended from the loyns of King *Cadwalader.*

Hoy. Excellent, I like all excellently well, but this bleeding. I could never endure the ſight of blood.

Mon. That ſhewes the malignant baſeneſſe of your fathers blood within you!

Hoy. I was bewitch'd I thinke before I was begot, to have a Clowne to my father: yet ſir my mother ſaid ſhe was a Gentlewoman.

Spr. Said? What will not Women ſay?

Hoy. Nay, ſmall acquaintance, ſhe profeſt it upon her Death-bed to the Curate and divers others, that ſhe was ſiſter to a Gentleman here in this City; and commanded mee in her Will, and upon her bleſſiing, firſt to make my ſelfe a Gentleman of good faſhion, and then to go to the gentleman my uncle.

Spr. What gentleman is that?

Hoy. I muſt not, nor I wo' not tell you that, till I am a gentleman my ſelfe: would you ha' me wrong the will o' the dead? Small acquaintance, I will rather dye a Clowne as I am firſt.

Mon. Be content ſir; here's halfe a labour ſav'd; you ſhall bleed but o' one side: the Fathers ſide only.

Hoy. Say you ſo?

Mon. The Mother veine ſhall not be prickt.

Hoy. I thanke you ſir;
I wou'd 'twere done once.

Mon. But when this is done, and your new blood infuſed into you, you ſhall moſt eaſily learne the manners and behaviour.

Spr. The Look, the garbe, the congee—

Brit. And all the Complements of an abſolute gentleman.

Hoy. O brave!

Mon.

Mon. For which you ſhall have beſt inſtructions; You'le runne a chargeable courſe in't, that Ile tell you:
And may yet if you pleaſe retaine your money; Croſſe your mothers will and dye a Clowne.

Hoy. By no meanes ſir.

Coult. I begin to beleeve honeſtly of the Knight.

Mon. Doe you note this skin of his here?

Brit. Skin, 'tis a hide ſir.

Hoy. 'Tis ſomewhat thicke and foule indeed ſir.

Mon. He muſt have a bath, and that will be more charge.

Spr. Tis pitty he ſhould be flead.

Hoy. I thanke you ſmall acquaintance; pray let me have a bath, what ere it coſt me, rather than flea me.

Mon. Well ſir, this houſe ſhall be your lodging, and this the Mr. of it, an excellent Chyrurgeon, and expert in theſe affaires, ſhall be your attendant.

Hoy. My man may attend me too, may he not?

Spr. Yes, by all meanes, and ſee the laying out of your money,

Coul. I like that beſt: ſure they are honeſt men.

Mon. Is that your man? what does he weare a Coulter by his ſide?

Coul. No ſir, my name is *Coulter*; I my ſelfe am a Coulter, and this is but my Hanger on, as I am my Maſters.

Mon. Thou maiſt make a Country gentleman in time, I ſee that by thy wit.

Coul. All my friends will be glad on't.

Mon. Come gentlemen, Ile lead you the way.

Ex.

ACT. II. *Scene* IV.

Touchwood, Walter, Gilbert, Samuel.

Touch. BUt how can you aſſure me gentlemen that this is true?

Gil. We ſaw't not acted ſir, nor had reported it,
But on thoſe termes of honour you have ſworne to;
In which you are engaged firſt to forgive
Your ſonne: then never to reveale to friend,
Or foe, the knowledge of the fact.

Wat. You cannot now but receive
Your ſonne into your favour, that did urge him
To doe ſome outrage, ſome villanous ſhame or miſchiefe
Upon that Family as he would ſhunne your curſe.

Touch. This is a miſchiefe with a witneſſe to it;
He has done it home it ſeems.

Gil. Sir, can a ſonne
Doe his fathers will too fully?

Touch. You may be pleas'd to call him.

Exit Wat.

I would now put on an anger, but I feare
My inward joy's too great, to be diſſembled:
Now for a rigid brow that might enable
A man to ſtand competitor for the feate
Of auſtere juſtice——Are you come to boaſt

Enter Sam, Wat.

The bravery of your fact, with a diſſembled
Shew of obedience; as if you had merited
Forgiveneſſe and a bleſſing; when my ſhame
For thy lewd action makes me turne and hide
My face—for feare my laughter be deſcry'd.

aſide and laugh.

Gil.

Pray turne not from him ſir.
h. I have heard ſir of your workmanſhip;
t may
receive it on your word for truth?
It is too true, unleſſe you pleaſe in mercy
ion, and preſerve me from the rigour
ice, and the ſharper cenſure
ſhall ſuffer in all good opinion.
h. I meane you ſhall out o' the noyſe on't
y:
ere's a hundred peeces, get you gone;
you for a journey into France,
your ſelfe well, and looke you come not
ne
r Coxecombe than you went abroad:
are no falling bands and cuffes above
ce of ſuits and cloaks, leaſt you become
ter halfe undone in a bout at Buffets.
I hope you ſhall heare well of me.
h. Amen.
Pray bleſſe me ſir.
h. My bleſſing be upon thee,
t thee gone, my tenderneſſe will ſhew
too womaniſh elſe.
Goodneſſe of nature.
We'll helpe to ſet you forward. *Ex.*
h. Thank yee gentlemen:
my ſonne, thou ſhalt not want a father,
ı ſomebody muſt ſeeke one; ha, ha, ha——
e another hundred Peeces now
l my heart, that I might be untongue ty'd,
iumph o're my adverſary now,
ıſh this buſineſſe in his angry teeth:
Strikers teeth out with his owne abuſe:
s he knows't already, if he does;
ake notice, and make bold to jeere him:
his uſuall walke.

ACT II. *Scene* V.

Striker, Touch-wood.

Stri. I was to blame
To give it ſo much credit at the firſt,
As to be troubled at it.

Touch. 'Tis the Raſcall.

Stri. That he, the ſonne of my deſpight and ſcorne,
Should gaine of Fate a lot to ſee my Neece,
Much leſſe a face to aske her for his wife.

Touch. Perhaps he's caſting of his will.

Stri. Yet the vexation that I was but told ſo,
Lyes gnawing in my ſtomacke, that untill
I vomit it upon that Dung-hill wretch;
I cannot eate nor ſleepe to doe me good.
And I thanke Chance he's here.

Touch. He comes, and ſo have at him.

Stri. Hum, hum, hum, humh.

Touch, And ha, ha, ha to thee old puppy.

Stri. Sirrah, ſirrah, how dar'ſt thou keepe a ſonne that dares but looke upon my Neece? there I am we'yee ſir.

Touch. Sirrah, and ſirrah to thy wither'd jawes, and down that wrinkled throat of thine: how dar'ſt thou think a ſonne of mine dares for diſpleaſing me, look but with foule contempt upon thy loathed iſſue?

Stri. Impudent villaine, I have heard he has ſeene her.

Touch. Has he but ſeene her? ha, ha, ha, I feare I ſhall out with it: I would not be forſworne; ile keep't in if I can.

Stri. Yes Malipert Jack, I have heard that he has ſeene her, but better hadſt thou piſt him 'gainſt the

the wall, then hee preſume to love her: and there I am we'yee ſir.

Touch. Haſt thou but heard he has ſeene her; I tell thee thou old booby thou; if he had ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood her: nay had he got her with child, and then left her, he were my ſonne, and I would cheriſh him.

Stri. Darſt thou ſpeak ſo, thou old Reprobate.

Touch. Thou doſt not heare me ſay it is ſo, though I could wiſh it were with all my heart, because I thinke it would breake thine.

Stri. Hugh, hugh, hugh. *Cough.*

Touch. I hope I ſhall keepe it within the compaſſe of mine oath; yet there was a touch for him.

Stri. Oh thou hel-bred Raſcall thou; hugh, hugh. *Cough and ſpit.*

Touch. So, ſo, up with it, Lungs, Lights, Liver, and all; choake up in a churles name.

Stri. Hugh, hugh.

Touch. I have put him into theſe fits forty times at leaſt, and not without hope it will thratle him at laſt—if you do break a gut, or a rib or two, with ſtraining, a rope will be your onely remedy: and ſo I leave you: by the way you have not heard mee ſay that I know anything by your Neece: But what I know Ile keep to my ſelfe.

Stri. And hang thy ſelfe, I care not what thou know'ſt, yet thus farre take me we'yee ſir.

Touch. Not a ſtep, unleſſe I were ſure I were going to the devill, huh, huh: no ſir, you ſhall not trip me: you ſhall not fetch it out of me: tuſh, my ſonne's my ſonne, and keep your neece to your ſelfe, huh, and if ſhe has anything of his you may keep that too huh; and ſo choake up againe with all my heart, and much good doe it you.

Exit.

Stri. Huh, huh—hem! ſo he's gon, the villain's gone

gone in hope that he has kild me, when my co
fort is he has recover'd mee; I was heart-ſi
with a conceit which lay ſo mingled with
Fleagme that I had periſhed, if I had not br
it, and made me ſpit it out; hemh, 'tis gone, a
ile home merrily.
I would not that he ſhould know the good he h
done me
For halfe my eſtate; nor would I be at peace wi
him
To ſave it all: His malice works upon me,
Paſt all the drugs and all the Doctors Counſells,
That ere I cop'd with: he has beene my vexatio
Theſe thirty yeares; nor have I had another
Ere ſince my wife dy'd; if the Raſcall knew't,
He would be friends, and I were inſtantly
But a dead man, I could not get another
To anger me ſo handſomly.

ACT II. *Scene* VI.

Friſwood, Striker.

Fris. YOu are welcome home ſir.
Stri. And merrily too *Fid.* Her
light at heart.
I met with my Phyſitian, Dog-leech, *Touchwood*
And clear'd my ſtomacke, and now I am light
heart.
And thou ſhalt heare on't *Fid* anon perhaps.
Fris. You are the better able then to heare
And beare what I muſt tell you.
Stri. Where's my Neece?
How does ſhe, ha?
Frif. As well as a young woman
In her caſe may doe ſir.

Si

Stri. Ha! how's that?

Fris. Twill out, and I as fit to tell you as another.

Stri. Out with it then.

Fris. Tis true, I fac'd you downe there was no league
Betweene young *Touch-wood*, and your Neece, in hope
To turne her heart from him before the knowledge
Of anything that paſt ſhould be a griefe to you:
But ſince I have diſcover'd tis too late;
And ſhe can be fit bride for no man elſe.

Stri. He has not laine with her, has he?

Fris. You ſpeake as juſt as *Gormans* lips.

Stri. I hope he has not lipt her ſo:
Prethee what canſt thou meane?

Fris. Sir, if you thinke
The knowledge of a truth of this ſad nature
May prejudice your health, by drawing a Cholericke fit into you, you were beſt to ſend for your Phyſitian, your dog-leech *Touch-wood*, as you cal'd him, to breake your bed of Fleagme, by laughing at you.

Stri. What doſt thou meane now, I have asked thee twice.

Fris. I ſay young *Touch-wood* has touch'd, and clap'd your neece;
And (which is worſe) with ſcorne and foule diſdaine
Has left and quite forſaken; and is gone:
(They ſay) ſent by his father to travaile.

Stri. Twas this the villaine hammer'd on today,
When he ſpoke myſtically, doubtfull words,
Reflecting on this miſchievous ſence: Hell, hell, hell.

Fris.

Fris. Twere good you would forſake the thoug
of hell ſir,
And thinke upon ſome timely courſe to ſave
Her credit, and the honour of your houſe b
marriage.
Stri. You counſell very well ;
But were you privy in their loves affaire ?
Fris. Indeed I knew too much on't : think of
courſe good ſir.
Stri. I know no courſe for her and you b
one,
Young whore and bawd, and that is inſtantly
To pack you out of doores to ſeek your living,
And there I will be we'yee.
Fris. Sir that you muſt not.
Stri. Sprecious doſt thou muſt me in mine ow
houſe ?
Fris. In your owne houſe, ſir, kill us if you plea
And take the ſinne upon you ; but out of it
You muſt not dare to thruſt us with your ſhame :
Which I will ſo divulge, as you ſhall finde
Your houſe to be no ſanctuary for your ſelfe ;
And there ile be with you.
Stri. This is luſty.
Fris. Conſider wiſely that I know you ſir,
And can make foule relation of ſome paſſages
That you will ſhame to heare.
Stri. Hold your peace.
Fris. Remember ſir, neare thirty yeares agoe,
You had a ſiſter, whoſe great marriage portion
Was in your hands : good gentlewoman, ſhe
Unfortunately loving a falſe Squire,
Juſt as your Neece hath now, did get a clap :
You know ſir, what I meane ?
Stri. You'll hold your peace ?
Fris. Ile ſpeake it though I dye for't; bet
here

Than in a worſe place: So clapt I ſay ſhe was,
I know not yet by whom you doe, and beare.
An inward grudge againſt ſomebody to this hour for't.
But to my ſtory, good gentlewoman ſhe
Was by your moſt unbrotherly cruell uſage
Thruſt out a doores, as now you threaten us:
And miſerably big-bellied as ſhe was
Leaving her moſt unjuſtly detain'd her portion
In your falſe hands, forſooke you and the towne,
To flie the aire, where her diſgrace was ſpread:
Some jewells and ſome gold ſhe had conceal'd:
But to what part o' th' world ſhee took we know not,
Nor did you ever care, but wiſht her out on't,
By any deſperate end, after her flight
From portion, blood and name; and ſo perhaps
Immediately ſhe was: for which, this judgement
Is juſtly falne upon you.

Stri. Yet hold thy peace.

Fris. Neither by threats, nor bribes, nor all perſwaſion,
Untill you take your Neece into your care:
What will the world ſay when it heares this ſtory
Of your owne naturall ſiſter, and your cruelty,
When you ſhall ſecond it with your Neeces ſhame?

Stri. I never was ſo mated, ſo aſtoniſhed.

Friſ. Nay, more than this, old *Striker*, ile impeach
You for foule incontinence; and ſhaking your
Old Bullion Tronkes over my Trucklebed.

Stri. Thou art not deſperate! wilt thou ſhame thy ſelfe?

Friſ. I value neither ſhame, nor name, nor fame;
And wealth I have none to loſe; you have enough
To pay for all I take it.

Stri.



Stri. Oh I am ſicke.

Frif. Be of good cheere, ile ſend for your Phyſitian.

Stri. Sicke, ſicke at heart; let me be had to bed. *Exit.*

Frif. I hope I have laid the heat of his ſeverity,
So ſometimes great offences paſſe for none.
When ſevere Judges dare not heare their owne.
Ex.

ACT III. *Scene* I.

Enter Gardner, *and* Martha *his wife.*

Gar. PRay lets agree upon't good wife, you are my wife I take it, and I ſhould have the command, yet I entreate and am content you ſee.

Mat. And ſo would any man I thinke that has ſuch a helpe and commings in by his wife as you have; tis not your durty Sparagus, your Artichoaks, your Carpes, your Tulips, your Strawberries, can bring you in five hundred pound a yeare, if my helping hand, and braine too were not in the buſineſſe.

Gar. Let us agree upon't: and two or three yeares toyle more, while our trade is in requeſt and faſhion, will make us purchaſers. I had once a hope to have bought this Mannor of Marſhland for the reſemblance it has to the Low Country ſoyle you came from, to ha' made you a Bankeſide Lady. Wee may in time be ſomewhat. But what did you take yeſterday *Mat* in all, what had you, ah?

Mat. Poore pidling doings; ſome foure and twenty pound.

Gar

Gar. What did the rich old Merchant ſpend upon the poore young gentlemans wife in the yellow bed-chamber?

Mat. But eight and twenty ſhillings, and kept the roome almoſt two houres. I had no more of him.

Gar. And what the Knight with the broken Citizens wife (that goes ſo Lady like) in the blew bed-chamber.

Mat. Almoſt foure pound.

Gar. That was pretty well for two.

Mat. But her huſband, and a couple of ſervingmen had a diſh of *Sparagus*, and three bottles of wine, beſides the broken meate into one o'the Arbors.

Gar. Every thing would live *Mat:* but here will be great Courtiers and Ladyes to day you ſay.

Mat. Yes they ſent laſt night to beſpeake a ten pound dinner, but I halfe feare their comming will keep out ſome of our more conſtant, and more profitable cuſtomers.

Gar. Twill make them the more eager to come another time then *Mat.* Ha' they paid their reckoning in the Parlour?

Mat, Yes, but butchingly, and are now going away.

ACT III. *Scene* II.

Gentleman and Gentlewomen to them.

Gar. O here they are going.

Gent. I proteſt Mr. Gardner your wife is too deare: Sixteene ſhillings for a diſh of Sparagus, two bottles of wine, and a little Sugar, I wonder how you can reckon it.

Mat.

Mat. That was your reckoning in all ſir; wee make no account of particulars, but all to Mall, as they doe in the Netherlands.

Gent. Your Dutch account Mrs. is too high for us to trouble you any more.

Mat. That's as you pleaſe ſir, a faire day after you: *Ex. Gen.* Who would be troubled with ſuch pinching gueſts?

Gar. I, tis good to miſreckon ſuch to be rid of 'hem.

Mat. They are ee'n as welcome as the Knight that comes hither alone alwayes, and walkes about the garden here halfe a day together, to feed upon Ladyes lookes, as they paſſe to and fro; the peeping Knight, what doe you call him?

Gar. O Sir *Arnold Cautious.*

Mat. You may call him Cautious, I never ſaw five ſhillings of his money yet.

Gar. No, he comes but to feed his eyes, as you ſay, with leering at good faces, and peeping at pretty inſteps.

Mat. Sir *Hugh-Money-Lacke*, our gather-gueſt as we call him, ſends us no ſuch dull cuſtomers: O that good Gentleman! never did any Taverne, Inne, or new Ordinary give tribute to a more deſerving gentleman——oh here come gallants.

ACT III. *Scene* III.

Enter Gilbert, Wat, *and* Sam (*diſguis'd*) *to them.*

Three, and ne're a woman! ſtrange! theſe are not the Courtiers wee look for.

Gil. This is his daily haunt: I warrant thee we find him.

Wat. And it ſhall take, ne're feare it *Sam.*

Gil.

Gil. By your leave Mr. and Mrs. or rather Lord and Lady of the new plantation here.

Wat. Nay Prince and Princeſſe of the Province of Aſparagus.

Sam. The Iſland of two Acres here, more profitable than twice two thouſand in the Fens, till the drainers have done there.

Mat. You are pleaſant gentlemen: what is your pleaſure?

Gil. Saw you Sir *Arnold Cautious* here to-day?

Mat. Not yet ſir.

Gil. Ha' you a roome i' your houſe for us?

Mat. Have you any more company to come to you?

Wat. Yes, we expect ſome gentlemen.

Mat. Gentlemen did you ſay?

Gil. Yes indeed gentlemen, no gentlewomen I aſſure you.

Mat. Intruth ſir all the roomes within are gone.

Gil. What they are not gone abroad, are they?

Mat. You are alwayes pleaſant ſir: I meane they are all taken up.

Gil. There are ſome taken up in 'hem, is't not ſo?

Mat. Still you are pleaſant ſir: they are indeed beſpoken for great Courtiers, and Ladyes that are to dine here.

Gar. If you will beſtow your ſelves in the garden, and make choice of your Arbour: you ſhall have the beſt cheer the houſe can afford yee, and you are welcome.

Gil. Be it ſo then; let's walke about gentlemen.
Pray ſend us ſome wine.

Wat. And a diſh of your Sparagus.

Mat.

Mat. You ſhall have it gentlemen. *Exit.*

Gil. Did you note the wit o'the woman ?

Wat. I, becauſe we had no wenches we muſt have no chamber-roome, for feare ſhe diſappoynt ſome that may bring 'hem.

Sam. Shee ſpake of great Courtiers and Ladyes that are to come.

Wat. Some good ſtuffe perhaps.

Gil. Why I aſſure you, right noble, and right vertuous perſons, and of both ſexes doe frequent the place.

Sam. And I aſſure you, as ignoble and vicious doe peſter it too much ; and theſe that reſpect profit meerely have not the wit, and leſſe the vertue to diſtinguiſh betwixt the beſt and the worſt, but by their purſes.

Wat. 'Tis enough for them to weed their garden, not their gueſts : O here comes our collation.

ACT. III. *Scene* IV.

Enter two boyes, they cover a Table, two bottles of wine, Diſhes of Sugar, and a diſh of Sparagus.

Gil. AND what's the price of this feaſt boy ?

Boy. Plaiſt ill Monſieur.

Gil. What art thou a French-man ?

Boy. No, I tooke you for one ſir, to bargaine for your meate before you eate it, that is not the generous Engliſh faſhion, you ſhall know anon ſir.

Gil. Goe get you gone with your wit, and tell your prodigall fooles ſo.

Wat. Goe, we'll call when we want attendance. *Ex. Boy.*

Gil. Sam you are too ſad ; let not your diſguiſe alter

ker you with us: Come here's a health to the lans in Kelder, and the mother of the boy, if it rove ſo.

Sam. Ile pledge it.

Wat. We want Sir *Hugh Mony-lacke* here to liſcourſe the vertues of this precious plant Asparagus, and what wonders it hath wrought in *Burgundy*, *Almaine*, *Italy*, and *Languedoc* before the herboriſts had found the skill to plant it here.

Sam. What's he to whom wee ſeeke?

Wat. Who mine Uncle, Sir *Arnold Cautious*; he'll come, ne're doubt him; he ſeldom miſſes a day to pry and piere upon the beauties that come to walke here.

Gil. Tis ſuch a Knightling, Ile but give yee his Character, and he comes I warrant thee; he is an infinite admirer of beauty, and dares not touch a woman: he is aged about fifty, and a batchelour: he defies wedlocke, becauſe he thinkes there is not a maiden-head in any marriageable beauty to be found among Women.

Sam. Yet you ſay he is an admirer and hunter after the ſight of beauty.

Gil. He gets a crick in his neck oft-times with ſquinting up at windowes and Belconies; and as he walkes the ſtreets, he peepes on both ſides at faire breaſts and faces, as he were ſeeking Birds-neſts; and followes pretty feet and inſteps like a hare tracker.

Wat. This is ſtill mine Uncle.

Gil. And when he ſees a Coach of Ladies about to alight, hee makes a ſtand, in hope to ſee a delicate legge ſlip through a lac'd ſmocke, which if he chance to diſcover he drivells.

Sam. Well, how your plot may hold to my purpoſe I cannot ſee: he is the unlikelieſt man to have a wench put upon that you can mention.

Gil

Gil. I grant the attempt is hard, but the higher will be the atchievement: truſt my experience *Sam:* for as in every inſtrument are all tunes to him that has the skill to find out the ſtops, ſo in every man there are all humours to him that can find their fauſſets, and draw 'hem out to his purpoſe.

Wat. Feare not the plot, as we have caſt it, nor the performance in the Comedy, though againſt mine owne Naturall Uncle.

Gil. Thy unnaturall Uncle thou wouldſt ſay: hee ne're did thee good in's life: Act but thine owne part, and be not out *Sam*, and feare nothing.

Wat. He's ſomewhat too yoong to act a rorer: but what lads have we ſeene paſſe for ſouldiers?

ACT III. *Scene* V.

Enter three Courtiers and Ladies: Cautious aloofe.

Sam. O here come the great gueſts.

Gil. And theſe are nobles ones indeed; theſe are Courtiers Clinquant, and no counterfeit ſtuffe upon 'hem: I know 'hem all, every Lady with her owne husband too: what a vertuous honeſt age is this: and ſee if thine Uncle bee not at his old game, bopeepe i'the taile of 'hem. Hee ſhall follow 'hem no further: Sir *Arnold Cautious*, Noble Knight you are well encounter'd. *Ex. Court.*

Caut. Good Maſter *Gold wyer*, doe you know theſe Ladies; or be they Ladyes, ha?

Gil. Yes, and noble ones, the three Graces of the Court, the Lady Stately, the Lady Handſome, and the Lady peereleſſe, doe not you know 'hem?

Caut

Caut. No not I.

Gil. How the ſlave twitters; you look not up at greatnes, you mind too much the worldly things that are beneath you: if you had ſuch a Lady under you, (of your owne I meane) you would mind her.

Caut. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Gil. Looke no more after 'hem, they are gone: beſides they are vertuous, and too great for you: when will you get a convenient wife of your owne, to work out the dry itch of a ſtale Batchelour?

Caut. Goe, goe, you are a wag, I itch not that way.

Gil. Will you goe this way with me then, and heare what I will ſay to you?

Caut. With all my heart, I am free from buſineſſe.

Gil. You have a Nephew, whoſe ſiſter I marryed, a vertuous wife ſhe is, and I love him the better for't; he is a younger brother, and borne to no great fortune: now you are very rich, a Batchelour, and therefore I think childleſſe——

Caut. Introth Mr. Gold-wyer you muſt pardon mee, I may not ſtay with you: I had almoſt forgot a moſt important buſineſſe.

Lam. Ee'n now he had none.

Gil. Nay good Sir *Arnold Cautious*, you know not what Ile ſay.

Caut. I ſay he is an unthrift, a Squanderer, and muſt not expect ſupplyes from me.

Gil. He does not, ſhall not, not to the value of a token: pray ſtay, and heare me ſir; tis no ill ayre to ſtay in.

Caut. I withall my heart good Mr. Gold-wyer; I like the aire well, and your motion hitherto.

Gill. Will you be pleas'd to doe your kinſman

the favour to further him in a match; I mean an honeſt lawful marriage match—but with your countenance, and a good word at moſt.

Caut. The moſt unthankfull office in the world: pray uſe ſome other friend in't: indeed I ſtay too long.

Gil. Heare but who it is that he loves, how likely he is to obtaine, what abundant profit the match may bring him, and the deſperate undoing danger he falls into if he be not matched, and then doe your pleaſure.

Caut. Why what new danger is he towards, more than the old ill company he was wont to keep?

Gil. Oh ſir, he is now in league with a companion more dreadfull than 'hem all, a fellow that is in part a Poet, and in part a Souldier.

Caut. Bounce, bounce.

Gil. You have hit upon his name: his name is Bounce, do you know him, ſir?

Caut. Not I, nor deſire acquaintance with either of his qualities.

Gil. He is a gentleman, ſir, that has been upon ſome unfortunate late ſervices that have not anſwer'd his merit.

Caut. And now he is come home to right himſelfe, by writing his owne meritorious acts, is he?

Gil. Good introth, I wiſh you would ſee 'hem, to come over 'hem with a jeere or two; I know you are good at it: They are in an Arbour here cloſe by, drinking to their Muſes, and glorifying one another for eithers excellency in the art moſt Poetically.

Caut. Glorifie doe you ſay? I have heard Poets the moſt envious detractors of one another of all Creatures, next to the very Beggers.

Gil. Abroad perhaps and aſunder, but together there's

there's no ſuch amity: You never ſaw 'hem drinke: pray ſee 'hem ſir, it may take your Nephew off of his Ningle, who hath infected him with Poetry already: and twenty to one, if he faile in the match, which I was about to mention; he will winne him away to the wars too, and then he may be loſt for ever.

Caut. Good Mr. Gold-wyer goe you to your company, I am not a man of reckoning amongſt ſuch; beſides I ſeldome drink betwixt meales.

Wat. At his owne coſt he meanes.

Gil. I commend your temper: you ſhall not bee in the reckoning; but I beſeech you let me prevaile with you: See, wee are upon 'hem: ſave you Gentlemen: I have brought you a noble friend, your uncle: I know he is welcome to you brother *Wat;* and you I am ſure will make him ſo Mr. *Bounce:* when you ſhall heare he is an admirer of Poetry and warre.

Caut. Even a farre off I aſſure yee: I never durſt approach near the fury of either of the fiery qualities.

Sam. It is your modeſty, not feare that keeps you at diſtance I imagine.

Caut. Poets may imagine any thing: imagination is their wealth, ſome of 'hem would be but poore elſe: are you turn'd Poet Nephew?

Wat. For my private recreation ſir.

Caut. What by writing Verſes to win ſome Miſtreſſes to your private recreation: meane you ſo?

Sam. You dare not ſir blaſpheme the vertuous uſe
Of ſacred Poetry, nor the ſame traduce
Of Poets, who not alone immortall be,
But can give others immortality.
Poets that can men into ſtars tranſlate,
And hurle men downe under the feete of Fate:
Twas not *Achilles* ſword, but *Homers* pen,

That made brave *Hector* dye the beſt of men:
And if that powerfull *Homer* likewiſe wou'd,
Hellen had beene a hagge, and *Troy* had ſtood.

Gil. Well ſaid Poet, thou tumbleſt out old ends as well as the beſt of 'hem.

Sam. Poets they are the life and death of things,
Queens give them honour, for the greateſt Kings
Have bin their ſubjects.

Caut. Enough, enough; you are the firſt good Poet that e're I ſaw weare ſo good a Countenance: leave it, I would not have a gentleman meddle with Poetry for ſpoyling of his face: you ſeldome ſee a Poet look out at a good Viſnomy.

Sam. Think you ſo ſir?

Caut. Yes, and that is a Poeticall Policy: where the face is naturally good without ſpot or blemiſh, to deface it by drinking, or wenching, to get a name by't.

Sam. A death deſerving ſcandall.

Gil. Hold, hold.
Sam. Thy malice, and thy ignorance
Have doom'd thee.

They ſcuffle, and Wat throwes Sam, and offers to ſtab him. Gil. holds his Dagger.

Gil. Gentlemen what meane yee?

Wat. My blood muſt not endure it.

Gil. You have wrong'd us all, and me the moſt.

Wat. The wrong is chiefely mine; yet you adde to it
By hindring my juſt vengeance.

Sam. Ile find a time to right you, or my ſelfe.

Exit

Wat. My next ſight of thee is thy death:
I feare you are hurt ſir; are you, pray ſir tell me?

Caut. Let me firſt admire thy goodneſſe and thy pitty:
My owne true naturall Nephew.

Gil.

Gil. Now it workes.

Caut. I now conſider, and will anſwer thee
In a full meaſure of true gratitude.

Wat. But good ſir are you not hurt? if you bleed, I bleed with you.

Caut. Oh ſincere Nephew, good boy I am not hurt,
Nor can I thinke of hurt, my thoughts are bent
Upon thy good; you were ſpeaking of a choyſe ſir,
My Nephew would be matcht to, let me know the party.

Gil. Will you ſir ſtand his friend?

Caut. Let me but know the party and her friend,
And inſtantly about it.

Gil. He is catch'd.

Wat. How am I bound to you!

Caut. Nephew, I am yet bound to thee, and ſhall not reſt till I am diſ-ingag'd by doing this office for thee: what is ſhe, let me know?

Gil. Sir, as we walk you shall know all; ile pay the reckoning within as we paſſe.

Caut. But by the way Nephew, I muſt bind you from Poetry.

Wat. For a Wife you ſhall ſir.

Gil. Poetry, though it be of a quite contrary nature, is as pretty a jewell as plaine dealing, but they that uſe it forget the Proverb. *Ex.*

ACT III. *Scene* VI.

Enter Courtiers *and* Ladyes.

1 *Cour.* COme Madams, now if you pleaſe after your garden Feaſt,
To exerciſe your numerous feet, and tread
A curious knot upon this graſſie ſquare; You

much better huſwifes, and co
O'th' gardners profit.
2 *La.* Or at leaſt hedge in
Our Sparagus dinner reckonii
2 *Cour.* I commend your w
Madam, ſuch good Ladies wil
Away their husbands Lands.
1 *Cour.* But Madams will y
1 *La.* Not to improve th
Lord,
A little for digeſtion if you ple
1 *Cour.* Muſicke, play.
1 *Cour.* You have done N
much honour'd
This peece of earth here, w
footing.
1 *La.* By your faire imitatio
1 *Cour.* May the example
mirth
And Civill recreation purge the
Of all foule purpoſes.
1 *La.* Tis an honeſt wiſh :
But wiſhes weed no gardens ; h
Some wicked ones they ſay.
1 *Cour.* We ſ[illegible]

ACT III. *Scene* VII.

Money-lacke, Hoyden, Springe, Brittle-ware, Rebecca, Coulter.

Mon. YOu are now welcome to th' Aſparagus Garden Landlady.

Reb. I have beene long a comming for all my longings: but now I hope I ſhall have my belly full on't.

Mon. That you ſhall, feare not.

Reb. Would I were at it once.

Mon. Well, becauſe ſhe deſires to bee private, goe in with your wife Mr. *Brittleware*, take a roome, call for a feaſt, and ſatifie your wife, and bid the Mrs. of the houſe to provide for us.

Brit. I will ſir. *Ex. Brit. Wife.*

Mon. And how doe you feele your ſelfe, Mr. Hoyden after your bleeding, purging, and bathing, the killing of your groſſe humours by your ſpare dyet, and your new infuſion of pure blood, by your queint feeding on delicate meates and drinks? how doe you feele your ſelfe?

Hoy. Marry I feele that I am hungry, and that my ſhrimpe dyet and ſippings have almoſt famiſhed me, and my purſe too: ſlid I dare be ſworne, as I am almoſt a gentleman, that every bit and every ſpoonfull that I have ſwallowed theſe ten dayes, has coſt me ten ſhillings at leaſt.

Spr. Is it poſſible that you conſider this, and bee almoſt a gentleman?

Hoy. Small acquaintance I doe not lye to you: truth's truth, as well in a Gentleman as a begger, for I am both almoſt, and perhaps not the firſt that can write ſo.

Spr. Doe you note how his wit riſes?

Hoy.

Spr. But what doe you think
dred pound ?

Hoy. Marry I thinke that was t
by it I have got wit enough t
as cleerely cofen'd out of it as he
ſoule and conſcience, and as I
tleman, and a man had come to
elſe but to be Cheated, hee co
roundlier rid of his money.

Mon. Well ſir, if you repine
now, that you want nothing but
paragus to finiſh my worke o
you ; I will, if you pleaſe, in lie
your paunch with Bacon and B
put you backe againe as abſolute
you came from plough.

Coult. I would he're come to t

Sprin. Take heed how you cr

Hoy. Nay pray ſir bee not ang
ſhame of a Gentleman I ſay it) n
water at the name of the ſweet
ſpoke of (bacon and bag-puddi

you : he is as dangerous about you, as your fathers blood was within you, to croſſe and hinder your gentility.

Hoy. True, you ſaid you would help me to a boy no bigger than a Monkey.

Spr. And you ſhall have him, a pretty little knave, you may put him in your pocket.

Coul. Yes wuſſe, to pick's money out if he had it ; ſhortly 'twill come to that bevore't be long.

Hoy. Coulter you muſt to the plough again ; you are too heavy a clog at the heeles of a gentleman.

Coult. I with all my heart, and I con you thanks too.

Hoy. The Clowne, my fathers heire, will be glad of you.

Mon. Have you an elder brother ?

Hoy. You doe not heare me ſay he is my brother ; but the clown my father had a former ſon by a former wife, that was no gentlewoman as my mother was, and he is a Clowne all over, and incurable, even get you to him, like to like will agree well : here's a Crowne for you, 'twill carry you a foote to *Tanton ;* and ſo get you gone like a Clowne as you are.

Coult. 'Tis well you allow me ſome money yet : we ſhall have you begge all the way home ſhortly, when your Cheaters have done we'yee.

Mon. How villaine !

Spr. Why doe you not correct him ſir ?

Coult. Nay why do not you, he dares not ? though he could ſpare his Clowne blood, he dares not venture his Gentleman blood ſo, nor you yours, tis all too fine I doubt ; therefore keepe it, make much on't : I would be loath a jaile ſhould ſtay my journey, or by my Curſen ſoule I would ſee what colour the beſt on't were before I goe

goe. But if I don't your errand to your brother, and tell'n how you doe vlout'n behinde's back, then ſay Cut's a Curre: And ſo a vart vor a varewell to the proudeſt o'yee; and if you be an anger'd, tak't in your angry teeth. *Exit.*

Spr. Mon. Ha, ha, ha.

Spr. What a rude Raſcall 'tis? you are happy that he is gone.

Mon. And ſo am I, he hindred halfe my worke; ſeven yeares time is too little to make a gentleman of one that can ſuffer ſuch a Clowne within ſeven mile of him.

Hoy. Would hee were beyond Brainford on his way then by this time for me. But you forget the way you were in; you ſaid you would fill my belly; and then fall to practice fine complements and congies to make me a perfect gentleman, and fit me to ſee my unknowne uncle.

Mon. All ſhall be done.

ACT III. *Scene* VIII.

Enter Brittleware *and* Rebecca *to them.*

Hoy. See if my Surgeon and his wife have not fil'd themſelves, and come wiping their lips alreadie?

Mon. So ſhall you preſently: now Landlady are you pleasd with your Aſparagus?

Reb. With the Aſparagus I am; and yet but halfe pleas'd neither, as my husband ſhall very well know.

Mon. Well, wee will leave you to talk with him about it: come ſir let us into the houſe. *Ex.*

Brit. But halfe pleaſ'd ſweet-heart?

Reb. No indeed *John* Brittleware; the Aſparagus has done its part; but you have not done your part *John;* and if you were an honeſt man *John,*

John, you would make ſir *Hughes* words good of the Aſparagus, and be kinder to me: you are not kinde to your owne wife *John* in the Aſparagus way; you underſtand me: for ought I ſee Pompeons are as good meat for ſuch a hoggiſh thing as thou art.

Brit. Well, when we come at home *Beck*, I know what I know.

Reb. At home, is't come to that? and I know what I know: I know he cannot love his wife enough at home, that won't bee kind to her abroad: but the beſt is I know what my next longing ſhall be.

Brit. More longings yet! now out of the unſearchable depth of womans imagination, what may it be?

Reb. It beginnes to poſſeſſe me already, ſtill more and more: now tis an abſolute longing, and I ſhall be ſick till I have it.

Brit. May I know it forſooth, tell it that you may have it.

Reb. I dare tell it you, but you muſt never know that I have it.

Brit. If you dare tell it.

Reb. Dare; nay be as jealous as you will: thus it is, I do long to ſteale out of mine owne houſe, unknowne to you as other women doe, and their husbands nere the wiſer, hither to this ſame Sparagus Garden, and meet ſome friend that will be kind to me.

Brit. How, how!

Reb. In private; unknowne to you, as I told you; 'tis unpoſſible I ſhall ever have a child elſe, and you ſo jealous over me as you are?

Brit. Art thou a woman and ſpeak this?

Reb. Art thou a man, five yeares married to me; and aske mee now if I be a woman?

Brit.

Brit. Art thou ſo full of the Devill to flye out in this manner?

Reb. Why his hornes flye not out of me to fright thee, do they?

Bit. Oh for a hell that has not a woman in't?

ACT III. *Scene* IX.

Enter a Gentleman and a City Wife.

Reb. Look you there *John* jealouſie, there's an example before your eyes, if nothing hang i' your ſight; there you may ſee the difference between a ſower husband and a ſweet natur'd gentleman! good heart! how kindly he kiſſes her! and how ſeately ſhe holds up the neb to him! little heart! when will you be ſo kind to your owne wife *John.*

Brit. Is that his wife thinke you?

Reb. No, no, I know her, tis Mris. *Holy-hocke* the precise Drapers wife; oh, how my longing growes ſtronger in me: I ſee what ſhift ſoever a woman makes with her husband at home, a friend does beſt abroad.

ACT III. *Scene* X.

Enter Servant *to them.*

Ser. Indeed my Mris. will not take this money, there wants two ſhillings.

Wom. Why is my peece too light?

Ser. Two light for the reckoning Mrs. it comes to two and twenty ſhillings, and this is but twenty.

Gent. Unreaſonable; how can ſhe reckon it.

Ser.

Ser. I know what you had ſir, and we make no bills.

Gent. Well fare the Taverns, yet, that though they coſen'd never ſo much, would downe with it one way or other: and their *Jacks*, go agen; now tell your Mris. & that will hinder her ſomwhat.

Ser. Not a jot ſir.

Gent. Then tell her the Counteſſe of *Copt* Hall is comming to be her neighbour againe, and ſhe may decline her trade very dangerouſly.

Ser. My Mris ſcorns your words ſir.

Gent. You Rogue.

Wom. Nay ſweet Coſen, make no uprore for my reputation's ſake; here youth there's two ſhillings more, commend me to your Miſtreſſe. *Ex.* Ambo.

Brit. She payes the reckoning it ſeems.

Reb. It ſeems then he has beene kinde to her another way. *Ex.*

ACT III. *Scene* XI.

Enter Money-lacke, Hoyden, Springe, Martha.

Mon. How is't? I hope you are not wrangling now, but better pleas'd than ſo.

Reb. No, no, ſir *Hugh;* tis not the Sparagus can do 't, unleſſe the man were better:

Hoy. But may I now be confident that I am almoſt a gentleman.

Spr. Without that confidence you are nothing.

Mon. There wants nothing now, but that you may learn the rules & rudiments, the principles and inſtructions for the carriages, congies, & complements, which we'll quickly put into you by practice.

Hoy. And then the ſpending the little reſt of my mony, and I am a cleare gentleman; & may ſee my uncle.

Mon. Right, right. *Hoy.*

Hoy. And I will write it, and crowd it into as many Bonds as I can a purpoſe to write gentlemen; *Timothy Hoyden* of *Tanton*—no, of *London*, Gentleman: *London* is a common place for all gentlemen of my ranke, is it not?

Spr. Excellent, doe you not marke how finely he comes on?

Hoy. But as I hope to live and dye a gentleman Mrs. what ſhi' call, your reckoning was devilliſh deare: s'daggers three pound for a few Cuckoe pintles, they were no better I thinke.

Spr. Now you fall backe againe, and derogate from the condition of a gentleman moſt groſly, to think any thing too deare you eate or drinke.

Hoy. Poxe on't, I had forgot.

Mon. When he has his rules and principles, which muſt be his next ſtudy, he will remember.

Hoy. Pray let's about it quickly.

Mon. Now we'll goe; but you forget me Miſtreſſe.

Mat. No indeed ſir *Hugh*, here's two Peeces for laſt week and this.

Mon. Tis well: Landlord and Landlady will you goe?

Brit. Would you wou'd long to be at home once.

Wif. So I doe perhaps, and to be here againe, and there againe; and here, and there, and here againe; and all at once.

Brit. Hey kickſie winſie.

Wif. And I doe long to goe to *Windſor* too, to know if the propheſie be as true there, as tis reported here.

Mat. How did you heare it goes forſooth?

Wif. That all old women ſhall die, and many young wives ſhal have Cuckolds to their husbands.

Mat.

Mat. I heard forſooth that all young wives ſhould dye that were pure maids when they were marryed.

Wif. And none other?

Mat. So report goes forſooth.

Wif. You ſpeake very comfortably: It may be a long journey to the worlds end yet.

Brit. It ſeems you are not proſcribed by the propheſie then?

Wif. I thank my deſtiny.

Hoy. My firſt worke when I am compleat gentleman ſhall be to get them a Child, and make 'hem friends.

Mon. A moſt gentlemanly reſolution.

Wif. And truely the City is much bound to ſuch well affected gentlemen.

ACT IV. *Scene* I.

Tom Hoyden, Coulter.

Tom. IS it poſſible that halfe this can be true, that a halfe brother of mine can be made ſuch an aſſe all over?

Coul. Tis all true, as I am a Curſen fellow, Mr. *Thomas*, every word on't: I ſcorne to lye in a ſillibub I: what lucke had I to meete you? I never thought to zee you at *London*.

Tom. S'daggers death, it has as good as veez'd me out o'my wits to think on't: was my vathers blood zo quaiſome to him, (with a miſchiefe to't) that he muſt let it out to be a gentleman, becauſe his mother was one (by her owne report:) for

our own parts we nother know nor care where hence ſhe coame, nor whither ſhe's gone, but dead ſhe is) ſhe brought my vather a good purſe o'mony, and kept another in ſtore it zeems, till ſhe could keep't no longer, and then beſtow'd it well and wiſely upon Chitty vace her zonne, to make him a geantleman, and told him what great houſe he coame on by her ſide ; for ſhee was a *Striker* ſorzooth, and ga'n directions to vinde an old Uncle of his here in Cuckold-ſhire, one Mr. *Striker:* but virſt ſhee bade him put his zelfe into vaſhion, and bee ſure to beare's zelfe like a Gentleman ; and he has ta'ne a wife courſe to compaſſe it, it zeems : I warrant he ha made a voole o' his voure hundred pound by this time.

Coult. Ay, and o'his zelfe too, and his Cony catchers ha handled him : And you had zeen't, you would ha' be piſt your zelfe vor woe, how they blooded him.

Tom. Ah.

Coult. And then how they ſpurg'd his guts out.

Tom. Ah.

Colt. A Bots light on 'hem, 'twould ha made a dog zick to zee't, how like a ſcalded pig he look'd.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha.

Coult. And then how they did veed'ne with a zort of zlip zlaps not all worth a' meſſe o'milke porredge to make him vine vorſooth.

Tom. Ah.

Coult. Youle zee zuch an altrication in him as never was zeen in a brother.

Tom. But I wo'not zee'n yet as voule a Clowne, as I am, and as vine a gentleman, as he is, I have a tricke i'my skonce to make a yonger brother o'ne.

Coul.

Coul. I that would be zeene now.

Tom. I ha't, and 'tis a vine one, I came to *London* to zeeke the voole my brother, and ha the ſame directions from our Curate, (to whom my mother told all) that *Tim* had to vinde his uncle *Strikers* houſe, and I ha quir'd it out; and this is it, and thou zhalt zee what I chill doe now: wh'are within.

ACT IV. *Scene* II.

Enter Friſwood *to them.*

Friſ. Who would you ſpeak with.

Tom. By your leave vorſooth, I would ſpeake with the Mr-o' the houſe; I underſtand his worſhips name is Mr. *Striker.*

Friſ. He is ſo ſir, but he is not in caſe to buy any cattell at this time.

Tom. Nor doe I come to zell'n any; my comming is of a dead bodyes errand vorſooth.

Friſ. What ſtrange fellow is this troe?

Tom. I pray vorſooth, and you bee old enough (as it zeems you be) to remember when my mother was a maid, did you know a zuſter of Mr. *Strikers* that was married into *Zummerzet* ſhire?

Friſ. What was her name I pray?

Tom. Her Curſen name was *Audry*, ſhe zed, and a *Striker* ſhe was bevore ſhe was married; but my vather made a *Hoyden.*

Friſ. Hoyden.

Tom. Yes *Hoyden*, zo I zay; there be very good vokes o'th name, as you ſhall well know; I cham one my zelfe, and ſhe neede not be aſham'd I wuſſe o' the kin ſhe coame on, to hugger mugger it as ſhe did to her dying day.

Friſ. Moſt wonderfull, but is ſhe dead? *Tom.*

Tom. Yes vaith ſhe's deed, and as ſumptiouſly buried, though I zay't, as any yeomans wife within ten mile of Tanton, any time theſe ten and twenty yeare.

Fris. Pray what were you to her?

Tom. I tell you, my vather married her; and I ſhould bee her zonne I thinke.

Fris. Good heaven, how things will come about!

Tom. Coulter keep thy countenance Coulter, ile make 'hem believe I am her very naturall zonne, zee what will come on't.

Coult. Ile keepe my countenance, and zet a vace on't too and need be.

Fris. Your Uncle Striker at this time is very ſicke ſir; but I will acquaint him with your deſire: pray walke into the next roome the while ſir.

Tom. If he ſhould dye now Coulter, and make me his heire?

Coult. I marry Mr. ſo you might make a better journey on't than the gentleman your brother.

Ex.

Fris. This to me is the greateſt wonder of all; that I am preſently poſſeſs'd of my Mrs. ſullen ſicknes, which has ee'n drawn him to deaths doore, and my Miſtreſſes unfortunate condition are nothing to this Country Hoydens relation:

ACT IV. *Scene* III.

Enter Touchwood.

O Mr. *Touchwood*, you are the welcom'ſt Gentleman that ever could come into ſo heavy a houſe.

Touch. A ſtinking one it is I am ſure: that naſty carrion thy Mr. is i' my noſe already, I think I were beſt goe no further.

Fris.

Fris. Let not the ſadneſſe of this place diſmay you.

Touch. But is he dead already, ha?

Fris. Not altogether dead ſir.

Touch. The worſe luck; and how does your Miſtris? ha, ha, ha, well well I ſay nothing.

Fris. She is in bodily health ſir, but very ſad and much diſconſolate, poore Damſell.

Touch. Not for her Grandſire, is ſhe; if the worſt dogge hee keeps howles for him, Ile worry ſheepe with mine owne teeth, and truſſe for him; but why is ſhe ſad, prethee tel me? ha, ha, ha.

Fris. I marvaile at your mirth ſir.

Touch. I would now give her a new Gowne, to tell me the true cauſe that I might ſave mine oath, and rore out my rejoycings: 'twas a devilliſh trick of the Rascalls to bind me by oath never to ſpeake of it, but to thoſe that ſhould tell me of it firſt. I have ſuch a coyle to keep it in now: Prethee tell me, what has the old Traveller that is now bound for the Low Countries, gi'n thy Mrs. in his will, canſt tell?

Fris. Alas he is offended with her, ſhe has diſpleaſed him in ſomewhat, that is the maine cauſe of his mortall ſickneſſe.

Touch. That's my boy, there boy, there, that was a home blow.

Fris. She comes not at him ſir, nor dares not ſee him: do you know any thing by her ſir.

Touch. No, no, no not I; s'bores I bit my tongue too hard.

Fris. If you doe ſir, would you would ſpeake a good word for her, that he may dye in charity with her.

Touch. The jade jeeres me, Ile ſtay no longer i' the houſe.

Fris. Nay good ſir ſay not ſo, after ſo many

meſſages and entreaties, by all the beſt o'the pariſh, and an exhortation made to you by the Miniſter himſelfe: did you vouchſafe to come, and wil you now come ſhort to ſee my Maſter, now the Doctors have given him over, and he is dying?

Touch. I confeſſe t'was my deſire to ſee that dying that brought me hither: where is he? Ile hold my noſe, and have at him.

Fris. I hope you will be friends with him now ſir; for he's e'en agoing.

Touch. Friends? Ile rather goe with him, and fight it out by the way.

ACT IV. *Scene* IV.

Enter Striker *brought in a Chaire, Curate.*

Fris. Looke you ſir here he is.

Touch. What up and in a Chaire?

Fris. Yes ſir; he will not yield by any perſwaſion to dye in his bed.

Touch. Then he may live to be hanged yet, for ought I ſee.

Cur. See ſir, your neighbour *Touchwood* comes to be reconciled to you.

Touch. You are quite beſides the book ſir *Domine;* I have no friends in hell to ſend to by him; no ſir, I come to ſee him dye, as he liv'd a hatefull miſcreant.

Cur. Let me pray and beſeech you to ſpeake more charitably, or elſe not to offend the dying man with your preſence.

Touch. Doe I come to humour him, or you, or my ſelfe, thinke you; you that take upon you, and doe rather goe about to ſooth him in his ſickneſſe, then to fright him out of his paine, rather encourage

encourage him to live then rid the world of him, and his abominations.

Cur. Beſt looke into yourſelfe Sir: The world's a ſtage, on which you both are Actors, and neither to be his own Judge.

Touch. But he has playd many vilde and beaſtly parts in it, let him goe, I would ſee his laſt *Exit*, and hiſſe him out of it: harke, the Ravens cry porke for him, and yet he dyes not.

Fris. O you are a hard-hearted man.

Touch. My heart's not hard enough to breake his, I would it were: where's your kinde-hearted Miſtris, fetch her, and trye what ſhe can doe.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh. *Cough.*

Cur. What have you done ſir?

Touch. So, ſo, ſo ſo it workes, it workes.

Stri. Out ſnarling Hell-hound my curſe upon thee, and thy curſed ſonne that has undone my Neece and mee: curſe upon curſe light on yee.

Cur. Oh fearfull.

Touch. How heartily he prayes; ſure he is near his end.

Cur. Pray ſir depart, you are too uncharitable.

Touch. My ſonne undone thy Neece: has he not done her think'ſt thou? ha, ha, ha.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh: Villaine thou knowſt what he has done; huh, huh.

Touch. I know not whether I know or no; tell me, and Ile tell thee.

Fris. Ile tell you then that which you know already,
Although you keepe it for a joy within you:
Your wicked ſonne has by her owne confeſſion
Done that unto her, that unleſſe he play
The honeſt mans part and marry her, he will
Full dearely anſwer it in Hell.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Touch.

Touch. Speaks English, has he laine with her?
Fran. 'Tis it
She has confeft it to her grandfather,
To me and Mr. Pancridge here is made
Acquainted with it.
Touch. Ha, ha, ha.
Jac. The Virgin lives
She is depriuinated by your ſonne.
Touch. Depriuinated, ha, ha ha.
Jac. It is no laughing matter: therefore ſend
Speedily for your ſonne, before the rumour
Make it ridiculous: as yet none knowes it,
But we a ſmaller few.
Touch. Will you direct
Your Divine Rhetorick there to him: and winne him
But to entreat me in this caſe, and try
What I will ſay to't.
Jac. Be perſwaded ſir.
Stri. In this extremity I doe entreat that they may marry.
Touch. I have my ends upon thee; quickly dye,
And take thine owne, thy baſe ſubmiſſion
Has rendred thee more odious, more loathſome
To me than all thy former villanies.
Stri. Huh, huh, huh.
Touch. And hark thee ere thou dyeſt, for now th'art going:
Before my ſonne ſhall wed that whore thy Neece,
She ſhall bring all the hands of all the whore-maſters
In City, Court, and Kingdome (black Coats and all
I will ſpare none) unto a faire Certificate
That ſhe is cleare of all men but my ſonne.
Stri. Huh, huh, huh.
Touch. Nay more:
That ſhe is cleare of him too; and that hee
Has never top'd her in the way we treat of,
Before he wed her: for my ſonne ſhall not ride

In

In his old boots upon his wedding night:
So, now dye and ſinke
Into thy grave, to rid us of thy ſtinke.

Cure. I have not knowne such want of charity.

Fris. Unconſcionable wretch, thou haſt kild my Mr.

Stri. Ugh, ugh, no Fid ugh hem! he has cur'd me:
I am light at heart agen: he has cur'd me;
He has play'd the good Phyſitian 'gainſt his will;
And a halter be his fee for't.

Touch. The Devill I have, and his Dam it ſhall.

Stri. Ah hem! I am light at heart agen.

Touch. O damn'd old counterfeit.

Fris. Well fare your heart old Maſter.

Stri. Though ſhe prov'd baſtard-bellyed, I will owne her,
Cheriſh, maintaine, and keepe her from thy ſonne.

Touch. Oh I could teare that tongue out.

Stri. Keep her child too.

Touch. Doe, and her next, and fill thy house with baſtards.

Stri. Ile hold 'hem more legitimate than thy brood.

Cur. What meane you gentlemen?

Stri. For thou, thy ſonne, thy houſe is all a Baſtard.

Touch. Beare witneſſe, he calls my houſe a Baſtard.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha.

Touch. Ile make thy houſe to ſmoak for't.

Stri. Beare witneſſe here, he ſaies he will fire my houſe.

Cur. For neighbour-hood and Charity ſpeak lower.

Stri. Tis petty treaſon; ile be wi'yee there ſir.

Touch. And hang thy ſelfe old ſcare-Crow.

Fris.

Fris. Will you eate a peece of Ginger-bread for your Winde Sir.

Touch. Out Witch. *Kicks her.*

Fris. O murder, murder.

Stri. Ile lay as many actions on thee as thou haſt bones in that Swines foote of thine.

Fris. My Nailes ſhall right me: Ile teach him to kick a woman.

Cur. Hold miſtris *Friſwood.*

Fris. O Villaine kicke a woman.

Touch. Thou laidſt this plot to murder me, thou man-killer.

Stri. Blood-ſucker thou lyeſt.

Cur. Help from above, within, or any whence, in the name of ſanctity I conjure you. *Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos, Acheronta movebo.*

ACT IV. *Scene* V.

Enter Tom *and* Coulter.

Tom. What's the matter? by your leave which is my zick Uncle? are you ſcuffling for's money before he be dead.

Coul. Wee'l part you with a vengeance.

Touch. Ha you your Tennants, your Clownes here brought in to butcher me?

Stri. Slave they are thine, brought in to ſpoyle and rob mee; I know 'hem not.

Cur. I feare I've conjur'd up fiends indeed, how infernally they looke?

Tom. No ſir, we come with no zick intendment on neither nother zide; but an you be Mr. *Striker*, we are o' your zide, an't bee to cut all the reſt into Pot-hearbs. *To Touch.*

Fris. No, this is my Mr.

Tom.

Tom. Zay but the word then, and have at 'hem.

Touch. Had you your ambuſcado for me?

Cur. They are a paire of the Sedan Mules I take it.

Coul. Moyles ſir, wee be no Moyles would you ſhould well know.

Tom. We be Curſenfolke as good as your zelfe, and get you out o' the houſe by mine Uncles leave here.

Touch. Your Uncle, oh brave.

Tom. Or if I baſte you not well a fine, and Lambe-skinne your jackets till your bones rattle i'your hides, then zay cha bewrai'd the houſe I coame on.

Touch. Well ſir, Ile goe and leave you to your Uncle: rejoice ſir with your kindred: I hope you wil have more ſhortly, if your Neece prove fruitful: Come, Maſter Pancridge, will you goe?

Cur. With joy for your recovery, and manners to your privacy, Right Worſhipfull I leave you to talke with' Clowne your Nephew.

Touch. Tarry, tarry; as ſure as a Club, this Clowne is ſent for out of the Country, to ſoder up his crack'd Neece in Matrimony, and therefore calls him Uncle; I could ſpoyle the Match, but by my oath I dare not; and therefore Clowne take thy courſe; come let us goe Mr. Pancridge. *Ex.*

Stri. And why you my Nephew ſir?

Tom. And why not I your Nephew; han't ſhe told you, and ha'not I told you as much as the matter's worth, and doe yee meane to vlee from the bargaine?

Stri. What new afflictions hourely find me out?

Fris. And ſor your health, I hope ſir.

Stri. Sir, Ile have better teſtimony then your owne;

Tis true I loſt a ſiſter; but till you

Bring

Bring ſtronger proofe ſhe was your mother ſir,
Your Clowneſhip muſt not Uncle me; am I we' you ſir?
Kings Crownes have beene pretended to by'im-poſtures;
And knavery is as riſe in Ruſſet Wooll,
As in the prowdeſt purple; get you gone,
There I am we'you direćttly,

Tom. Is't come to this now?

Coult. Your projećt will not hold Mr. Thomas, beſt zeek your brother Tim, hee has a zertification from the pariſh, and the Prieſt too, of all your mothers mind, and you could coſen him on't, and come agen, and uncle this weeſe gentleman, whether he wooll or no; 'twould be vine i'vaith.

Tom. Agreed: well ſir, vor this time I ha no more to zay t'yee, ſince you be ſo budge: but he that made you zave you. *Exeunt Amb.*

Stri. Farewell ſir, I doe beginne to think there's ſomething in't.

Fris. He made me thinke he was your ſisters ſoone I am ſure.

Stri. I will not thinke ſo, no he was ſet on
By ſome of my maligners to abuſe me;
It had beene good to ha laid him by the heeles:
But let him goe; call downe my Neece out of
The melancholy miſt ſhe's chambred in, *Ex. Fris.*
All makes for her; their vexing me, reſtores
Her to my love againe; and reaſon good;
She's mine owne naturall Neece: and though
She has loſt the husband, and the name ſhe fought,
Yet ſhe appeares a *Striker;* and I will cheriſh her.

ACT IV. *Scene* VI.

Enter Annabell *and kneels.*

Come you ſhal grieve no longer, I am friends wi'yee:
Stand up, ſtand up I say, and look up too,
Off with this mourning veile, and dry thoſe teares:
I have conſider'd that right Noble Parents
Have pardon'd in their Children as great faults;
But let it bee your warning, not your licence.

An. For your ſecurity I am content,
And would entreat to live in that retirement,
Which your faire Juſtice, and my foule offence
Of late confin'd mee to, to weepe and ſigh
My loathed life away.

Stri. No more: you ſhall
No longer live reclus'd in wilfull darkneſſe;
Enjoy your former liberty; ſee, and be ſeene:
And (as you weigh my pardon and my love)
Let not your blemiſh dwell upon your face;
Nor any argument of griefe, or ſhame
Be legible there, to the moſt curious eye:
But let your cheek be chearefull, and your brow
Crown'd with as great a confidence, as may
Comply with Virgin Modeſty: and that
Adde to your beauty with full ſtrength of Art,
Beyond the eye to take a lovers heart.

An. In all I will obey you.

Stri. If I make
Choiſe of a husband for you then, you'le take him.

An. Twill but become my duty.

Stri. A good girle.

Fris. Sir here's the Knight come againe, that has been here in the time of your ſickneſſe to have ſeene you, and my Miſtris, but could not; and left a letter for you once: hee that looks women through ſo.

Stri. Oh Sir *Arnold Cautious:* did you tell him I was o' the mending hand.

Fris. Yes I told him you were ſo, ſo.

Stri. Give me my Gowne and Cap though, and ſet mee charily in my ſickly chaire; his letter is a treaty of a match betwixt his Nephew and my Neece: goe fetch him up. *Ex. Fris.*

In Neece, and be not ſeene untill I call you: untill you heare me call you, doe you heare? *Ex. Ann.*

Could I but catch this Cautious coxecombe Knight now———

Ile put faire for't.

ACT IV. *Scene* VII.

Enter Cautious *and* Friſwood.

Fris. Here is the Knight ſir.

Stri. Why reach you not a Chaire? I hope ſir *Arnold*
You'll pardon the neceſſity of my rudeneſſe:
I cannot riſe, nor ſtoope to you, uh, uh, uh.

Caut. Rather excuſe me ſir, that preſſe upon you.
Thus in your weakneſſe: but you underſtand
My buſineſſe by my letter if you have read it.

Stri. Yes ſir, goe forth; but be not ſarre I pray you. *Ex. Fris.*
I have heard your Nephew is a wilde yong man.

Caut. A very baſhfull boy I aſſure you; that's the reaſon
That I am wonne to be a ſpokeſ-man for him.

Stri. Oh no diſſembling ſir; you know he is wilde.
And ſuffers under your diſpleaſure for't: uh, uh, uh. *Caut.*

Caut. A witch could not geſſe righter: but they ſay
That dying men are Prophets oftentimes.
Suppoſe he has beene wild, let me aſſure you
He's now reclaim'd, and has my good opinion:
And is as like in perſon and behaviour
To gaine the maid's affection. (eſtate?
Stri. Speake to the purpoſe; pray what's his
Caut. I there's the poynt indeed; why ſir he has
A hundred pound a yeare; and is withall
A hopefull, and a handſome gentleman.
Stri. Hopefull, and handſome! uh, uh, uh.
Caut. You ſir have wealth enough.
Stri. And ſhe has choiſe enough
Of greater matches: could I get her
In a marriage vaine, but ſhe'll not look
Upon a man not ſhe; but lives retir'd
Here in my houſe, and is a carefull Nurſe:
She's fitter ſir to be an old mans Nurſe,
Than any young mans bride: uh, uh, uh, uh.
Caut. Is ſhe ſo grave in youth? I have often ſought
A ſight of her, but never could obtaine it.
Stri. Not without my conſent I warrant you:
Shee's nearer to a mother than a maid.
I tell you truth ſir, and you know deceipt
Becomes not dying men: uh, uh, uh. For vertue and obedience
She's fitter for yourſelſe then for your Nephew.
But to the poynt, a hundred pound a yeare
You ſay he has, and hopes and handſomneſſe,
Which may acquire, with your aſſurance of
So much for joynture———Yes, a thouſand pound
In portion with her: but ſir let me tell you,
I'de rather give ſixe thouſand unto one
Of mine owne choiſe; which ſhe will not refuſe,
If I but ſay this is the man, and take him.

Caut.

Caut. Will not your Neece be ſeene: I faine would ſee her.

Stri. At hand: ſhe will not out of my preſence ſir,
Nor ever was by man, not ſince the clocke
Of her Virginity ſtruck eleven, not ſhe,
Except at doore or window, as men paſſe:
And ſo perhaps your Nephew may have ſeene her.

Caut. Introth no otherwiſe; and ſo he told me
May not I ſee her ſir?

Stri. I tell you true;
Deceit you know becomes not dying men: uh uh, uh.
And therefore harke you ſir, I have a purpoſe,
(That if ſhe take the man whom I will chuſe)
To make her my ſole heire; provided that
She match before *I* dye: uh, uh, I cannot laſt.

Caut. Pray let me ſee your Neece.

Stri. *Friſwood*————why *Friſwood.*

Caut. Is that her name?

Stri. No ſir, I call my maid.

Caut. A maid; I took her for an old woman.

Stri. A maid upon my vertue: and I feare
That her frigidity has mortifi'd my Neece:
Deceit becomes not dying men you know.
Friſwood I ſay, I bad her not be farre:
I dare not ſtraine my ſelfe to call her lowder.

Caut. Ile call her for you ſir: *Friſ*————

Stri. Hold ſir, hold, pray uſe this whiſtle for me
I dare not ſtraine my ſelfe to winde it I,
The Doctors tell me it will ſpend my ſpirits,
Caut whiſtles
So, ſo, enough ſir——Fie, fie upon you:
Goe call my Neece, uh, uh. *Ex. Fris.*

Caut. Be of good cheare ſir, and take courage man:
What you have beene a *Striker* in your dayes:
And may be agen, I would not have him dye.

Stri.

Stri. Uh—alas I cannot laſt——why comes he not?

Fris. I cannot get her from her work; nor to Beleeve me that you ſent for her, becauſe I told her that a gentleman was with you.

Stri. There was your fault, then I muſt call my ſelfe.
Why *Anna-bell*, ah, ah, ah, *An-na-bell.* *Ex. Fris.*

Caut. Take heede, ſtraine not your ſelfe too hard, but ſend agen:
The rareſt beauty that *I* e're beheld,
Which with a maiden-head of that growth,
Enter Annabel.
Would be an abſolute wonder, her ſweet modeſty,
And meeke obedience, juſtifies that too,
She kneeles at Strikers feet
And makes her up a miracle of nature;
My former misbeliefe I doe renounce,
And at firſt ſight, (which is the birth of love)
A faith growes in me, ſtrengthened by the word
Of this expiring man, that chaſtity
Has not forſaken beauty.

Stri. You ſhall heare him.

Ann. What to propound a husband? honour'd ſir,
Although I rather wiſh to dye a Virgin;
Yet my obedience to your grave beheſts
Shall ſway my will: your choiſe ſhall be my liking:
But let me thus much favour begge, before
You make that choyſe, that you will not deſtroy
The building you have rear'd; your care and coſt
Hath built me up by vertuous education,
Unto that heighth that I conſider heaven;
And waxe ſo old in that high contemplation
That to look downe on youthfull vanities,
Were to be at a ſtand; and to delight in 'hem
Were to fall backe againe; and to be link'd



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

In which he reſcu'd you, to indeere himſelfe to you,
Was a meere counterfeit ſquable, a very tricke
Contriv'd betwixt him and his brother Poet
T'abuſe your goodneſſe :
I leave it to your conſideration ſir :
I am in haſte ; and ſo I wiſh you health ſir ;
And you much happineſſe in a husband Lady.
Gives her a letter. Ex.

Ann. Has given me here a letter, I want but
Place fit to peruſe it.

Caut. Had he a plot upon me, Ile have my plot
too;
And now woe for my ſelfe ſir if you pleaſe.

Stri. Sir, let me tell you, I thinke well of you,
uh, uh,
Deceipt becomes not dying men you know,
Shee would make ee'ne too good a wife for you :
For I have heard ſir of your diſpoſition,
Never to marry without beſt aſſurance,
Firſt, of Virginity, and then of Chaſtity,
In her that you would chuſe ; and let me tell you,
uh, uh,
I know not where you can ſo well be fitted :
She's right, uh, uh, if you dare take a weak mans
word
Deceipt would ill become me, uh uh.

Caut. I take you at your word, and thanke you
ſir.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh, uh—O lay me in my bed :
You need not leave me yet ſir.

Caut. No ſir, no.
It ſhall be a match, or no match ere I goe.
Exeunt omnes.
They lead Striker forth.

ACT IV. *Scene* IX.

Money-lacke, Springe, Brittleware, Hoyden.

Mon. NOw ſir have you your rules by heart?

How. Both Rules and Rudiments I have al *ad unguem.*

Mon. Repeate your Principles.

Hoy. Principles to be imprinted in the heart of every new made gentleman: To commend none but himſelfe: to like no mans wit but his owne: to ſlight that which he underſtands not: to lend mony, & never look for't agen: to take up upon obligation, & lend out upon affection: to owe much, but pay little: to ſell land, but buy none: to pawn, but never to redeem agen: to fight for a whore: to cheriſh a Bawd, and defie a tradeſman.

Mon. And can you obſerve and keepe theſe rules thinke you?

Hoy. I hope I can ſir, and have begunne pretty well already; you ſee I have ſpent and lent all my money, and pawn'd all my Cloaths but theſe a' my backe, as I am a cleare gentleman; and for the reſt of the rudiments, and the ſeverall carriages and deportments by garbe, by congy, complement, &c., which are to be attain'd by practice when I come abroad and amongſt 'hem, you ſhall gaine credit by me.

Mon. I commend your confidence: now Mr. *Springe,* and Mr. *Brittleware,* play you the Complementaſters before him a little, for his further inſtruction: Imagine then a couple of Courtiers ſcarcely acquainted fall to; and looke that you congy in the new French Bum-trick; here Landlord, take his Cloak and hat, to appeare more generous.

Hoy.

Hoy. Bum tricke!

Mon. Come meet and begin; play but two or three bouts at moſt at ſingle Rapier complement, and one or two at Back-ſword and you ha done: now obſerve ſir.

Hoy. Single Rapier, and Back-ſword Complement ſoyle.

Spr. Noble Maſter Fine-wit, the ſingle example of Court-Ceremony, if my apprehenſion deale fairely with me.

Brit. Sir, how auſpiciouſly have I ſalne upon the knowledge of you by vertue of the same appre-

Mon. So, there's one. (henſion.

ACT IV. *Scene* X.

Enter Gil, Sam, Wat, *aſide.*

Gil. What's here?

Sam. Peace, let's ſee a little more.

Hoy. As I am a Gentleman, a neate bout and fairely come off o' both ſides.

Spr. Sir, I ſhall ever bleſſe the promptneſſe of my memory, in being ſo fortunate to collect the fallicious acquaintance of ſo compleat a goodneſſe.

Hoy. Sweet ſir I ſhall ever bleſſe, &c.

Writes in his tables.

Brit. Oh you are pleas'd out of that noble worth which can convert all things to the forme and image of its owne perfection to make your ſelfe glorious, with that which is miſerably impoveriſh'd in it ſelfe.

Mon. Good, there's two.

Hoy. Miſerably impoveriſht in it ſelfe — oh ſweet,

Spr. Sir, you have ſuch a conquering way in humility, that hee ſhall be ſure to come off vanquiſh'd that offers to contend with you.

Brit. This is the nobleſt of all humanity to peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne.

Mon. A plaine hit that: there were three bouts well plaid.

Hoy. Peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne: moſt ſtately fine as I am a gentleman.

Mon. So much for ſingle Rapier: now for your ſecret wipe at Back-ſword.

Hoy. I that I would ſee, like the hackling of the Millers leggs: now for a delicate back-blow.

Spr. See you yon fellow I held complement with?

Hoy. Yes ſir, a well-ſpoken gentleman and a lovely.

Spr. The arrantſt trifle in a Kingdome.

Hoy. What he is not, is he?

Spr. Made onely to make phyſicke worke: a very lumpe of laughter.

Hoy. Ha, ha, ha.

Mon. You häve done well: now you ſir.

Brit. Doe you note him yonder that paſt from you?

Hoy. That gallant ſir.

Brit. The very ſcorne at Court;
So empty, not one paſſable part about him.

Mon. Good.

Brit. A very tilting ſtocke for yong practiſers to break their jeſts on.

Mon. Enough.

Hoy. Good and enough; doe you call this good enough, to abuſe one another thus?

Mon. Yes, this is backſword Complement: this wipes

wipes off the falſe praiſe which the firſt thruſt on: you muſt bee ſeene in both, or you are no true garbiſt elſe.

Hoy. I ſhall ſooneſt hit o'this; for from a whelpe I could give ſcurvey language.

Gil. Now break in upon 'hem; ſave you ſir *Hugh.*

Hoy. O courſe ſalutation: ſave you ſir *Hugh.*

Mon. How got you hither gentlemen?

Wat. Here we are ſir, and have ſeene part of your practice, your Courtly exerciſe.

Mon. Peace: but how got you in, and a ſtranger with yee?

Gil. He ſhall betray nothing.

Sam. We found faire entrance into the houſe. *Gil & Wat whiſp. with Mon.*

Brit. 'Sfoot where's my wife then?

Sam. If your wife be the gentlewoman o' the houſe ſir, ſhee's now gone forth in one o' the new Hand-litters: what call yee it, a Sedan.

Brit. O Sedana. *Ex.*

Spr. He's runne mad with his hornes.

Hoy. He's runne with my Hat and Cloak by your leave.

Spr. He'll come agen, neare doubt him.

Hoy. You ſay ſo ſmall acquaintance, but I could ne're ſee any thing of mine againe, ſince I came amongſt you, if it once got out of my ſight: what money have I left troe? *Tells.*

Brit. I pray gentlemen which way took ſhe.

Sam. Downe towards the Strand I tell you, in a new Litter, with the number one and twenty in the breech on't.

Brit. A Litter of one and twenty in the breech: High time to runne. *Exit.*

Gil. You ſee we have our plot in action too, ſir *Hugh,* and it runnes fairely on.

Mon.

Mon. But what a rogue art thou to put ſuch a ſlur upon thine owne Uncle; firſt to put him on for thy ſelfe, then you with a Counterfeit tricke to put him off o' that courſe, to runne deſperately headlong to breake his owne necke in a match: what a Rogue art thou to uſe thine uncle thus?

Wat. Nay what a wretch were you, if you ſhould croſſe your daughter in ſuch a fortune?

Mon. Which if I doe, cut my wind-pipe: what the yong raſcall *Touchwood* is gone into *France* they ſay?

Wat. I he's ſafe enough.

Mon. Sir *Cautious* to be catched! if I doe not love my daughter the better for her lucky leg ſtretching, I am a villaine, I am taken with ſuch kind of roguery,

Gil. Take heed you have not a croſſe plot in that itching pate of yours to ſpoyle all now.

Mon. Then cut my weaſond I ſay.

Gil. And I ſweare I will, or cut theſe hands off; I thought good to tell you ſo, becauſe I know what tricks you have done, & what diſcoveries you have made for ſmall parcells of ready money.

Mon. Hoo poxe, I want no money; now look there comes Mr. *Hoyden*, ſalute theſe gallants.

Hoy. What without a hat or cloak?

Mon. The better for a young beginner.

Hoy. Sweet ſir, I ſhall ever bleſſe my auſpicious ſtarres, that ſhin'd me into the fallicious acquaintance of ſo ſingular goodnes.

Gil. Sir, you forget yourſelfe.

Hoy. Moſt ſingular ſweet ſir, moſt miſerably impoveriſh't in it ſelfe.

Gil. Good ſir forbeare, make not an Idoll of me.

Hoy. You peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne.

Sam.

Sam. Can you ſay this Gentleman was a Clowne within this fortnight?

Hoy. Within this fortnight I aſſure you ſir, as rank a Clown o' one ſide, as ever held Cow to Bull.

Sam. Had it beene o' both ſides, it had beene miraculous.

Hoy. Now note me ſir: doe you ſee that fellow I left?

Sam. Yes, tis my friend.

Hoy. The arranteſt coxcomb in a Country.

Sam. How ſir?

Hoy. Made onely to make Phyſick worke.

Sam. You doe not know him ſure.

Hoy. A tilting ſtocke for young practiſers to break jeſts on: there's a wipe for you at backe ſword Complement.

Sam. There's another for you ſir. *Kicks him.*

Hoy. You knocke at the wrong doore ſir, and I pitty your ignorance: goe to ſchoole as I have done, and learn more wit: kick a gentleman.

ACT IV. *Scene* XI.

Enter Tom Hoyden *and* Coulter.

Coult. Here he is, and here be all the crue on 'hem, and more.

Tom. Here? thou mockſt he is not here: ſure theſe be all Lords I thinke.

Wat. How now; what's he?

Spr. Slid 'tis his Clowne brother he ſpake of?

Tom. Is't poſſible; icha made a ſweet jaunt after you, and have I vound a vine voole o'thee; where's thy voure hundred pound? is that made a voole on too troe: where's the zartificate my mother

mother ga' thee to vinde thine uncle? gi' me that, chill zee what I can doe wi' it,

Hoy. Away Clowne I know thee not, canſt thou complement?

Tom. Complement! yes, I can complement dagger out o'ſheath, an I zet on't.

Coult. I hope he'll veeze you, and make your zilken jacket hum: well zed Mr. *Thomas* to 'hem, and to 'hem all Ile zide yee.

Gil. Wat. Sam. Mr. *Thomas* does he call him?

Tom Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, and what zay you to that; and as good a Mr. as the beſt o'yee, and you goe to that; for by uds ſhall jidge me, I think you are all but a company of Cheaterlings; and if you doe not give the voole my brother ſartifaction for the wrongs you ha' done him, and me in him, Ile canvas it out o' the carkaſſes o'zome o'yee, by uds daggers death will I. Draw *Coulter*, and amongſt 'hem.

Mon. Hold ſir, hold, you ſhall have ſatisfaction.

Tom. O ſhall I zoe, put up againe *Coulter*.

Gil. This is a ſtout roring Clowne.

Mon. Where's the Mr. o' the houſe?

Spr. He's runne mad after his wife, now he ſhould look to his houſe.

Tom. Cha mich a doe to vorbeare beating o' thee yet, my vingers doe zo itch at thee.

Hoy. I underſtand thee not, as I am a gentleman.

Tom. But now I thinke on't *Coulter*, we'll have all againe, and by a quieter way; and teach 'hem to licke hony, catch birds with Chaffe, or go to plow with dogs. *All*, Ha, ha, ha.

Hoy. Ha, ha, ha; who underſtands the Barbarian tro?

Coul. Uds viſh Maſter: they do nothing but jeer to you all this while now. *Tom.*

Tom. Doe they jeere, let 'hem jeer and gibe too ; ile vetch ones Warrant ſhall out-jeere 'hem all, and he be above ground.

Mon. You ſhall not need ſir ; go but in till the Mr. of the houſe comes home, you ſhall have your deſire.

Tom. You zay very well ſir ; zay well is good, but doe well is better. Lets zee what you will doe now,

Gil. Remember we have warned you, ſir *Hugh*, we muſt leave you.

Tom. Nay, I chill look to you ; ſirrah come in my hand.

Mon. Now for a trick to rid us of this Clowne,
Or our trade ſinks, and up our houſe is blowne.

Ex. omnes

ACT V. *Scene* I.

Enter Trampler *and* Touchwood.

Tram. 'Tis as I tell you Mr. *Touchwood ;* your ſonne has loſt a faire fortune in the young gentlewoman, and as I conceive by your wilfulnes Sir *Arnold Cautious* licks his lips at her, I aſſure you ; and a ſweet lick it is, ſixe thouſand pound in preſent portion.

Touch. A ſweet lick he has indeed if he knew all.

Tram. He does know all ſir.

Touch. If he did, I know what I know ; good oath let me not loſe thy vertue.

Tram. He knowes moreover, that Mr. *Striker*, her grandfather has covenanted to give her two thouſand pound more at the birth of his firſt Child, lawfully begotten on her body.

Touch. Ha, ha, ha, but what if her firſt child prove illegitimate ?

Tram.

Tram. That is not to be thought ſir.

Touch. Yes, and ſpoken too, if I durſt; but good oath let mee not loſe thy vertue.

Tram. And then he had entred into ten thouſand pound bond, to leave her his heire if ſhe ſurvive him.

Touch. But he's well recover'd you ſay.

Tram. Very luſty, very lively ſir.

Touch. Then hang him, he'll never dye; I am a fear'd I muſt be faine to give him over, I ſhall never vexe him to death: no, no, I ſhall never do't.

Tram. No ſir, I heard himſelfe ſay, that your vexing him has bin his phyſick, and the beſt meanes to keep him alive.

Touch. Did he ſay ſo? Ile teare this match in peeces preſently, and ſee how that will worke on him; ile do it, what's an oath to me, in reſpect of ſending him to the Devill, Ile do't.

Tram. I would you could ſir, and recover her for your ſon yet.

Touch. Umh.

Tram. Becauſe I love the yong gentleman well.

Touch. Umh.

Tram. Though I aſſure you the writings are all paſt, ſign'd, ſeal'd, and deliver'd; but I have 'hem in my hands yet, and can doe you a pleaſure.

Touch. Humh.

Tram. And came purpoſely to adviſe you, becauſe I love your ſon.

Touch. Umh—what a world of villany lies in the jobber noule of a Lawyer.

Tram. Thinke of it ſir, and be ſpeedy

Touch. Right learned in the Law, and my ſons friend Mr. *Trampler*, Mr. *Ambodexter Trampler*, you are a moſt notorious knave, and you ſhall heare on't o'both ſides, as you take fees.

Tram.

Tram. Nay, and you be ſo hot Mr. *Touchwood* I am gone. *Ex.*

Touch. I know my courſe; either I will crack the heart-ſtrings of *Striker*, in croſſing this match, with the crack'd credit of his Neece, or elſe I will be friends with him, and that will kill him out right: But my oath ſtill troubles me—O gentlemen you are welcome.

ACT V. *Scene* II.

Enter Gilbert and Wat.

Wat. Ha you heard ſir of your ſonne yet?

Touch. Not I, he lacks no money yet it ſeems: Young Travellers make no other uſe of their fathers.

Gil. But ha you heard the newes of his young Miſtriſs?

Touch. What of ſir *Cautious* being catcht, the wiſe and wary gentleman, your Uncle, that would not beleeve there could be a marriageable maid, though ſhe were juſtified by a jury of Midwifes, and therefore purpos'd to have dy'd a Batchelour; that he ſhould now bee catch'd with a pipt Nut-ſhell, and a Maggot in't.

Wat. Sure he was ſtrangely wrought to't.

Gil. I you muſt think
There have beene knaviſh heads us'd in the buſineſſe.

Touch. But I will croſſe it and their knaveries, what ere they are.

Wat. I hope you will not croſſe mine uncle in ſuch a fortune tho.

Touch. What to marry a wench?

Wat. No, ſo much wealth ſir.

Touch.

Touch. Pray let me uſe my Chriſtian Liberty, my Conſcience pricks me to't, it muſt be done.
Euter Servant.
Now what ſay you ſir? *Whiſper.*

Gil. We might ha ſpar'd this labour: he was reſolv'd before we came it ſeemes to ſpoyle the marriage.

Wat. We could not bee too ſure though: wee are now ſure enough, that our diſſwaſions will ſpur him on the faſter.

Gil. And are we no leſſe ſure, that Sir *Hugh Mony-lacks* will ſet his ſtrength to lift Sir *Cautious* off o' the hooks, in hope of a matter of 5 Pound, though he forfeit the obligation of his throat by't.

Wat. All the danger is, that Sir *Hugh* will be with mine Uncle too ſoon, & prevent the match before he be too deep ingag'd in't.

Gil. For that my letter of inſtructions, which I have given *Annabell* ſhall prevent him; and *Striker* keeps Sir *Cautious* in his houſe ſo warily, that untill the intended wedding houre, Sr. *Hugh* ſhall not obtaine admittance. *Ex. Ser.*

Touch. Goe fetch 'hem in, and make the warrant: ha, ha, ha: Gentlemen will you heare a complaint my man tells mee of certaine Clownes that deſire my warrant to apprehend for notorious Cheaters, whom doe you thinke?

Gil. I cannot gueſſe.

Wat. I know none I hope.

Touch. Even Sir *Hugh Money-lacks*, the mourning Knight, and ſome of his aſſociats.

Gil. O'my life it is the roring Clowne, about the new made Gentleman his brother.

ACT V. *Scene* III.

Enter Tom *and* Coulter.

Touch. What is it you ſir, Mr. *Strikers* Nephew, as I take it, you cald his great worſhips Uncle lately as I take it, and did your beſt to rore me out of his houſe.

Tom. Zheart *Coulter* we be vallen into the Bakers ditch.

Touch. And doe you bring your complaints to me ſir, ha?

Coul. Zet a good vace on't; and veare no colours though.

Tom. I am a honeſt man, and a true man for all that, and I thought you the vitteſt to make my complaint to becauſe you were the next Juſtice, to as peſtilence a peece of villany as ever you were Maſter of in all your life: I come but vor juſtice, and to pay vor what I take, and't be avorehand here it is, whether it be vor your Clarke or your zelfe who makes or meddles with it, your man has my complaint in writing, pray let me have your warrant.

Touch. You ſhal, but firſt tell me, how came it that you cald that *Striker* uncle.

Tom. Vor cauſe that he is uncle to avoole that I ha' to my brother, and I thought I might be ſo bold wee'n, and he was not againſt it at virſt, till you were gone, and then he bad me goe zeek better teſtimony, and ſo I went and vound my brother *Tim*, his owne zuſters zonne I aſſure yee.

Touch. His Siſters ſonne?

Tom. Where he was made ſuch a *Tim*, as ne're was heard on in *Tonton*, amongſt a many Cheaters; by maſſe here are a couple o'm.

Coul. Theſe were o' the crew.

Touch. How now my Maſters: ſure fellow thou art miſtaken.

Tom. No ſir, I am not miſtaken I: but I take 'hem I, where I vinde 'hem I: And I charge your juſticeſhip with 'hem I, til they bring out my brother I.

Touch. Bring out your brother: why what has your brother done?

Tom. Done: nay they have done and undone him amongſt 'hem. And I think devour'd him quick too, vor he is loſt, & no where to be vound.

Touch. Doe you know the meaning of any of this gentlemen?

Gil. If he were your brother ſir, that you found at Sir *Hugh Money-lacks* lodging, you know we left him in your hands.

Wat. We ſtept in but by chance, & ſuch a youth we found there, & there we left him in your and their hands, that had the managing of him.

Tom. Zo you did, but what then did me the reſt, but pli'd'me, and my man *Coulter* here with wine, and zack, and ſomething in't, I dare be zwore that laid us azleep, when we miſtruſted nothing but vaire play: oh ſpeak *Coulter*, oh.

Coul. And then when were vaſt azleep, they all gave us the zlip, the Knight was gon, and the Squire was gon, & Mr. *Tim* was gon, but he was made away, without all peraventure; for all the parrell that he wore was left behind: and then—ſpeak Maſter.

Tom. And then the Mr. o' the houſe came home, & made a monſtrous wonderment for the loſſe of his wife; he could not vinde her he zed, and zo he vaire and vlatly thruſt us out o' doores, and is gone a hunting after his wife agen: ſpeak *Coulter.*

Gil.

Gil. Alas poore *Britleware.*

Coult. And then we came for your warrant, to vinde all theſe men agen.

Tom. And to take 'hem where we vinde 'hem, and theſe were zome on 'hem, when time was, and pray look to 'hem.

Touch. I know not what to make o'this; but ſure there's ſomething in't: And for theſe gentlemen ile ſee them forth-comming.

Wat. We thanke you ſir.

Gil. And I undertake Sir *Hugh Monylacks* will be at the Bride-houſe.

Touch. And thither will I inſtantly.

Gil. Wat. We'll waite upon you ſir.

Tom. And I chill make bold to wait upon you till I be better zartified.

Touch. You ſhall, come on your way, come gentlemen.

Gil. Well, here is ſuch a knot now to untie,
As would turne *Oedipus* his braine awry.

Ex. omnes.

ACT V. *Scene* IV.

Enter Curate *and* Britleware.

Cur. Be appeas'd and comforted, good Mr. *Brittleware*, trouble not your head in running after your fate, nor break your weighty braines in ſeeking wayes after your wives heeles, which are ſo light by your owne report, they cannot crack an egge.

Bris. Her credit yet they may and mine.

Cur. Beſides your wife is your wife where e're ſhe is, abroad as wel as at home; yea, loſt perhaps as

as well as found: I am now going to yoke a heifer to a husband, that perhaps will ſay ſo ſhortly: whither away Mr. *Trampler?*

ACT V. *Scene* V.

Enter Trampler.

Tram. To the wedding houſe: where I thinke I ſaw your wife laſt night, Mr. *Brittleware.*

Brit. Did you ſir, did you?

Tram. I cannot ſay directly; but I think it was ſhe: does ſhe not call the Gentlewoman Aunt that keeps Mr. *Strikers* houſe.

Brit. Yes Miſtris *Friſwood*, ſhe is her Aunt ſir.

Cur. Come goe with us, and find her.

ACT V. *Scene* VI.

Enter the Sedan, Hoyden *in it, in womans cloaths.*

Brit. Pray gentleman ſtay, for I ſuppoſe ſhe's here: here's number one and twenty, & this is ſure the litter.

Litter-man. What peep you for; you ought not to do ſir.

Brit. By what Commiſſion ought you to carry my wife in a Close ſtoole under my noſe.

Litter-man. Tis a cloſe Chayre by your leave: And I pray forbeare, you know not who we carry.

Brit. I know the cloaths ſhe weares, and I will ſee the party.

Hoy.

Hoy. I know that voyce, & let me ſee the man; it is my ſurgeon.

Tram. A Surgeon! I took you for a China ſhop-keeper Maſter *Britleware*; theſe by trades are for ſome by purpoſes, and I ſmell knavery.

Cur. And Lawyers commonly are the beſt upon that ſent.

Brit. Gentlemen this is a man that lay in my houſe.

Hoy. A gentleman you would ſay, or my coſt was ill beſto'd there.

Brit. Theſe are my goods he weares; that was my mothers Gowne, and felloniouſly he weares it.

Hoy. Tis all I have to ſhew for foure hundred pound I laid out in your houſe; and Sir *Hugh* put it upon me, and hir'd theſe men to carry me.—Whither was it?

Liter-man. Up to a lodging in St. *Gileſes* ſir.

Hoy. Where he promis'd to finiſh his worke of a gentleman in me, and ſend me to my Uncle.

Cur. O *monſtrum horendum;* a man in womens cloaths.

Tram. Tis fellony by the Law.

Brit. Has ſir *Hugh* gin me the ſlip to finiſh his work in private? it ſhall all out, I am reſolv'd, though I bewray my ſelfe in't: pray gentlemen aſſiſt me with this party to Mr. Juſtice *Strikers*, you ſay my wife is there.

Tram. Yes you ſhall thither.

Brit. And there I'le take a courſe you ſhal ſmel knavery enough.

Hoy. I finde I am abus'd enough o' conſcience: and ſhall be carried to mine Uncle now before my time and not as a gentleman, but as a gentlewoman, which grieves me worſt of all.

Cur. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ,* the youth is ſure abus'd indeed.

Hoy. Oh.

Tram. Come, leave your crying; And you beaſts up with your luggage, and along with us: Ile ſetch ſuch drivers as ſhall ſet you on elſe.

Litter-man. Let us be paid for our labour, and we'll carry him to Bridewell, if you pleaſe.

Hoy. Oh, oh, that ever I was born in this groaning chaire. *Ex.*

ACT V. *Scene* VII.

Friſwood *and* Rebecca.

Fris. It was well I ſent for thee Neece, to helpe me decke the Bride here, and that the jealous foole thy husband thinkes thou art gone aſtray the while; it will be a meanes for thee to take thy liberty another night, and pay him home indeed, when he ſhall not have the power to miſtruſt thee: it is the common condition of Cuckolds to miſtruſt ſo much aforehand, that when they are Dub'd indeed, they have not a glympſe of ſuſpition left.

Reb. Their hornes hang i'their light then; but truely Aunt, for mine owne part, I had rather my husband ſhould be jealous ſtil then be cur'd in that right kinde, though I confeſſe the ends of all my longings, and the vexations I have put him to

Were but to run jealouſie out of breath,
And make him pant under the frivolous weight
He beares; that is, a Cuckold in conceit;
Which without doubt he labours with by this time:
And when he finds me cleare, twill be as well:
(I hope) and better then if it were done
By the broad way of foule pollution.

Fris.



Fris. Nay I doe not perſwade you, take the downe-right way,
Nothing againſt your Conſcience Neece; I ſent
For him to ha come and found you here by chance;
But he has ſhut up houſe, and is runne mad
About the Towne I heare to all your haunts.
Reb. He ſhall come hither and renounce his jealouſie,
And then entreat me too before I goe.
Fris. Yes, that's a wife wives part.

ACT V. *Scene* VIII.

Enter Striker *and* Cautious.

Stri. Whats the Bride ready?
Fris. Yes ſir, ſhe's dreſt.
Reb. And dreſt, and dreſt indeed;
Never was maid ſo dreſt: oh ſir you are happy;
The happieſt Knight, and are now in election
Of the moſt ſweet encounter in a bride,
That e're your chivalry could couch a lance at.
Caut. I thanke you Mrs. and Ile bring her ſhortly to beſtow mony w'yee in China wares.
Reb. She is herſelf the pureſt piece of Purflane —that e're had liquid ſweet meats lick'd out of it.
Caut. And purer too I hope.
Stri. Go call her down.
Fris. She's at her private prayers yet ſir. ſhe.
Stri. When ſhe has done, then haſten her away.
Ex. Fris. Reb.
Reb. Such Brides doe ſeldom make their grooms their prey.
Stri. Doe you now conclude Sir *Arnold* you are happy?
Caut. As man can be being ſo neare a wife.

ACT V. *Scene* IX.

Enter Monylacks.

Mon. By your leave, gentlemen.
Stri. He come? I fear a miſchief.
Mon. How comes it Father *Striker*, and ſonne *Cautious* in election
That you huddle up a match here for my child,
And I not made acquainted, as unworthy,
Untill the very intended marriage houre?
Stri Who ſent you hither, I ſent not for you now ſir.
And there I am wi'yee ſir.
Mon. Tis true, I covenanted not to come at you,
Untill you ſent for me, unleſſe you found
Young *Touchwood* had the love of *Annabell*,
You have heard he has touch'd her has he not?
Stri. Hold your peace.
Mon. Has he not made her *Touchwood* too?
Stri. Can you ſay ſo?
Mon. Yes, and ſtruck fire too in her tinderbox.
Stri. You will not ſpeak thus.
Mon. To you I neede not; for you know't already;
But to my friend Sir *Cautious*, whom I honour,
And would not ſee ſo ſhipwrack'd, I may ſpeake it.
Stri. Will you undoe your daughter?
Mon. My daughter; no you ſhall not put her upon me now.
She is your daughter ſir: if I but call her mine,
Or ſuffer her to ask me a bare bleſſing,
You'll thruſt her out: no, you adopted her
In your owne name, and made a *Striker* of her,
No more a *Monylacks*.

Stri.

Stri. The beggarly Knight is deſperate,
And ſhould he out with it, my ſhame were endleſſe :
This is the way or none to ſtop his mouth :
Tis but a money matter ; ſtay a little.
Mon. Goe not away ſir *Arnold*, I muſt ſpeak wi'yee.
Caut. I am not going ſir.
Stri. Be not a Mad-man, here, here's forty peeces,
I know you uſe to ſtrike for ſmaller ſummes :
But take it for your ſilence, and withall
My conſtant love, and my continuall friendſhip.
Mon. Give me your hand o' that ; enough, Sir *Arnold.*
Caut. What ſay you to me ſir *Hugh?*
Sti. What does he meane tro ?
Mon. You muſt not have my daughter.
Cau. No ſir *Hugh.*
Mon. Unleſſe you meane to take anothers leavings.
Stri. Oh devilliſh reprobate.
Caut. How mean you that ?
Mon. Till ſhe has buried firſt another husband,
And he leave her a widow : I am her father,
And claime a fathers intereſt in her choiſe ;
And I have promis'd her to one already,
This very day, becauſe I was not privy
To your proceedings ; and have taken here
This faire aſſumpſit forty peeces ſir ;
You might admire how I ſhould have 'hem otherwiſe.
Stri. Here's an impudent villaine.
Mon. For theſe I give a hundred, if you wed her.
Caut. To ſhew my love unto your daughter ſir Ile pay't.

Mon.

Mon. Security in hand were good.

Caut. Pray lend me ſir a hundred Peeces.

Stri. I dare not croſſe this devill, I muſt fetch 'hem. *Ex.*

Mon. Twill ne're the leſſe be my diſparagement.

Caut. What, when they know her grandſather diſpos'd her,
That has the care of her, and gives her portion?
And then he can ha' but his money, can hee?

Mon. Oh but the wench, the wench, is ſuch a wench,
Scarce two ſuch marryed in a Dioceſſe,
In twice two twelve moneths, for right and ſtraight ones.

Caut. There ſaid you well: the ſtraight ones I like well:
But thoſe that men call right, or good ones, ſuffer
A by Conſtruction.

Mon. Amongſt the lewd.

ACT V. *Scene* X.

Enter Striker *with a purſe.*

Stri. Here ſir.

Mon. But is here weight and number ſir?

Stri. Now the fiend ſtretch thee—you may take my word.

Mon. Here I am wi'yee ſir.

ACT V. *Scene* XI.

Enter Gilbert, Wat, Touchwood, Tom, Sam.

Gil. Though you are fully bent to croſſe the marriage,
Yet lets entreat you not to be too ſuddaine.
Tou. Till they come to the word, for better, for worſe
I will not touch at it.
Stri. How now, what mates breake in upon us here?
Touch. I come not as a gueſt ſir, or ſpectator
To your great wedding, but o'the Kings affaires;
In which I muſt crave your aſſiſtance ſir:
Deny't me, or my entrance, if you dare.
Stri. It is ſome weighty matter ſure then.
Touch. So it is ſir,
But not to trouble your ſconce with too much buſineſſe,
At once, purſue your owne, we will attend a while.
Caut. In that he has ſaid well: I would the Bride
And Prieſt were come once: I am content they ſtand
For witneſſes; what my kind Nephew are you here?
I thanke you for this plot, you ſee what 'tis come to.
Wat. Tis not all finish'd yet ſir.
Caut. But it may bee
All in good time: the Bride is comming now.
You and your brother Poet are grown friends I ſee.
Touch. What's he?
Gil. A friend of *Wats* he brought for company.

Tom.

Tom. He was amongſt 'hem too at the cheating exerciſe, and yonds
The Knight himſelfe; I know 'hem all I troe.

Touch. And you'll ſtand to this, that your loſt brother
Was *Strikers* Siſter *Audreyes* ſonne.

Tom. I ha told you twonty times, and yet becauſe you zay you'll ſtand my vrend, ile tell you more ſhe was with child with *Tim* bevore my vather married her (ſhe brought him in her belly vrom this towne here, where they get Children without veare or wit) but vor her money, and's owne credits zake, my vather was well apaid to keep it vor his owne; and nobody knew to the Contrary, not *Tim* himzelfe to this houre.

Touch. Then how camſt thou to know it?

Tom. My vather told it me upon his death-bed, and charg'd me on his bleſſing, never to open my mouth to man, woman, nor child, zo I told no body but vokes on't.

Touch. Wel, hold thy peace, tis an abſolute wonder! now to the wedding.

ACT V. *Scene* XII.

Enter Curate, Tramp. Ann. Fris. Reb.

Cau. Hows this? my bride in mourning habit, and her head in willow?

Stri. What's the meaning of it?

Reb. I ſaid ſhe was dreſt as never Bride was dreſt.

Touch. A ſolemme ſhew, and ſuiting well the Scene!
She ſeems round bellied, and you marke it too.

Ann.

Ann. My habit and my dreſſing ſuits my ortune.

Stri. Pray ſir doe your office, her conceit.
We will know afterward,

Cur. Hem, hem.

Ann. Oh, oh. *ſinkes.*

Fris. Oh me; why Miſtris look up, look up I ſay.

Reb. Clap her cheek, rub her noſe.

Fris. Sprinkle cold water on her face.

Reb. Cut her lace, cut her lace, and bow her forward, ſo, ſo, ſo.

Touch. Ile lay my life ſhe quickens now with child.

An. Oh.

Mon. What think you is the matter?

Caut. Women how is it with her?

Fis. Sir, as with other women in her caſe.

Caut. How's that I pray you?

Reb. Twill out, 'twill out, you have bin doing ſomething afore-hand ſir.

Caut. Have I?

Reb. It ſeems ſo by the ſtory.

Caut. Is ſhe ſo dreſt?

Tou. Ha, ha, ha.

Fris. You may leave laughing, it was your ſonne that did it.

Stri. I am undone, my houſe diſgrac'd for ever.

Touch. He knew't before hand, now I may declare't,
Speake o' thy Conſcience, didſt not?

Stri. Oh my heart.

Touch. Oh the hangman.

Caut. Deceite becomes not dying men you know,
Into a whirlepoole of confuſion
Sinke thou and all thy family, accurſed miſer.

Touch.

Touch. This was a ſure way now Sir *Cautious*,
To marry a maid, there's one i' the mother's belly.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh, uh.

Caut. You knew not where I could be ſo well fitted.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh.

Caut. A rot o'your diſſembling intrailes, ſpit 'hem out, you durſt not ſtrain yourſelfe to wind your whiſtle, your Doctor told you it would ſpend your ſpirits, ſo made me whiſtle for her.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh.

Touch. Cheare up, cheare up, I may be friends wi'yee now :
Here's one has cauſe, and knows the way to vexe yee.
To preſerve life in you as well as I.

Stri. A hem, a hem, I will out-live you both :
This dayes vexation is enough for a life time.

Caut. And may it laſt thee to thy lives laſt houre.

Touch. Now let me talke wi'yee, and come you hither ſir.

Tram. I tell you true, your writings are ſo paſt, that if you goe
Not off by compoſition, you'll ſhake your whole eſtate.

Caut. Come hither Nephew,
Ile give thee a thouſand pound, and take her off me.

Wat. I cannot with my reputation now :
But I will doe my beſt to worke a friend to't.

Caut. Prethee doe, try thy Poeticall souldier.

Mon. That Clowne come hither too : I feare I am trapt.

Touch. Tis all as I have told you, and without question,
The man in queſtion is your ſiſters ſonne.

Stri.

Stri. Would it might prove ſo, that I had yet a Nephew,
For now my Neece is loſt.
Touch. Here's one ſhall find him out: or ſtretch a neck for't.
Sir *Hugh* you are charg'd for making of a gentleman.
Mon. Now I am in.
Touch. And more then ſo, for making him away.
Mon. What gentleman?
Tom. Marry my brother *Tim.*
Touch. Your patience yet a while: now gentlemen all,
Sir *Cautious*, and the reſt, pray heare a ſtory:
I have bin often urg'd to yield the cauſe
Of the long quarrell twixt this man and me:
Thirty yeares growth it has, he never durſt
Reveale the reaſon; I being ſullen would not.
Stri. You will not tell it now?
Touch. Indeed I will:
He had a ſiſter (peace to her memory)
That in my youth I lov'd, ſhee me ſo much,
That we concluded, we were man and wife;
And dreadleſſe of all marriage lets, we did
Anticipate the pleaſures of the bed.
Nay it ſhall out; briefly, ſhe prov'd with child:
This covetous man then greedy of her portion,
(Of which for the moſt part he was poſſeſt)
Forces her with her ſhame to leave his houſe.
She makes her moane to me, I then (which ſince
I have with teares a thouſand times repented)
Againſt my heart ſtood off, in hope to winne
Her Dowry from him; when ſhe gentle ſoule
(Whom I muſt now bewaile) when ſhe I ſay,
Not knowing my reſerv'd intent, from him and me,
From friends, and all the world, for ought we knew,
Suddainly ſlipt away: after five yeares

I tooke another wife, by whom I had
The ſonne, that has done that the woman ſayes:
But where I left, if this mans tale be true,
She had a ſonne, whom I demaund of you.

Tom. I ſhall have a kind of an uncle of you anon.

And you prove *Tim's* vather.

Tram. The young Gentleman that ſir *Hugh* had in handling, is in the houſe, and Maſter *Brittleware* with him.

Cur. Only we kept em back, till our more ſerious office were ended.

Touch. Pray em in, lets ſee him. *Exit. Tram.*

Gil. Sir, will it pleaſe you firſt to ſee a match quickely clapt up? This Gentleman whom I know every way deſerving, were your Neece now in her prime of Fortune and of Virtue, deſires to have her, and ſhe him as much.

Touch. Hee ſhall not have her.

Stri. How can you ſay ſo?

Wat. He knowes his ſon I ſeare.

Touch. My ſon ſhall make his fault good, and reſtore her honor to her if he lives, in meed for your faire ſiſters wrong and my miſdeede, my ſon ſhall marry her; provided he take her in his Conſcience unſtain'd by any other man.

Stri. On that condition Ile give her all the worldly good I have.

Sam. Ann. We take you at your word.

Touch. My ſonne!

Sam. I take her not with all faults, but without any leaſt blemiſh.

Ann. My ſuppoſed ſtaine: Thus I caſt from me.

Tom. Znailes a Cuſhion, how warme her belly has made it.

Ann. And that all was but a plot 'twixt him and

and me, and theſe gentlemen: This paper may reſolve you.

Sam. Tis mine owne hand by which I inſtructed her by a diſſembled way, to wound her honour.

Ann. Which, to preſerve my love, againe ide doe,
Hoping that you forgive it in me too.

Gaut. Now am I cheated both wayes.

Wat. The plot is finiſh'd: now thanks for your thouſand pound fir.

Touch. You are mine owne; welcome into my boſome.

ACT V. *Scene* XIII.

Enter Hoyden, Trampler, Brittleware.

Tom. Whoope, who comes here, my brother *Tim* dreſt like Maſter Maiors wife of *Taunton-Deane.*

Hoy. Tis all I could get to ſcape with out of the cozning houſe; and all I have to ſhew of foure hundred pound; but this certificate and this ſmall jewel which my dying mother ga' me; and I had much ado to hide it from the Cheaters, to bring unto mine Uncle; which is he?

Stri. Lets ſee your token Sir.

Touch. This is a jewell that I gave my *Awdrey.*

Hoy. That was my mother.

Tom. And that's your vather he zaies.

Hoy. And a gentleman? what a divelliſh deale of mony might I ha ſav'd! for gentle-men let me tell you, I have been cozen'd black and blew; backe-guld and belly-guld; and have nothing left me

me but a little bare Complement to live upon, as I am a cleare gentleman.

Stri. Will you beſtow ſome of it upoh me.

Hoy. Uncle you ſhall: Firſt ile give you a hit at ſingle Rapier complement: and then a wipe or two with the Back-ſword Complement and I ha done.

Stri. Pray begin.

Hoy. Noble Mr. *Striker* the grave Magiſtrate (if my apprehenſion deale fairely with me) whoſe prayſes reach to Heaven, for the faire diſtribution of equall juſtice: the poore mans Sanctuary, the righter of widdowes, and the Orphans wrongs.

Stri. Enough, enough, you have ſayd very well.

Hoy. Note you yond juſtice ſits upon the Bench?

Touch. Yes, I do note him.

Hoy. The Stockes were fitter for him: the moſt corrupted fellow about the Suburbs, his conſcience is ſtewd in Bribes, all his poore neighbours curſe him; tis thought he keeps a whoor now at three-ſcore.

Touch. A very Weſterne Southſayer, thou art mine owne.

Hoy. His Neece is much ſuſpected.

Touch. Nay there you went too farre, this is his Neece, and my daughter now.

Hoy. I know no Neece he has, I ſpeak but back-ſword complement.

Stri. You put me well in mind though, here's one, that ere the Parſon and we part, ile make an honeſt woman. *takes Fris.*

Touch. And for your part ſir *Hugh*, you ſhall make ſatisfaction, and bring in your Confederates.

Hoy. Here's one that came to complaine of me for my Robes here, but I ha loſt my ſmall acquaintance.

Mon.

Mon. Ile anſwer for him too, and give you all the fatisfaction that I can.

Touch. What you cannot ſhall be remitted, we have all our faults.

Brit. And have I found thee *Beck* in ſo good company?

Reb. I *Jacke*, be you jealous no more, and I will long no more to vexe thee.

Fris. Live lovingly and honeſtly I charge you, or come not at mee when I am married.

Touch. This yonker ile take care for,
And make him a new gentleman by new breeding,
Without the Dyet, bathing, purge, or bleeding.

Hoy. Sweet Sir I thanke you.

Tom. Ile home againe then and make *Tanton* ring on't.

Stri. Our quarrell in this peece of folly ends.

Touch. He parted us, and he has made us friends.

Caut. Nephew, and Gentlemen, I am friends with all,
You had your plot upon me, I had mine.

Stri. Lets in, and end all differences in wine.

The Epilogue.

AT firſt we made no boaſt, and ſtill we feare,
We have not anſwer'd expectation here,
Yet give us leave to hope, as hope to live,
That you will grace, as well as Juſtice give,
We do not dare your Judgments now: for we
Know lookers on more then the Gamſters ſee;
And what ere Poets write, we Act, or ſay,
Tis only in your hands to Crowne a Play.

FINIS.



THE

ANTIPODES:

A COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeare 1638, by the Queenes Majeſties Servants, at *Salisbury* Court in Fleet-ſtreet.

The Author *Richard Brome.*

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.

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To the Right Honourable WILLIAM Earle of *Hertford, &c.*

My Lord:

THe long experience, I have had of *your Honours* favourable intentions towards me, hath compell'd me to this *Preſumption.* But I hope *your Goodneſſe* will be pleaſed to pardon what *your Benignity* was the cauſe of, *viz.* the errour of my *Dedication.* Had *your Candor* not encourag'd me, in this I had beene innocent: Yet (*I beſeech you*) thinke not, I *intend* it any other, then *your Recreation* at *your retirement* from your weighty *Employments;* and to be the *Declaration* of *your gracious encouragements* towards me, and the teſtimony of my *Gratitude.* If the publicke view of the *world* entertayn it with no leſſe welcome, then that private one of the *Stage* already has given it,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

I ſhall be glad the *World* owes *you* th *Thankes:* If it meet with too ſevere Co ſtruction, I hope *your* Protection. Wh hazards ſoever it ſhall juſtle with, my deſire are it may pleaſure your *Lordſhip* in th peruſall, which is the only ambition he i conſcious of, who is

My *Lord,*

Your Honour's
humbly devoted:

Richard Brome

To cenſuring Criticks, on the approved Comedy, *The Antipodes.*

IOnſon's *alive! the World admiring ſtands,*
And to declare his welcome there, ſhake hands;
Apollo's *Penſioners may wipe their eyes,*
And ſtifle their abortive Elegies:
Taylor *his Gooſe-quill may abjure againe,*
And to make Paper deare, ſcribling refraine;
For ſure there's cauſe of neither. Ionſon's *ghoſt*
Is not a Tenant i'the Elizian *Coaſt:*
But vext with too much ſcorne, at your diſpraiſe,
Silently ſtole unto a grove of Bayes;
Therefore bewaile your errours, and entreat
He will returne, unto the former ſeat,
Whence he was often pleas'd, to feed your eare
With the choice dainties of his Theatre;
But I *much feare, he'le not be eaſily wonne*
To leave his Bower, where griefe, and he alone
Do ſpend their time, to ſee how vainly wee
Accept old toyes, for a new Comedie.
Therefore repaire to him, and praiſe each line
Of his Vulpone, Sejanus, Cateline.
But ſtay, and let me tell you, where he is,
He ſojournes in his Brome's *Antipodes.*

C.G.

THE

The Prologue.

OPinion, *which our* Author *cannot court,*
(For the deare daintineſſe of it) has, of late,
From the old way of Playes *poſſeſt a Sort*
Only to run to thoſe, that carry ſtate
In Scene magnificent and language high;
And Cloathes worth all the reſt, except the Action,
And ſuch are only good thoſe Leaders cry;
And into that beleefe draw on a Faction,
That muſt deſpiſe all ſportive, merry Wit,
Becauſe ſome ſuch great Play *had none in it.*

But it is knowne (peace to their Memories)
The Poets *late ſublimed from our Age,*
Who beſt could underſtand, and beſt deviſe
Workes, that muſt ever live upon the Stage,
Did well approve, and lead this humble way,
Which we are bound to travaile in to night;
And, though it be not trac'd ſo well, as They
Diſcover'd it by true Phœbean *light,*
Pardon our juſt Ambition, yet, that ſtrive
To keep the weakeſt Branch o'th' Stage *alive.*

I meane the weakeſt in their great eſteeme,
That count all ſlight, that's under us, or nigh;
And only thoſe for worthy Subjects *deeme,*
Fetch'd, or reach'd at (at leaſt) from farre, or high:
When low and home-bred Subjects *have their uſe,*
As well, as thoſe, fetch'd from on high, or farre;
And 'tis as hard a labour for the Muſe
To moove the Earth, as to diſlodge a Starre.
See, yet, thoſe glorious Playes; *and let their*
ſight
Your Admiration moove; theſe your Delight.

To



To the Author on his Comedy,

The Antipodes.

S Teer'd, by the hand of Fate, *ore ſwelling Seas,*
Me thought I landed on th' Antipodes;
Where I was ſtraight a Stranger: For tis thus,
Their feet do tread againſt the tread of us.
My Scull miſtooke: thy Book, *being in my hand,*
Hurried my Soule to th' Antipodian *ſtrand,*
Where I did feaſt my Fancy, and mine Eyes
With ſuch variety of Rarities,
That I perceive thy Muſe *frequents ſome ſhade,*
Might be a Grove for a Pierian *Maide.*
Let Ideots prate; it boots not what they ſay.
Th' Antipodes *to Wit and Learning may*
Have ample Priv'ledge: For among that crew,
I know there's not a man can judge of You.

Rob. Chamberlain.

The





The Perſons in the Play.

Blaze, *an Herauld Painter.*
Joyleſſe, *an old Country Gentleman.*
Hughball, *a Doctor of Phyſicke.*
Barbara, *Wife to* Blaze.
Martha, *Wife to* Perigrine.
Letoy, a *Phantaſticke Lord.*
Quaylpipe, *his Curate.*
Perigrine, *ſonne to* Joyleſſe.
Diana, *wife to* Joyleſſe.
By-play, *a conceited ſervant to* Letoy.
Trulocke, *a cloſe friend to* Letoy.
Followers of the Lord Letoyes, *who are Actors the* By-play.

The Antipodes.

ACT I. *Scene* I.

Blaze, Ioyleſſe.

TO me, and to the City, Sir, you are welcome.
And ſo are all about you: we have long
Suffer'd in want of ſuch faire Company.
But now that Times calamity has given way
(Thankes to high Providence) to your kinder viſits,
We are (like halfe pin'd wretches, that have lain
Long on the plankes of ſorrow, ſtrictly tyed
To a forc'd abſtinence, from the ſight of friends)
The ſweetlier fild with joy.
Ioy. Alas, I bring
Sorrow too much with me to fill one houſe,
In the ſad number of my family.
Bla. Be comforted good Sir, my houſe, which now
You may be pleas'd to call your owne, is large
Enough to hold you all; and for your ſorrowes,
You came to loſe 'hem: And I hope the meanes
Is readily at hand: The Doctor's comming,
Who, as by Letters, I advertis'd you,
Is the moſt promiſing man to cure your Sonne,

The

The Kingdome yields ; it will aſtoniſh you
To heare the mervailes he hath done in cures
Of ſuch diſtracted ones, as is your ſonne,
And not ſo much by bodily Phyſicke (no!
He ſends few *Recipes* to th' Apothecaries)
As medicine of the minde, which he infuſes
So skilfully, yet by familiar wayes,
That it begets both wonder and delight
In his obſervers, while the ſtupid patient
Finds health at unawares.

Ioy. You ſpeak well of him :
Yet I may feare, my ſonnes long growne diſeaſe
Is ſuch he hath not met with.

Bla. Then ile tell you Sir,
He cur'd a Country gentleman, that fell mad
For ſpending of his land before he ſold it :
That is : 'twas ſold to pay his debts : All went
That way, for a dead horſe, as one would ſay,
He had not money left to buy his dinner,
Upon that whole-ſale day. This was a cauſe,
Might make a gentleman mad you'll ſay ; and him
It did, as mad as landleſſe Squire could bee,
This Doctor by his art remov'd his madneſſe,
And mingled ſo much wit among his braines,
That, by the over-flowing of it meerely,
He gets and ſpends five hundred pound a year now,
As merrily as any Gentleman
In *Darby-ſhire ; I* name no man. But this
Was pretty well you'll ſay.

Ioy. My ſonne's diſeaſe
Growes not that way.

Bla. There was a Lady mad,
I name no Lady : but ſtarke mad ſhe was,
As any in the Country, City, or almoſt
In Court could be.

Io

Ioy. How fell ſhe mad ?
Bla. With ſtudy;
Tedious and painfull ſtudy : And for what
Now can you thinke ?
Ioy. For painting, or new faſhions.
I cannot thinke for the Philoſophers ſtone.
Bla. No, 'twas to finde a way to love her husband ;
Becauſe ſhe did not, and her friends rebuk'd her.
Ioy. Was that ſo hard to find, if ſhe deſir'd it.
Bla. She was ſeven years in ſearch of it, & could not,
Though ſhe conſum'd his whole eſtate by it.
Ioy. Twas he was mad then.
Bla. No; he was not borne
With wit enough to looſe, but mad was ſhe
Untill this Doctor tooke her into cure,
And now ſhe lies as lovingly on a flockebed
With her owne Knight, as ſhe had done on downe,
With many others, but *I* name no parties,
Yet this was well you'l ſay.
Ioy. Would all were well.
Bla. Then ſir, of Officers, and men of place,
Whoſe ſences were ſo numm'd, they underſtood not
Bribes from dew fees, and fell on premunires,
He has cur'd diverſe, that can now diſtinguiſh,
And know both when, and how to take, of both ;
And grow moſt ſafely rich by't, tother day
He ſet the braines of an Attorney right,
That were quite topſie turvy overturn'd
In a pitch ore the Barre ; ſo that (poore man)
For many Moones, he knew not whether he
Went on his heels or's head, till he was brought
To this rare Doctor, now he walkets again,
As upright in his calling, as the boldeſt
Amongſt 'hem. This was well you'l ſay.

Ioy.

Ioy. Tis much. (bours,
Bla. And then for horne mad Citizens my neigh-
He cures them by the dozens, and we live
As gently with our wives, as Rammes with Ewes.
Ioy. We doe you ſay, were you one of his Patients.
Bla. 'Slid he has almoſt catch'd me ; No ſir no,
I name no parties ! But wiſh you merry ;
I ſtraine to make you ſo, and could tell forty
Notable cures of his to paſſe the time
Untill he comes.
Ioy. But pray, has he the art
To cure a husbands Iealouſie ?
Bla. Mine ſir he did : 'Sfoot I am catcht againe.
Ioy. But ſtill you name no Party, pray how long,
Good Maſter *Blaze*, has this ſo famous doctor
Whom you ſo well ſet out, beene a profeſſor ?
Bla. Never in publike : Nor indures the name
Of Doctor, though I call him ſo, but lives
With an odde Lorde in towne, that lookes like no Lord,
My Doctor goes more like a Lord than he.
Enter Doctor.
O welcome ſir, *I* ſent mine owne wife for you :
Ha you brought her home againe ?

ACT I. *Scene* II.

Blaze, Doctor, Ioyleſſe.

Doct. She's in your houſe,
With Gentlewomen, who ſeeme to lodge here.
Bla. Yes ſir, this Gentlemans wife, and his ſonnes wife :

They

They all ayle ſomething, but his ſonne (tis thought)
Is falling into madneſſe, and is brought
Up by his carefull father to the towne here
To be your patient, ſpeake with him about it.
Doct. How doe you finde him Sir? do's his diſeaſe
Take him by fits; or is it conſtantly,
And at all times the ſame?
Ioy. For the moſt part
It is onely inclining ſtill to worſe,
As he growes more in dayes; by all the beſt
Conjectures we have met with in the countrey,
Tis found a moſt deepe melancholy.
Doct. Of what yeares is he?
Ioy. Of five and twenty Sir.
Doct. Was it borne with him? is it naturall,
Or accidentall? have you or his mother
Beene ſo at any time affected?
Ioy. Never.
Not ſhee unto her grave; nor I, till then,
Knew what a ſadneſſe meant; though ſince, *I* have
In my ſonne's ſad condition, and ſome croſſes
In my late marriage, which at further time
I may acquaint you with.
Bla. The old man's jealous
Of his young wife; *I* finde him by the queſtion
He put me to ere while.
Doct. Is your ſonne married?
Ioy. Diverſe yeares ſince; for we had hope a wife
Might have reſtrain'd his travelling thoughts, and ſo
Have beene a meanes to cure him; but it fail'd us.
Doct. What has he in his younger yeares been moſt
Addicted to? what ſtudy? or what practiſe?

Ioy.

Ioy. You have now, Sir, found the queſtion,
which *I* thinke
Will lead you to the ground of his diſtemper.
Doct. That's the next way to the cure. Come
quickely, quickly.
Ioy. In tender yeares he alwayes lov'd to read
Reports of travailes, and of voyages;
And when young boyes, like him, would tire
themſelves
With ſports, and paſtimes, and reſtore their ſpirits
Againe by meate and ſleepe, he would whole dayes
And nights (ſometimes by ſtealth) be on ſuch
bookes
As might convey his fancy round the world.
Doct. Very good, on.
Ioy. When he grew up towards twenty,
His minde was all on fire to be abroad;
Nothing but travaile ſtill was all his aime;
There was no voyage or forraine expedition
Be ſaid to be in hand, but he made ſute
To be made one in it. His mother and
My ſelfe oppos'd him ſtill in all, and ſtrongly
Againſt his will, ſtill held him in; and wonne
Him into marriage; hoping that would call
In his extravagant thoughts, but all prevail'd not,
Nor ſtayd him (though at home) from travailing
So farre beyond himſelfe, that now too late,
I wiſh he had gone abroad to meet his fate.
Doct. Well ſir, upon good termes Ile undertake
Your ſonne: let's ſee him.
Ioy. Yet there's more: his wife Sir.
Doct. Ile undertake her too. Is ſhe mad too?
Bla. They'll ha' mad children then.
Doct. Hold you your peece.
Ioy. Alas the danger is they will have none,
He takes no joy in her; and ſhe no comfort
In him: for though they have bin three yeeres
wed, They



They are yet ignorant of the marriage bed.
Doct. I ſhall finde her the madder of the two then.
Ioy. Indeed ſhe's full of paſſion, which ſhe utters
By the effects, as diverſly, as ſeverall
Objects reflect upon her wandring fancy,
Sometimes in extream weepings, and anon
In vehement laughter; now in ſullen ſilence,
And preſently in loudeſt exclamations.
Doct. Come let me ſee 'hem Sir, ile undertake
Her too: ha' you any more? how does your wife?
Ioy. Some other time for her.
Doct. Ile undertake
Her too: and you your ſelfe Sir (by your favour,
And ſome few yellow ſpots, which I perceive
About your Temples) may require ſome Councell.

ACT I. *Scene* III.

Enter Barbara.

Bla. So, he has found him.
Ioy. But my ſonne, my ſonne ſir?
Bla. Now *Bab*, what newes?
Bar. There's newes too much within,
For any home-bred Chriſtian underſtanding.
Ioy. How does my ſonne?
Bar. He is in travaile Sir.
Ioy. His fits upon him?
Bar. Yes, pray Doctor *Hughball*
Play the Man-midwife, and deliver him
Of his huge Timpany of newes; of Monſters,
Pigmies, and Gyants, Apes, and Elephants,
Griffons.

Griffons, and Crocadiles; men upon women,
And women upon men; the ſtrangeſt doings
As farre beyond all Chriſtendome, as tis to't.
Doct. How, how?
Bar. Beyond the Moone and Starres *I* think,
Or mount in *Cornwall* either.
Bla. How prettily like a ſoole ſhe talkes?
And ſhe were not mine owne wife, *I* could be
So taken with her.
Doct. 'Tis moſt wondrous ſtrange.
Bar. He talks much of the Kingdome of *Cathaya*,
Of one great *Caan*, and goodman *Preſter Iohn*,
(What e're they be) and ſayes that *Caan's* a Clowne
Unto the *Iohn* he ſpeaks of. And that *Iohn*
Dwels up almoſt at Paradice: But ſure his mind
Is in a wilderneſſe: For there he ſayes
Are Geeſe that have two heads a peece, and Hens
That beare more wooll upon their backs than ſheep.
Doct. O *Mandevile*, lets to him. Lead the way ſir.
Bar. And men with heads like hounds.
Doct. Enough, enough.
Bar. You'll finde enough within I warrant yee.

ACT I. *Scene* IV.

Enter Martha.

And here comes the poore mad gentleman's wife,
Almoſt as mad as he: ſhe haunts me all
About the houſe to impart ſomething to me:
Poore heart *I* geſſe her griefe, and pity her.
To keepe a Maiden-head three yeares afte Marriage,
Vnder wed-locke and key, inſufferable! monſtrous,

It

It turnes into a wolfe within the fleſh,
Not to be fed with Chickens, and tame Pigeons.
I could wiſh maids be warn'd by't, not to marry
Before they have wit to lofe their Maiden-heads,
For feare they match with men whoſe witsare paſt it.
What a ſad looke, and what a ſigh was there?
Sweet Miſtris *Joyleſſe*, how is't with you now?
Mar. When I ſhall knowe Ile tell, pray tell me firſt,
How long have you beene married?
Bar. Now ſhe is on it. Three yeares forſooth.
Mar. And truely ſo have I, we ſhall agree I ſee.
Bar. If you'll be merry.
Mar. No woman merrier, now I have met with one
Of my condition. Three yeares married ſay you, ha, ha, ha.
Bar. What ayles ſhe trow?
Mar. Three yeares married, Ha, ha, ha.
Bar. Is that a laughing matter?
Mar. Tis juſt my ſtory. And you have had no child,
That's ſtill my ſtory. Ha, ha, ha.
Bar. Nay I have had two children.
Mar. Are you ſure on't,
Or does your husband onely tell you ſo,
Take heed o'that, for husbands are deceitfull.
Bar. But I am o'the ſurer ſide, I am ſure
I groan'd for mine and bore 'hem, when at beſt,
He but beleeves he got 'hem.
Mar. Yet both he
And you may be deceiv'd, for now Ile tell you,
My husband told me, fac'd me downe and ſtood on't,
We had three ſonnes, and all great travellers,
That

That one had ſhooke the great Turke by the beard,
I never ſaw 'hem, nor am I ſuch a foole
To thinke that children can be got and borne,
Train'd up to men, and then ſent out to travell,
Andthe poore mother never know nor feele
Any ſuch matter; there's a dreame indeede.
Bar. Now you ſpeake reaſon, and tis nothing but
Your husbands madneſſe that would put that dreame
Into you.
Mar. He may put dreames into me, but
He nere put child nor any thing towards it yet
To me to making: ſomething ſure belongs
To ſuch a worke; for I am paſt a child *weepe.*
My ſelfe to thinke they are found in parſley beds,
Strawberry banks or Roſemary buſhes, though
I muſt confeſſe I have ſought and ſearch'd ſuch places,
Becauſe I would faine have had one.
Bar. Laſſe poore foole.
Mar. Pray tell me, for I thinke no body heares us,
How came you by your babes? I cannot thinke
Your husband got them you.
Bar. Foole did I ſay?
She is a witch I thinke: why not my husband,
Pray can you charge me with another man?
Mar. Nor with him neither, be not angry pray now.
For were I now to dye, *I* cannot gueſſe
What a man do's in child-getting, *I* remember
A wanton mayd once lay with me, and kiſs'd
And clip't, and clapt me ſtrangely, and then wiſh'd
That I had beene a man to have got her with childe:
What



What muſt I then ha' done, or (good now tell me)
What has your husband done to you?
Bar. Was ever
Such a poor peece of innocence, three years married?
Does not your husband uſe to lye with you?
Mar. Yes he do's uſe to lye with me, but he do's not
Lye with me to uſe me as ſhe ſhould I feare
Nor doe I know to teach him, will you tell me,
Ile lye with you and practiſe if you pleaſe.
Pray take me for a night or two: or take
My husband and inſtruct him, But one night
Our countrey folkes will ſay, you London wives
Doe not lye every night with your owne husbands.
Bar. Your countrey folkes ſhould have done well to ha' ſent
Some newes by you, but I truſt none told you there,
We uſe to leave our fooles to lye with mad-men.
Mar. Nay now againe y'are angry.
Bar. No not I
But rather pitty your ſimplicity.
Come Ile take charge and care of you.
Mar. I thanke you.
Bar. And wage my ſkill, againſt my doctors art,
Sooner to eaſe you of theſe dangerous fits,
Then he ſhall rectifie your husbands wits. *Ex.*
Mar. Indeed, indeed, I thanke you.

ACT I. *Scene* V.

Letoy, Blaze.

Let. Why broughtſt thou not mine Armes, and Pedegree

Home with thee *Blaze*, mine honeſt Heralds Painter?
Bla. I have not yet my Lord, but all's in readineſſe,
According to the Heralds full directions.
Let. But has he gone to the root, has he deriv'd me,
Ex origine, ab antiquo? has he fetch'd me
Farre enough *Blaze?*
Bla. Full foure deſcents beyond
The conqueſt my good Lord, and findes that one
Of your French anceſtry came in with the Conqueror.
Let. Iefrey Letoy, twas he, from whom the Engliſh
Letoy's have our deſcent; and here have tooke
Such footing, that we'll never out while France
Is France, and England England,
And the Sea paſſable to tranſport a faſhion.
My anceſtors and I have been beginners
Of all new faſhions in the Court of England
From before *Primo Ricardi Secundi*
Untill this day.
Bla. I cannot thinke my Lord
They'll follow you in this though.
Let. Marke the end,
I am without a precedent for my humour.
But is it ſpread, and talk'd of in the towne?
Bla. It is my Lord, and laught at by a many.
Let. I am more beholding to them, then all the reſt:
Their laughter makes me merry; others mirth,
And not mine owne it is, that feeds me, that
Battens me as poore mens coſt do's Uſurers.
But tell me *Blaze*, what ſay they of me, ha?
Bla. They ſay my Lord you look more like a pedlar,

Then

Then like a Lord, and live more like an Emperor.
Let. Why there they ha' me right, let others ſhine
Abroad in cloth o'bodkin, my broad cloath,
Pleaſes mine eye as well, my body better,
Beſides I'm ſure tis paid for (to their envy)
I buy with ready money; and at home here
With as good meat, as much magnificence,
As coſtly pleaſures, and as rare delights,
Can ſatisfie my appetite and ſenſes,
As they with all their publique ſhewes, and braveries.
They runne at ring, and tilt 'gainſt one another,
I and my men can play a match at football,
Wraſtle a hanſome fall, and pitch the barre,
And crack the cudgells, and a pate ſometimes,
Twould doe you good to ſee't.
Bla. More then to feel't.
Let. They hunt the Deere, the Hare, the Fox, the Otter,
Polcates, or Harlots, what they pleaſe, whilſt I
And my mad Grigs, my men can runne at baſe,
And breathe our ſelves at Barley-breake, and dancing.
Bla. Yes my Lord i'the countrey when you are there.
Let. And now I am here i'th city, Sir, I hope
I pleaſe my ſelfe with more choyſe home delights,
Then moſt men of my ranke.
Bla. I know my Lord
Your houſe in ſubſtance is an Amphitheater
Of exerciſe and pleaſure.
Let. Sir, I have
For exerciſes, Fencing, Dancing, Vaulting,
And for delight, Muſique of all beſt kindes;
Stage-playes, and Maſques, are nightly my paſtimes.

And

And all within myſelfe. My owne men are
My Muſique, and my Actors, I keepe not
A man or boy but is of quality :
The worſt can ſing or play his part o'th' Violls,
And act his part too in a comedy.
For which I lay my bravery on their backs ;
And where another Lord undoes his followers,
I maintaine mine like Lords. And there's my bravery.

Hoboyes. A ſervice as for dinner, paſſe over the ſtage, borne by many Servitors, richly apparreld, doing honour to Letoy *as they paſſe.* *Ex.*

Now tell me *Blaze*, looke theſe like Pedler's men ?

Bla. Rather an Emperors my Lord.

Let, I tell thee,

Theſe lads can act the Emperors lives all over,
And Shakeſpeares Chronicled hiſtories to boot,
And were that *Cæſar*, or that Engliſh Earle,
That lov'd a Play and Player ſo well now living,
I would not be out-vyed in my delights.

Bla. My Lord tis well.

Let. I love the quality of Playing I, I love a Play with all
My heart, a good one : and a Player that is
A good one too, with all my heart : As for the Poets,
No men love them, I thinke, and therefore
I write all my playes my ſelfe, and make no doubt
Some of the Court will follow
Me in that too. Let my fine Lords
Talke o' their Horſe-tricks, and their Jockies, that
Can out-talke them. Let the Gallants boaſt
Their May-games, Play-games, and their Miſtreſſes,
I love a Play in my plaine cloaths, *I*
And laugh upon the Actors in their brave ones.

Ent. Quailp.

Re.

Re. My Lord, your dinner ſtayes prepar'd.
Let. Well, well,
Be you as ready with your grace as I *Ex. Quail.*
Am for my meate, and all is well. *Blaze* we have rambled
From the maine poynt this while, it ſeems by his letter,
My Doctor's buſie at thy houſe. I know who's there,
Beſide, give him this Ring, Tell him it wants
A finger: farewell good *Blaze.*
Bla. Tell him it wants a finger! My ſmall wit.
Already finds what finger it muſt fit.

ACT I. *Scene* VI.

Enter Doctor, Perigrine, *a Booke in his hand,* Joyleſſe, Diana.

Doct. Sir I applaud your noble diſpoſition,
And even adore the ſpirit of Travaile in you,
And purpoſe to waite on it through the world,
In which I ſhall but tread againe the ſteps
I heretofore have gone.
Per. All the world o're ha' you bin already?
Doct. Over and under too.
Per. In the *Antipodes?*
Doct. Yes, through, and through:
No Iſle nor Angle in that Neather world,
But I have made diſcovery of: Pray ſir ſit
And ſir be you attentive, I will warrant
His ſpeedy cure without the helpe of *Gallen, Hippocrates, Avicen,* or *Dioſcorides.*
Dia. A rare man: Husband, truely I like his perſon
As well as his rare skill.

Joy.

Joy. Into your chamber,
I do not like your liking of men's perſons.
Doct. Nay Lady you may ſtay: Heare and admire,
If you ſo pleaſe: But make no interruptions.
Joy. And let no looſer words, or wandering looke
Bewray an intimation of the flight
Regard you beare your husband, leſt I ſend you
Upon a further pilgrimage, than he
Feigns to convey my ſonne.
Dia. O jealouſie!
Doct. Doe you thinke ſir, to th' *Antipodes* ſuch a journey?
Per. I thinke there's none beyond it; and that *Mandevile*
Whoſe excellent worke this is, was th' onely man
That e're came neare it.
Doct. *Mandevile* went farre.
Per. Beyond all Engliſh legges that I can read of.
Doct. What think you ſir of *Drake*, our famous Countriman?
Per. *Drake* was a Dy'dapper to *Mandevile Candiſh*, and *Hawkins*, *Furbiſher*, all our voyagers
Went ſhort of *Mandevile:* But had he reach'd
To this place here——yes here——this wilderneſſe,
And ſeen the trees of the Sunne and Moone, that ſpeake,
And told King *Alexander* of his death, he then
Had left a paſſage ope for Travailers:
That now is kept and guarded by wild beaſts,
Dragons, and Serpents, Elephants white and blue
Unicornes, and Lyons of many colours,
And monſters more as numberleſſe as nameleſſe.
Doct. Stay there.
Per. Read here elſe: can you read?
Is it not true?

Doct.

Doct. No truer than I ha'ſeen't.
Dia. Ha you bin there Sir, ha' you ſeene thoſe trees?
Doct. And talked with 'hem, and taſted of their fruit.
Per. Read here againe then: it is written here,
That you may live foure or five hundred yeere.
Dia. Brought you none of that fruit home with you ſir?
Joy. You would have ſome of't would you, to have hope
T'out-live your husband by't.
Dia. Y'd ha't for you,
In hope you might out-live your jealouſie.
Doct. Your patience both I pray; I know the griefe
You both doe labour with, and how to cure it.
Joy. Would I had given you halfe my land 'twere done.
Dia. Would I had given him halfe my love, to ſettle
The tother halfe free from incumbrances
Upon my husband.
Doct. Doe not thinke it ſtrange ſir:
Ile make your eyes witneſſes of more
Than I relate, if you'll but travaile with me.
You heare me not deny that all is true
That *Mandevile* delivers of his Travailes,
Yet I my ſelfe may be as well beleev'd.
Per. Since you ſpeake reverently of him, ſay on.
Doct. Of *Europe* ile not ſpeake, tis too neare home:
Who's not familiar with the Spaniſh garbe,
Th' Italian ſhrug, French cringe, and German hugge?
Nor will I trouble you with my obſervations
Fetcht from *Arabia, Paphlagonia,*
Meſopotamia, Mauritania,

Syria,

Syria, Theſſalia, Perſia, India,
All ſtill is too neare home: though I have touch'd
The Clouds upon the *Pyrenæan* mountaines,
And bin on *Paphos* iſle, where I have kiſt
The image of bright *Venus*: All is ſtill
Too neare home to be boaſted.
Dia. That I like well in him too, he will not boaſt of kiſſing
A woman too neare home.
Doct. Theſe things in me are poore: they ſound
In a farre travellers eare,
Like the reports of thoſe, that beggingly
Have put out, on returnes from *Edenburgh*,
Paris, or *Venice*, or perhaps *Madrid*,
Whither a *Millaner* may with halfe a noſe
Smell out his way: And is not neare ſo difficult,
As for ſome man in debt, and unprotected
To walke from Charing-croſſe to th' old Exchange.
No, I will pitch no nearer than th' *Antipodes*;
That which is fartheſt diſtant, foot to foote
Againſt our Region.
Dia. What with their heeles upwards?
Bleſſe us! how ſcape they breaking o' their necks?
Doct. They walke upon firm earth, as we doe here,
And have the Firmament over their heads,
As we have here
Dia. And yet juſt under us!
Where is hell then? if they whoſe feet are towards us,
At the lower part of the world have heaven too
Beyond their heads, where's hell?
Joy. You may find that
Without inquiry: Ceaſe your idle queſtions.
Dia. Sure hell's above ground then in jealous husbands.
Per. What people ſir (I pray proceed) what people Are

Are they of the *Antipodes?* are they not ſuch
As *Mandevile* writes of, without heads or necks,
Having their eyes plac'd on their ſhoulders, and
Their mouths amidſt their breaſts?
Dia. I ſo indeed,
Though heeles goe upwards, and their feet ſhould ſlip
They have no necks to breake.
Doct. Silence ſweete Lady.
Pray give the gentleman leave to underſtand me.
The people through the whole world of *Antipodes*,
In outward feature, language, and religion,
Reſemble thoſe to whom they are ſuppoſite:
They under *Spaine* appeare like *Spaniards*,
Under *France French-men*, under *England Engliſh*.
To the exterior ſhew: but in their manners,
Their carriage, and condition of life
Extreamly contrary. To come cloſe to you
What part o' th' world's *Antipodes* ſhall I now
Decipher to you, or would you travaile to?
Per. The furtheſt off.
Doct. That is the *Antipodes* of England.
The people there are contrary to us.
As thus; here (heaven be prais'd) the Magiſtrates
Governe the people; there the people rule
The Magiſtrates.
Dia. There's pretious bribing then.
Joy. You'l hold your peace.
Doct. Nay Lady tis by Nature,
Here generally men governe the women.
Joy. I would they could elſe.
Dia. You will hold your peace.
Doct. But there the women over-rule the men,
If ſome men faile here in their power, ſome women
Slip their holds there. As parents here, and maſters,
Command, there they obey the childe and ſervant.

Dia.

Dia. But pray Sir, is't by nature or by art,
That wives oreſway their husbands there?
Doct. By nature.
Dia. Then art's above nature, as they are under us.
Doct. In briefe Sir, all
Degrees of people both in ſex, and quality,
Deport themſelves in life and converſation,
Quite contrary to us.
Dia. Why then the women
Doe get the men with child: and put the poore fooles
To grievous paine I warrant you in bearing.
Joy. Into your Chamber, get you in I charge you.
Doct. By no meanes, as you tender your ſonnes good.
No Lady no; that were to make men women,
And women men. But there the maids doe woe
The Batchelors, and tis moſt probable,
The wives lie uppermoſt.
Dia. That is a trim
Upſide-downe Antipodian tricke indeed.
Doct. And then at chriſtenings and goſſips feaſts,
A woman is not ſeene, the men doe all
The tittle-tattle duties, while the women
Hunt, Hawke, and take their pleaſure.
Per. Ha, they good game I pray Sir?
Doct. Excellent,
But by the contraries to ours, for where
We Hawke at Pheaſant, Partrich, Mallard, Heron,
With Goſhawke, Tarſell, Falcon, Laneret;
Our Hawks, become their game, our game their Hawks,
And ſo the like in hunting. There the Deere
Purſue the Hounds, and (which you may thinke ſtrange)

I ha' ſeene one Sheepe worry a dozen Foxes,
By Moone-ſhine, in a morning before day,
They hunt, trayne-ſents with Oxen, and plow with Dogges.

Per. Hugh, hugh, hugh.

Dia. Are not their Swannes all blacke, and Ravens white?

Doct. Yes indeed are they; and their Parrets teach
Their Miſtreſſes to talke.

Dia. Thats very ſtrange.

Doct. They keepe their Cats in cages,
From Mice that would devour them elſe; and birds
Teach 'hem to whiſtle, and cry beware the Rats Puſſe.
But theſe are frivolous nothings. I have knowne
Great Ladyes ride great horſes run at tilt;
At Ring, Races, and hunting matches, while
Their Lords at home have painted, pawned their plate
And Jewels to feaſt their honourable ſervants,
And there the Merchants wives doe deale abroad
Beyond ſeas, while their husbands cuckold them
At home.

Dia. Then there are cuckolds too it ſeemes,
As well as here.

Joy. Then you conclude here are.

Dia. By heareſay Sir, I am not wiſe enough
To ſpeake it on my knowledge yet.

Joy. Not yet.

Doct. Patience good Sir.

Per. Hugh, hugh, hugh.

Doct. What do you laugh, that there is cuckold making
In the *Antipodes*, I tell you Sir,
It is not ſo abhorr'd here as tis held
In reputation there: all your old men

Doe

Doe marry girles, and old women boyes,
As generation were to be maintain'd
Onely by cuckold making.
Joy. Monſtrous.
Doct. Pray your Patience.
There's no ſuch honeſt men there in their world,
As are their Lawyers: they give away
Their practiſe, and t'enable 'hem to doe ſo,
Being all handy-crafts, or Labouring men,
They work (poore hearts full hard) in the vacations,
To give their law for nothing in the terme times.
No fees are taken: Which makes their divines,
Being generally covetous, the greateſt wranglers
In Law ſutes of a kingdome, you have not there
A gentleman in debt, though citizens
Haunt them with cap in hand to take their wares,
On credit.
Dia. What fine ſport would that be here now!
Doct. All wit and mirth and good ſociety
Is there among the hirelings, clownes, and tradesmen,
And all their Poets are Puritanes.
Dia. Ha' they Poets.
Doct. And players too. But they are all the ſobreſt
Preciſeſt people pickt out of a nation.
Dia. I never ſaw a play.
Doct. Lady you ſhall.
Joy. She ſhall not.
Doct. She muſt if you can hope for any cure,
Be govern'd Sir: your jealouſie will grow
A worſe diſeaſe than your ſonnes madneſſe elſe,
You are content I take the courſe I told you of
To cure the gentleman.
Joy. I muſt be Sir.
Doct. Say Maſter *Perigrine*, will you travaile now

With

With mee to the *Antipodes*, or has not
The journey wearied you in the deſcription.
Per. No I could heare you a whole fortnight, but *A Bowle on the table.*
Let's looſe no time, pray talke on as we paſſe.
Doct. Firſt, Sir a health to auſpicate our travailes,
And wee'll away.

ACT I. *Scene* VII.

Enter Blaze.

Per. Gi' mee't. What's he? One ſent
I feare from my dead mother, to make ſtop
Of our intended voyage.
Doct. No Sir: drink.
Bla. My Lord, Sir, underſtands the courſe y'are in,
By your letters he tells mee: and bad me gi' you
This Ring, which wants a finger here he ſayes.
Per. Wee'll not be ſtayd.
Doct. No, Sir, he brings me word
The Marriner calls away; the winde and tyde
Are faire, and they are ready to weigh anchor,
Hoyſt ſayles, and onely ſtay for us, pray drinke Sir.
Per. A health then to the willing winds and ſeas,
And all that ſteere towards th' *Antipodes.*
Ioy. He has not drunke ſo deepe a draught this twelvmonth.
Doct. Tis a deepe draught indeed, and now tis downe,
And carries him downe to the *Antipodes?*
I meane but in a dreame.
Ioy. Alaſſe I ſeare.
See he beginnes to ſink.

Doct.

Doct. Truſt to my skill,
Pray take an arme, and ſee him in his cabbin.
Good Lady ſave my Ring that's fallen there.
Dia. In ſooth a mervailous neate and coſtly one!
Bla. So, ſo, the Ring has found a finger.
Doct. Come ſir, aboord, aboord, aboord, aboord.
Bla. To bed, to bed, to bed; I know your voyage,
And my deare Lords deare plot, I underſtand
Whoſe Ring hath paſt here by your ſlight of hand.

ACT II. *Scene* I.

Letoy, Doctor.

TO night ſaieſt thou my *Hughball?*
Doct. By all meanes,
And if your Play takes to my expectation,
As I not doubt my potion workes to yours,
Your fancy and my cure ſhall be cry'd up
Miraculous. O y'are the Lord of fancy.
Let. I'm not ambitious of that title Sir,
No, the Letoys are of Antiquity,
Ages before the fancyes were begot,
And ſhall beget ſtill new to the worlds ends.
But are you confident o'your potion doctor?
Sleeps the young man?
Doct. Yes, and has ſlept theſe twelve houres,
After a thouſand mile an houre out-right,
By ſea and land; and ſhall awake anone
In the *Antipodes.*
Let. Well Sir my Actors
Are all in readineſſe; and I thinke all perfect,
But one, that never will be perfect in a thing

He

He ſtudies; yet he makes ſuch ſhifts extempore,
(Knowing the purpoſe what he is to ſpeake to)
That he moves mirth in me 'bove all the reſt.
For I am none of thoſe Poeticke furies,
That threats the Actors life, in a whole play,
That addes a syllable, or takes away.
If he can frible through, and move delight
In others, I am pleas'd.

Doct. It is that mimick fellow which your Lordſhip
But lately entertain'd.

Let. The ſame.

Doct. He will be wondrous apt in my affaire:
For I muſt take occaſion to interchange,
Diſcourſe with him ſometimes amidſt their Scenes,
T'informe my patient, my mad young travellor
In diverſe matters.

Let. Doe, put him to't: I uſe't myſelfe ſometimes.

Doct. I know it is your way.

Let. Well to the buſineſſe.
Haſt wrought the jealous Gentleman, old *Joyleſſe*,
To ſuffer his wife to ſee our Comedy.

Doct. She brings your Ring, my Lord, upon her finger,
And he brings her in's hand. I have inſtructed her
To ſpurre his jealouſie of o'the legges.

Let. And I will helpe her in't.

Doct. The young diſtracted
Gentlewoman too, that's ſicke of her virginity,
Yet knowes not what it is; and *Blaze* and's wife
Shall all be your gueſts to night, and not alone
Spectators, but (as we will carry it) Actor
To fill your Comicke Scenes with double mirth.

Let. Go fetch 'hem then, while I prepare my Actors. *Ex. Doc.*

Within

Within there hoe?

Within.
1 This is my beard and haire.
2 My Lord appointed it for my part.
3 No, this is for you; and this is yours, this grey one.
4 Where be the ſoyles, and Targets for the women?
1 Here, can't you ſee?

Let. What a rude coyle is there? But yet it pleaſes me.

Within.
1 You muſt not weare that Cloak and Hat.
2 Who told you ſo? I muſt.

In my firſt Scene, and you muſt weare that robe.

Let. What a noyſe make thoſe knaves? Come in one of you.

Are you the firſt that anſwers to that name?

ACT II. *Scene* II.

Enter Quaile-pipe, 3 Actors, *and* Byplay.

Qua. My Lord.

Let. Why are not you ready yet?

Qua. I am not to put on my ſhape, before I have ſpoke the Prologue. And for that my Lord I yet want ſomething.

Let. What I pray with your grave formality?

Qua. I want my Beaver-ſhooes, and Leather-Cap, To ſpeake the Prologue in; which were appoynted By your Lordſhips owne direction.

Let. Well ſir, well:
There they be for you; I muſt looke to all.

Qua. Certes my Lord, it is a moſt apt conceit: The Comedy being the world turn'd upſide-downe.

That

That the preſenter weare the Capitall Beaver
Upon his feet, and on his head ſhooe-leather.
Let. Trouble not you your head with my conceite,
But minde your part. Let me not ſee you act now,
In your Scholaſticke way, you brought to towne wi'yee,
With ſee ſaw ſacke a downe, like a Sawyer;
Nor in a Comicke Scene, play *Hercules furens*,
Tearing your throat to ſplit the Audients eares.
And you Sir, you had got a tricke of late,
Of holding out your bum in a ſet ſpeech;
Your fingers fibulating on your breaſt,
As if your Buttons, or your Band-ſtrings were
Helpes to your memory. Let me ſee you in't
No more I charge you. No, nor you ſir, in
That over-action of the legges I told you of,
Your ſingles, and your doubles, Looke you—— thus——
Like one o'th' dancing Maſters o'the Beare-garden;
And when you have ſpoke, at end of every ſpeech,
Not minding the reply, you turne you round
As Tumblers doe; when betwixt every feat
They gather wind, by firking up their breeches.
Ile none of theſe, abſurdities in my houſe.
But words and action married ſo together,
That ſhall ſtrike harmony in the eares and eyes
Of the ſevereſt, if judicious Criticks.
Qua. My Lord we are corrected.
Let. Goe, be ready:
But you Sir are incorrigible, and
Take licence to your ſelfe, to adde unto
Your parts, your owne free fancy; and ſometimes
To alter, or diminiſh what the writer
With care and skill compos'd: and when you are
To ſpeake to your coactors in the Scene,

You hold interloquutions with the Audients.
Bip. That is a way my Lord has bin allow'd
On elder ſtages to move mirth and laughter.
Let. Yes in the dayes of *Tarlton* and *Kempe*,
Before the ſtage was purg'd from barbariſme,
And brought to the perfection it now ſhines with.
Then fooles and jeſters ſpent their wits, becauſe
The Poets were wiſe enough to ſave their owne
For profitabler uſes. Let that paſſe.
To night, ile give thee leave to try thy wit,
In anſwering my Doctor, and his Patient
He brings along with him to our *Antipodes.*
By. I heard of him my Lord: *Blaze* gave me light
Of the mad Patient: and that he never ſaw
A Play in's life: it will be poſſible
For him to thinke he is in the *Antipodes*
Indeed, when he is on the Stage among us.
When't has beene thought by ſome that have their wits,
That all the Players i' th'Towne were ſunke paſt riſing.
Let. Leave that ſir to th' event. See all be ready;
Your Muſicke properties, and———
By. All my Lord,
Onely we want a perſon for a Mute.
Let. Blaze when he comes ſhall ſerve. Goe in. *Ex. Byp.*
My Gueſts J heare are comming.

ACT II. *Scene* III.

Enter Blaze, Joyleſſe, Diana, Martha, Barb.

Bla. My Lord, J am become your honours uſher, To

To these your gueſts. The worthy Mr. *Ioyleſſe*,
With his faire wife, and daughter in law.
Let. They're welcome,
And you in the firſt place ſweet Miſtris *Ioyleſſe*,
You weare my ring J ſee: you grace me in it.
Ioy. His Ring! what Ring? how came ſhe by 't?
Blaz. Twill worke.
Let. J ſent it as a pledge of my affection to you:
For J before have ſeene you, and doe languiſh,
Untill J ſhall enjoy your love.
Ioy. He courts her.
Let. Next Lady—you—J have a toy for you too
Mar. My Child ſhall thanke you for it, when I have one.
I take no joy in toyes ſince *I* was married.
Let. Prettily anſwer'd! I make you no ſtranger
Kind Miſtris *Blaze.*
Bar. Time was your honour us'd
Me ſtrangely too, as you'll doe theſe I doubt not.
Let. Honeſt *Blaze*,
Prethee goe in, there is an Actor wanting,
Bla. Is there a part for me? how ſhall I ſtudy't?
Let. Thou ſhalt ſay nothing.
Bla. Then if I doe not act
Nothing as well as the beſt of 'hem, let me be hiſt.
Exit.
Ioy. I ſay reſtore the Ring, and backe with me.
Dia. To whom ſhall I reſtore it?
Ioy. To the Lord that ſent it.
Dia. Is he a Lord? I alwayes thought and heard
Ith' Country, Lords were gallant Creatures. He
Looks like a thing not worth it: tis not his,
The Doctor gave it me, and I will keepe it.
Let. I uſe ſmall verball courteſie Mr. *Ioyleſſe*
(You ſee) but what I can in deed ile doe.

You

You know the purpoſe of your comming, and
I can but give you welcome. If your ſonne
Shall receive eaſe in't, be the comfort yours,
The credit of't my Doctors. You are ſad.
Ioy. My Lord I would entreat we may returne;
I feare my wife's not well.
Let. Returne! pray ſlight not ſo my courteſie.
Dia. Beſides ſir I am well; and have a minde
(A thankfull one) to taſte my Lords free bounty.
I never ſaw a play, and would be loath
To loſe my longing now.
Ioy. The aire of *London*
Hath tainted her obedience already:
And ſhould the Play but touch the vices of it,
She'd learne and practiſe 'hem. Let me beſeech
Your Lordſhips reacceptance of the un-
Merited favour that ſhe weares here, and
Your leave for our departure.
Let. J will not
Be ſo diſhonour'd; nor become ſo ill
A maſter of my houſe, to let a Lady
Leave it againſt her will; and from her longing;
J will be plaine wi'yee therefore: If your haſte
Muſt needs poſt you away, you may depart,
She ſhall not not till the morning for mine honour.
Ioy. Indeed tis a high poynt of honour in
A Lord to keepe a private Gentlemans wife
From him.
Dia. J love this plaine Lord better than
All the brave gallant ones, that ere I dream't on.
Let. Tis time we take our ſeats. So if you'll
ſtay.
Come ſit with us, if not, you know your way.
Ioy. Here are we fallen through the Doctors
fingers
Into the Lords hands. Fate deliver us.

Ex. omnes.

ACT

ACT II. *Scene* IV.

Enter in ſea-gownes and Caps, Doctor, *and* Perigrine *brought in a chaire by* 2 *Sailers*: *Cloaks and Hats brought in.*

Doct. Now the laſt minute of his ſleeping fit
Determines. Raiſe him on his feete. So, ſo:
Reſt him upon mine Arme. Remove that Chaire,
Welcome a ſhore Sir in th' *Antipodes.*
Per. Are we arriv'd ſo farre?
Doct. And on firme land.
Sailers you may returne now to your ſhip. *Ex Sail.*
Per. What worlds of lands and Seas have I paſt over,
Neglecting to ſet downe my obſervations,
A thouſand thouſand things remarkable
Have ſlipt my memory, as if all had beene
Meere ſhadowy phantaſmes, or Phantaſticke dreames.
Doct. We'll write as we returne Sir: and tis true,
You ſlept moſt part o' th' journey hitherward,
The aire was ſo ſomniferous: And twas well
You ſcap'd the Calenture by't.
Per. But how long doe you thinke I ſlept?
Doct. Eight moneths, and ſome odde days,
Which was but as ſo many houres and minutes
Of ones owne naturall Countrey ſleepe.
Per. Eight Moneths———
Doct. Twas nothing for ſo young a Braine.
How thinke you one of the ſeven Chriſtian Champions,
David by name, ſlept ſeven yeares in a Leek-bed.
Per. I thinke I have read it in their famous Hiſtory.

Doct.

Doct. But what chiefe thing of note now in our Travells
Can you call prefently to mind? Speake like a Traveller.

Per. I doe remember, as we paſt the Verge
O' th' upper world, comming downe, down-hill,
The ſetting Sunne then bidding them good night,
Came gliding eaſily downe by us; and ſtrucke
New day before us, lighting us our way;
But with ſuch heate, that till he was got farre
Before us, we even melted.

Doct. Well wrought potion. Very well obſerv'd ſir.
But now we are come into a temperate clime
Of equall compoſition of elements
With that of *London;* and as well agreeable
Unto our nature, as you have found that aire.

Per. I never was at *London.*

Doct. Cry you mercy.
This Sir is *Anti-London.* That's the' Antipodes
To the grand City of our Nation,
Iuſt the ſame people, language, and Religion,
But contrary in Manners, as I ha' told you.

Per. I doe remember that relation,
As if you had but given it me this morning.

Doct. Now caſt your Sea weeds off, and do'n freſh garments.
Hearke ſir their Muſicke. *Shift.*

ACT II. *Scene* V.

Hoboyes. Enter Letoy, Ioyleſſe, Diana, Martha, Barbara, *in Masques, they ſit at the other end of the ſtage.*

Let. Here we may ſit, and he not ſee us.
Doct.

Doct. Now ſee one of the Natives of this Country,
Note his attire, his language, and behaviour.

Enter Quailpipe, *Prologue.*

Qua. Our farre fetch'd Title over lands and ſeas,
Offers unto your view th'Antipodes.
But what Antipodes now ſhall you ſee?
Even thoſe that foot to foot 'gainſt *London* be:
Becauſe no Traveller that knowes that ſtate,
Shall ſay we perſonate or imitate
Them in our actions: For nothing can
Almoſt be ſpoke, but ſome or other man,
Takes it unto himſelfe; and ſayes the ſtuffe,
If it be vicious, or abſurd enough,
Was woven upon his backe. Farre, farre be all
That bring ſuch prejudice mixt with their gall.
This play ſhall no Satyrick Timiſt be
To taxe or touch at either him or thee,
That art notorious. Tis ſo farre below
Things in our orbe, that doe among us flow,
That no degree, from Keyſer to the Clowne,
Shall ſay this vice or folly was mine owne.

Let. This had bin well now, if you had not dreamt
Too long upon your ſillables. *Ex. Prol.*

Dia. The Prologue call you this my Lord?

Bar. Tis my Lords Reader, and as good a lad
Out of his function, as I would deſire
To mixe withall in civill converſation.

Let. Yes, Lady, this was Prologue to the Play,
As this is to our ſweet enſuing pleaſures. *Kiſſe.*

Joy. Kiſſing indeed is Prologue to a Play,
Compos'd by th' Divell, and acted by the Children
Of his blacke Revelles, may hell take yee for't.

Mar. Indeed I am weary, and would faine goe home.

Bar. Indeed but you muſt ſtay, and ſee the play.

Mar.

Mar. The Play; what play? It is no Childrens play,
Nor no Child-getting play, pray is it?
Bar. You'll ſee anon. O now the Actors enter. *Flouriſh.*

ACT II. *Scene* VI.

Enter two Sergeants, with ſwords drawne, running before a Gentleman.

Gent. Why doe you not your office courteous friends?
Let me entreat you ſtay, and take me with you;
Lay but your hands on me: I ſhall not reſt
untill I be arreſted. A ſore ſhoulder ache
Paines and torments me, till your vertuous hands
Doe clap or stroake it.
1 *Ser.* You ſhall pardon us.
2 *Ser.* And I beſeech you pardon our intent,
Which was indeed to have arreſted you:
But ſooner ſhall the Charter of the City
Be forfeited, then varlets (like our ſelves)
Shall wrong a Gentlemans peace. So fare you well ſir. *Ex.*
Gent. O y'are unkinde.
Per. Pray what are thoſe?
Doct. Two Catchpoles
Runne from a gentleman (it ſeemes) that would
Have bin arreſted.

ACT II. *Scene* VII.

Enter Old Lady *and* Byplay, *like a Servingman.*

La. Yonder's your Maſter,
Goe take him you in hand, while I fetch breath.
Bip. O are you here? my Lady, and my ſelfe
Have ſought you ſweetly.
Let. You, and your Lady, you
Should ha' ſaid Puppy.
Byp. For we heard you were
To be arreſted. Pray ſir, who has bail'd you?
I wonder who of all your bold acquaintance,
That knowes my Lady durſt baile off her husband.
Gent. Indeed I was not touch'd.
Byp. Have you not made
An end by compoſition, and disburs'd
Some of my Ladies money for a peace
That ſhall beget an open warre upon you?
Confeſſe it if you have: for 'twill come out.
She'll ha' you up you know. I ſpeak it for your good.
Gent. I know't, and ile entreate my Lady wife
To mend thy wages tother forty ſhillings
A yeare, for thy true care of me.
La. Tis well Sir.
But now (if thou haſt impudence ſo much,
As face to face, to ſpeak unto a Lady,
That is thy wife, and ſupreame head) tell me
At whoſe ſute was it? or upon what action?
Debts *I* preſume you have none: For who dares truſt
A Ladyes husband, who is but a Squire,
And under covert barne? it is ſome treſpaſſe—
Anſwer me not till *I* finde out the truth.

Gent.

Gent. The truth is——
La. Peace.
How darſt thou ſpeake the truth
Before thy wife? ile finde it out my ſelfe.
Dia. In truth ſhe handles him handſomely.
Ioy. Doe you like it?
Dia. Yes, and ſuch wives are worthy to be lik'd,
For giving good example.
Let. Good! hold up
That humour by all meanes.
La. I thinke I ha' found it.
There was a certaine Mercer ſent you ſilkes,
And cloth of gold to get his wife with child;
You ſlighted her, and anſwered not his hopes;
And now he layes to arreſt you; is't not ſo?
Gent. Indeed my Lady wife tis ſo.
La. For ſhame
Be not ingratefull to that honeſt man,
To take his wares, and ſcorne to lye with his wife,
Do't I command you, what did I marry you for?
The portion that you brought me was not ſo
Abundant, though it were five thouſand pounds
(Conſidering too the Joincture that I made you)
That you ſhould diſobey me.
Dia. It ſeems the husbands
In the *Antipodes* bring portions, and
The wives make Joincture.
Ioy. Very well obſerv'd.
Dia. And wives, when they are old, and paſt child-bearing,
Allow their youthfull husbands other women.
Let. Right. And old men give their young wives like licence.
Dia. That I like well. Why ſhould not our old men,
Love their young wives as well?
Ioy. Would you have it ſo?

Let.

Let. Peace maſter *Ioyleſſe*, you are too lowd. Good ſtill.

Byp. Doe as my Lady bids, you got her woman With child at halfe theſe words.

Gent. O, but anothers Wife is another thing. Farre be it from A Gentlemans thought to do ſo, having a wife And hand-mayd of his owne, that he likes better.

Byp. There ſaid you well: but take heed *I* adviſe you How you love your owne wench, or your owne wife Better then other mens.

Dia. Good Antipodian counſell.

La. Goe to that woman, if ſhe prove with childe, I'll take it as mine owne.

Gent. her husband would Doe ſo. But from my houſe I may not ſtray.

Mar. If it be me your wife commends you to, You ſhall not need to ſtray from your owne houſe. I'll goe home withyou.

Bar. Precious! what doe you meane? Pray keepe your ſeat: you'll put the players out.

Ioy. Here's goodly ſtuffe! Shee's in the *Antipodes* too.

Per. And what are thoſe?

Doct. All *Antipodeans.* Attend good Sir.

La. You know your charge, obey it.

ACT II. *Scene* VIII.

Enter wayting woman great bellyed.

Wom. What is his charge? or whom muſt he obey?

Good

Good madam with your wilde authority ;
You are his wife, tis true, and therein may
According to our law, rule, and controwle him.
But you muſt know withall, I am your ſervant,
And bound by the ſame law to governe you,
And be a ſtay to you in declining age,
To curbe and qualifie your head-ſtrong will,
Which otherwiſe would ruine you. Moreover,
Though y'are his wife, I am a breeding mother,
Of a deare childe of his ; and therein claime
More honor from him then you ought to challenge.
La. Inſooth ſhe ſpeakes but reaſon.
Gent. Pray let's home then.
Wom. You have ſomething there to looke to, one would thinke,
If you had any care. How well you ſaw
Your father at Schoole to-day, and knowing how apt
He is to play the Trewant.
Gent. But is he not
Yet gone to ſchoole ?
Wom. Stand by, and you ſhall ſee.

ACT II. *Scene* IX.

Enter three old men with ſachells, &c.

All 3. *Domine, domine duſter.* Three knaves in a cluſter, &c.
Gent. O this is gallant paſtime. Nay comeon
Is this your ſchoole ? was that your leſſon, ha ?
1 *Old.* Pray now good ſon, indeed, indeed.
Gent. Indeed
You ſhall to ſchoole, away with him ; and take
Their wagſhips with him ; the whole cluſter o 'hem.

2 *Old*

2 *Old.* You ſhant ſend us now, ſo you ſhant.
3 *Old.* We be none of your father, ſo we beant.
Gent. Away with 'hem I ſay; and tell their Schoole-miſtris,
What trewants they are, and bid her pay 'hem ſoundly.
All 3. O, O, O.
Byp. Come, come, ye Gallows-clappers.
Dia. Alaſſe, will no body beg pardon for
The poore old boyes?
Doct. Sir, gentle Sir, a word with you.
Byp. To ſtrangers Sir I can be gentle.
Lot. Good,
Now marke that fellow, he ſpeakes *Extempore.*
Dia. Extempore call you him? he's a dogged fellow
To the three poore old things there, fie upon him.
Per. Do men of ſuch faire years here go to ſchoole?
Byp. They would dye dunces elſe.
Per. Have you no young men ſchollers, ſir I pray;
When we have beardleſſe doctors?
Doct. He has wip'd my lips, you queſtion very wiſely Sir.
Byp. So ſir have wee; and many reverend teachers
Grave counſellors at law; perfect ſtateſmen,
That never knew uſe of Kaſor, which may live
For want of wit to looſe their offices.
Theſe were great ſchollers in their youth. But when
Age growes upon men here, their learning waſts,
And ſo decayes: that if they live untill
Threeſcore, their ſons ſend them to ſchoole againe.
They'd dye as ſpeechleſſe elſe as new born children.
Per. Tis a wiſe nation; and the piety
Of the young men moſt rare and commendable,

Yet

Yet give me, as a ſtranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day ; and what they looſe by't,
My father, when he goes to ſchoole, ſhall anſwer.
Ioy. I am abus'd on that ſide too.
Byp. Tis granted.
Hold up your heads and thanke the gentleman
Like ſchollers, with your heeles now.
All. 3. *Gratias, Gratias, Gratias.*—— *Exit.*
Dia. Well done ſonne *Peregrine*, he's in's wits I hope.
Ioy. If you loſe yours the while, where's my advantage ?
Dia. And truſt me, twas well done too of *Extempore*,
To let the poore old children looſe. And now
I looke well on him he's a proper man.
Ioy. She'll fall in love with the Actor, and undoe me.
Dia. Do's not his Lady love him, ſweet my Lord ?
Let. Love ; yes, and lye with him, as her husband do's
With's mayd. It is their law in the *Antipodes*.
Dia. But we have no ſuch lawes with us.
Ioy. Doe you approve of ſuch a law?
Dia. No ; not ſo much
In this caſe, where the man and wife doe lye
With their inferiour ſervants ; But in the other,
Where the old Citizen would arreſt the gallant
That tooke his wares and would not lye with's wife,
There it ſeemes reaſonable, very reaſonable.
Ioy. Do's it ?
Dia. Mak't your owne caſe : you are an old man ;
I love a gentleman, you give him rich preſents,
To get me a child (becauſe you cannot) muſt not

We

We looke to have our bargaine?
Ioy. Give me leave
Now to be gone my Lord, though I leave her
Behinde me; ſhee is mad, and not my wife,
And I may leave her.
Let. Come; you are mov'd I ſee,
I'll ſettle all; But firſt, prevaile with you
To taſte my wine and ſweet meats. The Comedians
Shall pauſe the while. This you muſt not deny me. *Exit.*
Ioy. I muſt not live here alwaies, that's my comfort. *Exit.*
Per. I thanke you Sir, for the poore mens releaſe,
It was the firſt requeſt that *I* have made
Since I came in theſe confines.
Byp. Tis our cuſtome
To deny ſtrangers nothing; yea, to offer
Of any thing we have, that may be uſefull,
In curteſie to ſtrangers. Will you therefore
Be pleas'd to enter Sir this habitation,
And take ſuch vyands, beverage, and repoſe,
As may refreſh you after tedious travailes?
Doct. Thou tak'ſt him right: for I am ſure he's hungry.
Per. All I have ſeene ſince my arrivall, are
Wonders. But your humanity excells.
Byp. Vertue in the *Antipodes* onely dwells.

ACT III. *Scene* I.

Letoy, Ioyleſſe, Diana, Martha, Barbara.

Let. YEt, Mr. *Ioyleſſe*, are you pleas'd? you ſee
Here's nothing but faire play, and all above boord.

Ioy.

Ioy. But it is late, and theſe long intermiſſions
By banqueting and Courtſhip twixt the Acts
Will keep backe the Cataſtrophe of your play,
Vntill the morning light.
Let. All ſhall be ſhort.
Ioy. And then in midſt of Scenes
You interrupt your Actors; and tye them
To lengthen time in ſilence, while you hold
Diſcourſe, by th'by.
Let. Poxe o' thy jealouſie.
Becauſe I give thy wife a looke, or word
Sometimes! What if I kiſſe (thus) Ile not eate her.
Ioy. Soe, ſo, his banquet workes with him.
Let. And for my Actors, they ſhall ſpeake, or not ſpeake
As much, or more, or leſſe, and when I pleaſe,
It is my way of pleaſure, and ile uſe it.
So ſit: They enter. *Flouriſh.*

ACT III. *Scene* II.

Enter Lawyer, *and* Poet.

Law. Your caſe is cleare, I underſtand it fully,
And need no more inſtructions, this ſhall ſerve,
To firke your Adverſary from Court to Court,
If he ſtand out upon rebellious Legges,
But till *Octabis Michaelis* next.
Ile bring him on ſubmiſſive knees.
Dia. What's he?
Let. A Lawyer, and his Clyent there, a Poet.
Dia. Goes Law ſo torne, and Poetry ſo brave?
Ioy. Will you but give the Actors leave to ſpeake,

They

They may have done the ſooner?
Law. Let me ſee,
This is your bill of Parcells.
Poet. Yes, of all
My ſeverall wares, according to the rates
Delivered unto my debitor.
Dia. Wares does he ſay?
Let. Yes, Poetry is good ware
In the Antipodes, though there be ſome ill payers,
As well as here; but Law there rights the Poets.
Law. Delivered too, and for the uſe of the right worſhipfull
Mr. Alderman *Humblebee*, as followeth—*Imprimis Reads.*
Umh, I cannot read your hand; your Character
Is bad, and your Orthography much worſe.
Read it your ſelfe pray.
Dia. Doe Aldermen
Love Poetry in Antipodea *London.*
Let. Better than ours doe Cuſtards; but the worſt
Pay-maſters living there; worſe than our gallants,
Partly for want of money, partly wit.
Dia. Can Aldermen want wit and money too?
That's wonderfull.
Poet. Imprimis ſir here is
For three religious Madrigalls to be ſung
By th' holy Veſtalls in Bridewell, for the
Converſion of our City wives and daughters,
Ten groats a peece: it was his owne agreement.
Law. Tis very reaſonable.
Poet. Item, twelve Hymnes,
For the twelve Seſſions, during his Shrievalty,
Sung by the Quire of New-gate, in the praiſe
Of City Clemency (for in that yeare
No guiltleſſe perſon ſuffer'd by their judgement)
Ten groats a peece alſo.

Law. So, now it riſes.
Dia. Why ſpeaks your Poet ſo demurely?
Let. Oh——
Tis a preciſe tone he has got among
The ſober ſiſter-hood.
Dia. Oh I remember,
The Doctor ſaid Poets were all Puritans
In the Antipodes: But where's the Doctor?
And where's your ſonne my *Ioyleſſe?*
Let. Doe not minde him.
Poet. Item,
A Diſticke graven in his thumb-ring,
Of all the wiſe ſpeeches and ſayings of all
His Alder Predeceſſors, and his brethren
In two Kings reignes.
Law. There was a curious Peece.
Poet. Two peeces he promiſed to me for it.
Item, inſcriptions in his Hall and Parlour,
His Gallery, and garden, round the walls,
Of his owne publicke acts, betweene the time
He was a Common Councell man and ſhriefe,
One thouſand lines put into wholſome verſe.
Law. Here's a ſumme towards indeed! a thouſand verſes?
Poet. They come to, at the knowne rate of the City,
(That is to ſay at forty pence the ſcore)
Eight pounds ſixe ſhillings, eight pence.
Law. Well ſir, on.
Poet. Item, an Elegy for Miſtris Alderwoman
Upon the death of one of her Coach-mares,
She priz'd above her daughter, being crooked——
Dia. The more beaſt ſhe.
Mar. Ha, ha, ha.
Bar. Enough, enough ſweet-heart.
Mar. Tis true, for I ſhould weep for that poore daughter,

Tis



Tis like ſhe'll have no children, pray now looke,
Am not *I* crooked too?
Bar. No, no, ſit downe.
Poet. Item, a love Epiſtle for the Aldermanikin his ſonne,
And a Booke of the godly life and death
Of Miſtris *Katherine Stubs*, which *I* have turn'd
Into sweet meetre, for the vertuous youth,
To woe an ancient Lady widow with.
Law. Heres a large ſumme in all, for which ile try,
His ſtrength in law, till he *peccavi* cry,
When I ſhall ſing, for all his preſent bigneſſe,
Iamq: opus exegi quod nec Iovis Ira, nec ignis.
Dia. The Lawyer ſpeaks the Poets part.
Let. He thinkes
The more; the Poets in th' *Antipodes*,
Are ſlow of tongue, but nimble with the pen.
Poet. The counſaile and the comfort you have given
Me, requires a double fee. *Offers mony.*
Law. Will you abuſe me therefore?
I take no fees double nor ſingle I.
Retaine your money, you retaine not me elſe.
Away, away, you'll hinder other Clyents.
Poet. Pray give me leave to ſend then to your wife.
Law. Not ſo much as a Poeſie for her thimble,
For feare I ſpoyle your cauſe.
Poet. Y'ave warned me ſir. *Exit.*
Dia. What a poore honeſt Lawyer's this?
Let. They are all ſo
In th' *Antipodes*.

ACT III. *Scene* III.

Enter a ſpruce yong Captaine.

Law. Y'are welcome Captaine.
In your two cauſes I have done my beſt.
Cap. And whats the iſſue pray ſir ?
Law. Truely ſir,
Our beſt courſe is not to proceed to triall.
Cap. Your reaſon ? I ſhall then recover nothing
Law. Yes, more by compoſition, than the Cour
Can lawfully adjudge you, as I have labour'd.
And ſir, my courſe is, where I can compound
A difference, Ile not toſſe nor bandy it
Into the hazzard of a judgement.
Dia. Still
An honeſt Lawyer, and tho poore, no marvaile.
Let. A kiſſe for thy conceite.
Ioy. A ſweet occaſion !
Cap. How have you done ſir ?
Law, Firſt you underſtand
Your ſeverall actions, and your adverſaries.
The firſt a Battery againſt a Coach-man,
That beate you ſorely.
Dia. What hard hearted ſellow
Could beat ſo ſpruce a gentleman, and a captaine.
Cap. By this faire hilt, he did ſir, and ſo bruis'd
My armes, ſo cruſh'd my ribs, and ſtitch'd my ſides,
That I have had no heart to draw my ſword ſince;
And ſhall *I* put it up, and not his purſe
Be made to pay for't?
Law. It is up already, ſir,
If you can be advis'd, obſerve I pray,
Your other actions 'gainſt your feathermaker,

And

nd that of trefpaffe for th'inceffant trouble
e puts you to by importunate requefts,
ɔ pay him no money, but take longer day.
Cap. Againft all humane reafon, for although
have bought feathers of him thefe four yeares,
nd never paid him a penny; yet he duns me
ɔ defperately to keepe my money ftill,
s if *I* ought him nothing; he haunts and breaks
my fleepes.
fweare fir, by the motion of this I weare now,
Shakes it.
have had twenty better feathers of him, and as
ill paid for,
et ftill he duns me to forbeare my payment,
nd to take longer day.
ha' not faid my prayers in
ine owne lodging fir this twelvemonths day,
ɔr fight or thought of him; and how can you
ɔmpound this action, or the other of
hat Ruffian Coachman that durft lift a hand
ainft a Commander.
Law. Very eafily thus,
ıe Coachman's poore, and fcarce his twelve-
moneths wages
ıo't be five markes a yeare will fatisfie.
Cap. Pray name no fumme in markes, I have
had too many
?s markes already.
Law. So you owe the other
debt of twenty pound, the Coachman now
ıall for your satisfaction, beat you out
' debt.
Cap. Beate me againe?
Law. No fir he fhall beate
ır you your feather man, till he take his money.
Cap. So Ile be fatisfied, and helpe him to
ɔre cuftomers of my ranke.

Law

Law. Leave it to me then,
It ſhall be by poſterity repeaten
That ſouldiers ought not to be dund or beaten,
Away and keepe your money.
Capt. Thanke you ſir.
Dia. An honeſt lawyer ſtill, how he conſiders
The weake eſtate of a young Gentleman
At armes——But who comes here ? a woman.

ACT III. *Scene* IV.

Enter Buffo Woman.

Let. Yes ; that has taken up the neweſt faſhion
Of the towne-militaſters.
Dia. Is it Buffe,
Or Calfe skin troe ? ſhe lookes as ſhe cold beate
Out a whole Taverne garriſon before her
Of mill taſters call you 'em ? if her husband
Be an old jealous man now, and can pleaſe her
Lawyer reads on papers.
No better then moſt ancient husbands can,
I warrant ſhe makes her ſelfe good upon him.
Ioy. Tis very good, the play begins to pleaſe me,
Buff. I wayt to ſpeake w'yee ſir, but muſt ſtand
Your conſtring and piercing of your ſcribblings.
Law. Cry mercy Lady.
Dia. Lady does he call her ?
Law. Thus farre *I* have proceeded in your cauſe
Ith' Marſhalls court.
Buff. But ſhall I have the combate ?
Law. Pray obſerve
The paſſages of my proceedings ; and
The pro's and contras in the windings, workings
An

And carriage of the cauſe.
Buff. Fah on your paſſages,
Your windy workings, and your fiſlings at
The barre. Come me to th' poynt, is it decreed,
A combate?
Law. Well, it is; and heer's your order.
Buff. Now thou haſt ſpoken like a lawyer,
And heer's thy fee.
Law. By no meanes gentle Lady.
Buff. Take it, or I will beat thy carcaſſe thinner
Then thou haſt worne thy gowne here.
Law. Pardon me.
Buff. Muſt I then take you in hand?
Law. Hold, hold, *I* take it.
Dia. Alas poore man, he will take money yet,
Rather then blowes, and ſo farre he agrees
With our rich lawyers, that ſometimes give blowes
And ſhrewd ones for their money.
Buff. Now victory
Affoord me, fate, or bravely let me dye. *Exit.*
Let. Very well acted that.
Dia. Goes ſhe to fight now?
Let. You ſhall ſee that anon——

ACT III. *Scene* V.

Enter a Beggar, and a Gallant.

Dia. What's here, what's here?
A Courtier, or ſome gallant practiſing
The beggars trade, who teaches him I thinke.
Let. Y'are ſomething near the subject.
Beg. Sir excuſe me, I have
From time to time ſupplyed you without hope,
Or purpoſe to receive leaſt retribution
From you, no not ſo much as thankes, or bare
Acknow-

Acknowledgement of the free benefits,
I have confer'd upon you.
Gal. Yet good unkle.
Beg. Yet doe you now when that my preſent ſtore
Reſponds not my occaſions, ſeeke to oppreſſe me
With vaine petitionary breath, for what I may not
Give without feare of dangerous detriment?
Dia. In what a phraſe the ragged Orator
Diſplayes himſelfe.
Let. The Beggars are the
Moſt abſolute Courtiers in th' *Antipodes.*
Gal. If not a peece, yet ſpare me halfe a peece
For goodneſſe ſake good ſir, d'd you but know
My inſtant want, and to what vertuous uſe,
I would diſtribute it, I know you would not
Hold backe your charity.
Dia. And how feelingly
He begges; then as the beggers are the beſt
Courtiers, it ſeemes the Courtiers are beſt beggers
In the *Antipodes;* how contrary in all
Are they to us?
Beg. Pray to what vertuous uſes
Would you put money to now, if you had it?
Gal. I would beſtow a crowne in Ballads,
Love-pamphlets, and ſuch poeticall Rarities,
To ſend downe to my Lady Grandmother.
She's very old you know, and given much
To contemplation; I know ſhe'l ſend me for 'em,
In Puddings, Bacon, Sowſe and Pot-Butter
Enough to keepe my chamber all this winter.
So ſhall I ſave my fathers whole allowance
To lay upon my backe, and not be forc'd
To ſhift out from my ſtudy for my victualls.
Dia. Belike he is ſome ſtudent.
Beg. There's a crowne.
Gal. I would beſtow another crowne in

Hobby-



Hobby-horſes, and Rattles for my Grand-father,
Whoſe legges and hearing faile him very much,
Then to preſerve his ſight a Jack-a-lent,
In a greene ſarſnet ſuite, he'l make my father
To ſend me one of Scarlet, or hee'l cry
His eyes out for't.
Dia. Oh politique young ſtudent.
Beg. I have but juſt a fee left for my Lawyer ;
If he exact not that, Ile give it thee.
Dia. He'l take no fee (that's ſure enough young man)
Of beggars, I know that.
Let. You are deceiv'd.
Dia. Ile ſpeake to him my ſelfe elſe to remit it.
Ioy. You will not ſure, will you turne Actor too ?
Pray doe, be put in for a ſhare amongſt em ?
Dia. How muſt I be put in ?
Ioy. The Players will quickly
Shew you, if you performe your part ; perhaps
They may want one to act the whore amongeſt 'em.
Let. Fye Maſter *Ioyleſſe*, y'are too fowle.
Ioy. My Lord,
She is too faire it ſeemes in your opinion,
For me, therefore if you can finde it lawfull,
Keepe her ; I will be gone.
Let. Now I proteſt
Sit and ſit civilly, till the play be done,
Ile iock thee up elſe, as I am true *Letoy.*
Ioy. Nay I ha' done——— *Whiſtles Fortune my foe.*
Law. Give me my fee, I cannot heare you elſe.
Beg. Sir I am poore, and all *I* get, is at
The hands of charitable givers ; pray ſir.
Law. You underſtand me ſir, your cauſe is to be
Pleaded to day, or you are quite orethrowne in't.
The Judge by this tyme is about to ſit.

Keepe

Keepe faſt your money, and forgoe your wit. *Exit.*
Beg. Then *I* muſt follow, and entreate him to it,
Poore men in law muſt not diſdaine to doe it.
Exit.
Gal. Doe it then, Ile follow you and heare the cauſe. *Exit.*
Dia. True Antipodians ſtill, for as with us,
The Gallants follow Lawyers, and the beggers them;
The Lawyer here is follow'd by the begger,
While the gentleman followes him.
Let. The morall is, the Lawyers here prove beggers,
And beggers only thrive by going to law.
Dia. How takes the Lawyers then the beggers money?
And none elſe by their wills?
Let. They ſend it all
Up to our lawyers, to ſtop their mouths,
That curſe poor Clyents that are put upon 'em.
In forma Pauperis.
Dia. In truth moſt charitable,
But ſure that money's loſt by th' way ſometimes.
Yet ſweet my Lord, whom do theſe beggers beg of,
That they can get aforehand ſo for law?
Who are their benefactors?
Let. Uſurers, Uſurers.
Dia. Then they have Uſurers in th' *Antipodes* too?
Let. Yes Uſury goes round the world, and will doe,
Till the generall converſion of the Jewes.
Dia. But ours are not ſo charitable I feare.
Who be their Uſurers?
Let. Souldiers, and Courtiers chiefly;
And ſome that paſſe for grave and pious Churchmen.
Dia. How finely contrary th'are ſtill to ours.

ACT

ACT III. *Scene* V.

Enter Byplay.

Let. Why doe you not enter, what are you aſleepe?——

Byp. My Lord the madde young Gentleman.—

Ioy. What of him?

Byp. He has got into our Tyring-houſe amongſt us,
And tane a ſtrict ſurvey of all our properties,
Our ſtatues and our images of Gods; our Planets and our conſtellations
Our Giants, Monſters, Furies, Beaſts, and Bug-Beares,
Our Helmets, Shields, and Vizors, Haires, and Beards,
Our Paſtbord March-paines, and our Wooden Pies.

Let. Sirrah be briefe, be not you now as long in
Telling what he ſaw, as he ſurveying.

Byp. Whether he thought twas ſome inchanted Caſtle,
Or Temple, hung and pild with Monuments
Of uncouth, and of various aſpects,
I dive not to his thoughts, wonder he did
A while it ſeem'd, but yet undanted ſtood:
When on the ſuddaine, with thrice knightly force,
And thrice, thrice, puiſſant arme he ſnatcheth downe
The ſword and ſhield that I playd *Bovis* with,
Ruſheth amongſt the foreſaid properties,
Kils Monſter, after Monſter; takes the Puppets
Priſoners, knocks downe the Cyclops, tumbles all
Our jigambobs and trinckets to the wall.
Spying at laſt the Crowne and royall Robes

Ith

Ith upper wardrobe, next to which by chance,
The divells vizors hung, and their flame painted
Skin coates ; thoſe he remov'd with greater fury,
And (having cut the infernall ugly faces,
All into mamocks) with a reverend hand,
He takes the imperiall diadem and crownes
Himſelfe King of the *Antipodes*, and beleeves
He has juſtly gaind the Kingdom by his conqueſt.

Let. Let him injoy his fancy.

Byp. Doctor *Hughball*
Hath ſooth'd him in't, ſo that nothing can
Be ſaid againſt it, he begins to governe
With purpoſe to reduce the manners
Of this country to his owne, h'has conſtituted
The Doctor his chiefe officer ; whoſe Secretary
I am to be, you'l ſee a Court well orderd.

Let. I ſee th'event already, by the ayme
Letoy wiſpers With Barbara.
The Doctor takes, proceed you with your play,
And let him ſee it in what ſtate he pleaſes.

Byp. I goe my Lord. *Exit*

Dia. Truſt me, this ſame *Extempore*,
(*I* know not's tother name) pleaſes me better
For abſolute action then all the reſt.

Ioy. You were beſt beg him of his Lord.

Dia. Say you ſo ?
He's buſie, or *I*de move him.

Let. Prithee doe ſo,
Good Miſtres *Blaze* ; goe with her gentle Lady.
to Mart
Doe as ſhe bids you, you ſhall get a child by't.

*Mar. I*le doe as any body bids me for a childe

Ioy. Diana yet be wiſe, beare not the name
Of ſober chaſtity to play the beaſt in.

Dia. Thinke not your ſelfe, nor make your ſel a beaſt,
Befo

Before you are one, and when you appeare ſo,
Then thanke your ſelfe; your jealouſie durſt not truſt me,
Behinde you in the country, and ſince *I*me here,
*I*le ſee and know, and follow th'faſhion; if
It be to cuckold you, I cannot helpe it.
Ioy. I now could wiſh my ſonne had beene as farre
In the *Antipodes* as he thinkes himſelfe,
Ere *I* had runne this hazzard.
Let. Y're inſtructed.
Bar. And *I*le perform't I warrant you my Lord.
Ex. Ba. Mar.
Dia. Why ſhould you wiſh ſo? had you rather looſe
Your ſon then pleaſe your wife? you ſhew your love both waies.
Let. Now whats the matter?
Ioy. Nothing, nothing.——
Let. Sit, the Actors enter. *Flouriſh.*

ACT III. *Scene* VI.

Enter Byplay *the Governour, Mace-bearer, Sword-bearer, Officer, the Mace and Sword laid on the Table, the Governour ſits.*

Dia. What's he a King?
Let. No tis the City Governor,
And the chiefe Judge within their Corporation.
Ioy. Here's a City *Enter* Peregrine
Like to be well govern'd then—— *and* Doctor.
Let. Yonder's a king, doe you know him?
Dia. Tis your ſonne,
My *Ioyleſſe*, now y'are pleas'd.
Ioy. Would you were pleas'd,

To

To ceaſe your huſwifry in ſpinning out
The Play at length thus.
Doct. Heere ſir, you ſhall ſee
A poynt of Juſtice handled.
Byp. Officer.
Off. My Lord.
Byp. Call the defendant, and the Plaintiffe in
Sword. Their counſell and their witneſſes.
Byp. How now!
How long ha you beene free oth Poyntmakers,
Good Maſter hilt and ſcaberd carrier;
(Which is in my hands now) do you give order
For counſell and for witneſſes in a cauſe
Fit for my hearing, or for me to judge, haw?
I muſt be rul'd and circumſcrib'd by Lawyers
muſt I,
And witneſſes haw? no you ſhall know
I can give judgement, be it right or wrong,
Without their needleſſe proving and defending:
So bid the Lawyers goe and ſhake their eares,
If they have any, and the witneſſes,
Preſerve their breath to propheſie of dry ſummers
Bring me the plaintiffe, and defendant only:
But the defendant firſt, I will not heare
Any complaint before I underſtand
What the defendant can ſay for himſelfe.
Per. I have not known ſuch down right equity,
If he proceeds as he begins, ile grace him.—

ACT III. *Scene* VII.

Enter Gentleman, and Officer.

By. Now ſir, are you the plaintiffe or defendan
haw?
Gent. Both as the caſe requires my Lord.

By,

Byp. I cannot
Heare two at once, ſpeake firſt as y'are defendant.
Gent. Mine adverſary doth complaine.
Byp. I will heare no
Complaint, I ſay ſpeake your defence.
Gent. For ſilkes and
Stuffes receiv'd by me.
Byp. A Mercer is he, haw?
Gent. Yes my good Lord, he doth not now complain.
Byp. That I like well.
Gent. For money nor for wares
Againe: but he complaines.
By. Complaines againe? do you double with me, haw?
Gent. In his wives cauſe.
Byp. Of his wife, does he, haw? That I muſt confeſſe
Is many a good mans caſe; you may proceed.
Gent. In money I tender him double ſatisfaction,
With his own wares again unblemiſhed, undiſhonor'd.
Byp. That is unworne, unpawned.
Dia. What an odde
Jeering Judge is this?
Gent. But unto me,
They were deliverd upon this condition,
That I ſhould ſatisfie his wife.
Byp. Heel have
Your body for her then, unleſſe I empt
My breſt of mercy to appeaſe her for you,
Call in the plaintiffe; ſir, ſtand you aſide.

Exit Officer.

Dia. Oh tis the flinching Gentleman that broake
With the kind citizens wife. J hope the Judge
Will make him an example.

ACT

ACT III. *Scene* VIII.

Enter Citizen, and Officer.

Byp. Come you forwards,
Yet nerer man, J know my face is terrible,
And that a Citizen had rather loſe
His debt, then that a Judge ſhould truely know
His dealings with a gentleman, yet ſpeake,
Repeat without thy ſhop booke now ; and without
Feare, it may riſe in judgement here againſt thee.
What is thy full demand ? what ſatisfaction
Requireſt thou of this gentleman ?
Cit. And pleaſe you ſir——
Sword. Sir ! you forget your ſelfe.
By. Twas well ſaid Sword-bearer,
Thou knowſt thy place, which is to ſhew correction
Cit. My Lord an't pleaſe you, if it like you
honour.
By. La ! an intelligent Citizen, and may grow
In time himſelfe to ſit in place of worſhip.
Cit. I aske no ſatisfaction of the gentleman,
But to content my wife ; what her demand is,
Tis beſt knowne to her ſelfe ; pleaſe her, pleaſe m
An't pleaſe you ſir—My Lord an't like your honou
But before he has given her ſatisfaction,
I may not fall my ſuit, nor draw my action.
By. You may not.
Cit. No alacke a day I may not,
Nor find content, nor peace at home, and't plea
you
(My Lord, an't like your honour I would ſay)
An't pleaſe you, what's a tradeſman, that
Has a faire wife, without his wife, an't pleaſe yo
And ſhe without content is no wife, conſidering

'e tradeſ-men live by gentlemen, an't pleaſe you,
nd our wives drive a halfe trade with us, if the gentlemen
'eake with our wives, our wives are no wives to us,
ıd we but broken Tradeſ-men, an't pleaſe you.
ıd't like your honour, my good Lord, and't pleaſe you.
By You argue honeſtly.
Cit. Yet gentlemen,
lacke a day, and pleaſe you, and like your honour,
ill not conſider our neceſſities,
ıd our deſire in general through the City,
have our ſonnes all gentlemen like them.
By. Nor though a gentleman conſume
s whole eſtate among ye, yet his ſonne
.y live t'inherit it?
Cit. Right, right, and't pleaſe you:
ur honour my good Lord and't pleaſe you.
By. Well,
s has ſo little to be ſaid againſt it,
ıt you ſay nothing. Gentlemen it ſeems
re obſtinate, and will ſtand out——
ent. My Lord,
her then not to ſtand out with all mens wives,
:ept mine owne, ile yield me into priſon.
it. Alacke a day.
ia. If our young gentlemen,
re like thoſe of th' Antipodes, what decay
:rade would here bee, and how full the priſons?
ent. I offer him any other ſatisfaction;
wares againe, or money twice the value.
y. That's from the poynt.
it. I, I, alacke a day,
doe I ſue to have him up in priſon,
:ke a day, what good (good gentleman)
I get by his body?
. Peace, I ſhould

Now give my ſentence, and for your contempt,
(which is a great one, ſuch as if let paſſe
Unpuniſhed, may ſpread forth a dangerous
Example to the breach of City cuſtome,
By gentlemens neglect of Tradeſmens wives)
I ſhould ſay for this contempt commit you
Priſoner from ſight of any other woman,
Untill you give this mans wife ſatisfaction,
And ſhe releaſe you ; juſtice ſo would have it:
But as I am a Citizen by nature,
(For education made it ſo) ile uſe
Urbanity in your behalfe towards you ;
And as I am a gentleman by calling,
(For ſo my place muſt have it) ile performe
For you the office of a gentleman
Towards his wife, I therefore order thus ;
That you bring me the wares here into Court,
(I have a cheſt ſhall hold 'hem, as mine owne)
And you ſend me your wife, ile ſatisfie her
My ſelfe. Ile do't, and ſet all ſtreight and
right :
Juſtice is blinde, but Judges have their ſight.
Dia. And feeling too in the *Antipodes.*
Han't they my Lord ?
Joy. What's that to you my Lady ?
Within. Diſmiſſe the Court.
Let. Diſmiſſe the Court, cannot you heare th
prompter ?
Ha' you loſt your eares, Judge ?
By. No : diſmiſſe the Court,
Embrace you friends, and to ſhun further ſtrife,
See you ſend me your ſtuffe, and you your wife.
Per. Moſt admirable Juſtice.
Dia. Proteſt *Extempore* plaid the Judge ; and I
Knew him not all this while.
Joy. What over-ſight
Was there ?

Dia

Dia. He is a properer man methinks
Now, than he was before : ſure I ſhall love him.
Joy. Sure, ſure, you ſhall not, ſhall you ?
Dia. And I warrant,
By his Judgement ſpeech ee'n now, he loves a woman well :
For he ſaid, if you noted him, that he
Would ſatisfie the Citizens wife himſelfe.
Methinks a gentlewoman might pleaſe him better.
Byplay kneeles, and kiſſes Peregrines hand.
Joy. How dare you talke ſo ?
Dia. What's he a doing now troe ?
Per. Kneele downe
Againe. Give me a ſword ſome body.
Let. The King's about to Knight him.
By. Let me pray
Your Majeſty be pleaſed, yet to with-hold
That undeſerved honour, till you firſt
Vouchſafe to grace the City with your preſence,
Accept one of our Hall-feaſts, and a freedome,
And freely uſe our purſe for what great ſummes
Your Majeſty will pleaſe.
Dia. What ſubjects there are
In the *Antipodes.*
Let. None in the world ſo loving.
Per. Give me a ſword, I ſay, muſt I call thrice ?
Let. No, no, take mine my Liege.
Per. Yours ! what are you ?
Doct. A loyall Lord, one of your ſubjects too.
Per. He may be loyall ; he's a wondrous plaine one,
Joy. Prithee *Diana*, yet lets ſlip away
Now while he's buſie.
Dia. But where's your daughter in Law ?
Joy. Come home I warrant you with Miſtris *Blaze.*
Let them be our example.

Dia.

Dia. You are coſen'd.
Joy. Y'are an impudent whore.
Dia. I know not what I may be
Made by your jealouſie.
Per. Ile none o' this,
Give me that Princely weapon.
Let. Give it him.
Sword. It is a property you know my Lord,
No blade, but a rich Scabbard with a Lath in't.
Let. So is the ſword of Juſtice for ought he knows.
Per. It is inchanted.
By. Yet on me let it fall,
Since tis your highneſſe will, Scabbard and all.
Per. Riſe up our truſty well beloved Knight.
By. Let me finde favour in your gracious ſight
To taſte a banquet now, which is prepar'd,
And ſhall be by your followers quickly ſhar'd.
Per. My followers, where are they?
Let. Come Sirs quickly.
Ent. 5. *or* 6. *Courtiers.*
Per. Tis well, lead on the way.
Dia. And muſt not we
Goe to the Banquet too?
Let. He muſt not ſee
You yet; I have provided otherwiſe
For both you in my Chamber, and from thence
Wee'll at a window ſee the reſt oth' Play,
Or if you needs ſir will ſtay here, you may.
Joy. Was ever man betray'd thus into torment?
Ex.

ACT IV. *Scene* I.

Enter Doctor, *and* Peregrine.

Doct. NOw ſir be pleas'd to cloud your Princely raiment
With this diſguiſe. Great Kings have done the like,
To make diſcovery of paſſages *Puts on a Cloake*
Among the people: thus you ſhall perceive *and Hat.*
What to approve, and what correct among 'hem.
Per. And ſo ile cheriſh, or ſeverely puniſh.

Enter an old woman reading: to her, a young Maid.

Doct. Stand cloſe ſir, and obſerve.
Old. Royall paſtime, in a great match betweene the Tanners and the Butchers, ſixe dogges of a ſide, to play ſingle at the game Bear, for fifty pound, and a tenne pound ſupper, for their dogs and themſelves. Alſo you ſhall ſee two ten dogge-courſes at the Great Beare.
Maid. Fie Granny fie, can no perſwaſions,
Threatnings, nor blowes prevaile, but you'll perſiſt
In theſe prophane and Diabolicall courſes,
To follow Bear baitings, when you can ſcarce
Spell out their Bills with ſpectacles?
Old. What though
My ſight be gone beyond the reach of Spectacles,
In any print but this, and though I cannot,
(No, no, I cannot read your meditations) *ſtrikes*
Yet *I* can ſee the Royall game plaid *downe*
over and over, *her book.*
And

And tell which dogge does beſt, without my Spectacles.
And though *I* could not, yet *I* love the noyſe;
The noyſe revives me, and the Bear-garden ſcent
Refreſheth much my ſmelling.
Maid. Let me entreat you
Forbeare ſuch beaſtly paſtimes, th'are Sathanicall.
Old. Take heed Child what you ſay, tis the Kings game.
Per. What is my game?
Doct. Bear-baiting ſir ſhe meanes. (Veniſon
Old. A Beare's a Princely beaſt, and one ſide
(Writ a good Author once) you yet want yeares,
And are with Bawbles pleas'd, ile ſee the Beares.
Exit.
Maid. And *I* muſt beare with it, ſhe's full of wine,
And for the preſent wilfull; but in due
Seaſon ile humble her: but we are all
Too ſubject to infirmity.

ACT IV. *Scene* II.

Enter a yong Gentleman, and an old Serving-man.

Gent. Boy—Boy.
Ser. Sir.
Gent. Here take my Cloake.
Per. Boy did he ſay?
Doct. Yes ſir, old ſervants are
But Boyes to Maſters, be they nere ſo young.
Gent. Tis heavy, and *I* ſweat.
Ser. Take mine, and keepe you warme then,
*I*le weare yours.
Gent. Out you Varlet,

Doſt

Doſt thou obſcure it, as thou meantſt to pawne it?
*I*s this a Cloake unworthy of the light?
Publiſh it ſirrah :—oh preſumptuous ſlave,
Diſplay it on one arme——oh ignorance!

Ser. Pray load your Aſſe your ſelfe, as you would have it.

Gent. Nay prethee be not angry: Thus, and now
Be ſure you bear't at no ſuch diſtance; but
As't may be knowne *appendix* to this booke.

Per. This cuſtome *I* have ſeene with us.

Doct. Yes, but
It was deriv'd from the *Antipodes.*

Maid. *I*t is a dainty creature, and my blood
Rebells againſt the ſpirit: I muſt ſpeake to him.

Ser. Sir here's a Gentlewoman makes towards you.

Gent. Me? ſhe's deceiv'd, I am not for her mowing.

Maid. Faire ſir, may you vouchſafe my company?

Gent. No truly, I am none of thoſe you look for. The way is broad enough, unhand me pray you.

Maid. Pray ſir be kinder to a laſſe that loves you.

Gent. Some ſuch there are, but I am none of thoſe.

Maid. Come, this is but a Coppy of your Countenance.
I ha knowne you better than you thinke I doe.

Gent. What ha you knowne me for?

Maid. I knew you once
For halfe a peece I take it.

Gent. You are deceiv'd
The whole breadth of your noſe. I ſcorne it.

Maid. Come be not coy, but ſend away your ſervant,
And let me gi' you a pint of wine.

Gent. Pray keepe
Your courteſie, I can beſtow the wine
Vpon my ſelfe, if I were ſo diſpos'd,
To drinke in Tavernes; ſah.
Maid. Let me beſtow't
Vpon you at your lodging then; and there
Be civilly merry.
Gent. Which if you doe,
My wife ſhall thanke you for it; but your better
Courſe is to ſeeke one fitter for your turne,
You'll loſe your aime in me; and I befriend you
To tell you ſo.
Maid. Gip gaffer Shotten, fagh,
Take that for your coy Counſell. *Kicks.*
Gent. Helpe, oh helpe.
Ser. What meane you gentlewoman?
Maid. That to you ſir. *Kicks.*
Gent. O murther, murther.
Ser. Peace good Maſter,
And come away. Some Cowardly Jade I warrant,
That durſt not ſtrike a woman.

ACT IV. *Scene* III.

Enter Conſtable, and Watch.

Con. What's the matter?
Ser. But and we were your match.——
Watch. What would you doe?
Come, come afore the Conſtable: now if
You were her match, what would you doe ſir?
Maid. Doe? (*weeps.*
They have done too much already ſir: a Virgin
Shall not paſſe ſhortly for theſe ſtreet-walkers,
If ſome judicious order be not taken.

Gen.

Gent. Heare me the truth.
Con. Sir, ſpeake to your companions,
I have a wife and daughters, and am bound,
By hourely precepts, to heare women firſt,
Be't truth, or no truth, therefore virgin ſpeake,
And feare no bug beares, I will doe thee juſtice.
Mayd. Sir, they aſſayld me, and with violent hands,
When words could not prevaile, they would have drawne mee
Aſide unto their luſt till I cryed murder.
Gent. Proteſt Sir, as I am a gentleman,
And as my man's a man ſhe beat us both,
Till I cryd murder.
Ser. That's the woefull truth on't.
Con. You are a party, and no witneſſe ſir,
Beſides y'are two, and one is eaſier
To be beleev'd: moreover as you have the oddes
In number, what were juſtice, if it ſhould not ſupport
The weaker ſide? Away with them to the Counter.
Per. Call you this juſtice?
Doct. In th' *Antipodes.*
Per. Here's much to be reform'd, young man thy vertue
Hath wonne my favour, goe, thou art at large.
Doct. Be gone.
Gent. He puts me out, my part is now
To bribe the Conſtable.
Doct. No matter goe——
Exit. Gent. and Servant.
Per. And you ſir, take that ſober ſeeming wanton,
And clap her up, till I heare better of her,
Ile ſtrip you of your office and your eares elſe.
Doct. At firſt ſhew mercy.

Per.

Per. They are an ignorant nation,
And have my pitty mingled with correction:
And therefore, damſell (for you are the firſt
Offender I have noted here, and this
Your firſt offence (for ought I know)
Maid. Yes truely.
Doct. That was well ſaid.
Per. Goe and tranſgreſſe no more,
And as you finde my mercy ſweet, ſee that
You be not cruell to your grandmother,
When ſhe returnes from beare-baiting.
Doct. So all be gone. *Ex.*

Enter Buffe woman, her head and face bleeding, and many women, as from a Prize.

Per. And what are theſe?
Doct. A woman Fencer, that has plaid a Prize,
It ſeemes, with Loſſe of blood.
Per. It doth amaze me. *They paſſe over.*
What can her husband be, when ſhee's a Fencer?
Doct. He keepes a Schoole, and teacheth needle-worke,
Or ſome ſuch Arts which we call womaniſh.
Per. Tis moſt miraculous and wonderfull.
Man ſcould within. Rogues, Varlets, Harlots, ha you done
Your worſt, or would you drowne me? would you take my life?
Women within. Ducke him againe, ducke him againe.
Per. What noiſe is this?
Doct. Some man it ſeemes, that's duckt for ſcolding.
Per. A man for ſcolding?
Doct. You ſhall ſee.

ACT IV. *Scene* IV.

Enter women and man-ſcold.

Wom. So, ſo,
Enough, enough, he will be quiet now.
Manſc. How know you that, you divell ridden witch you?
How, quiet; why quiet? has not the law paſt on me,
Over, and over me, and muſt I be quiet?
1 *Wom.* Will you incurre the law the ſecond time?
Manſc. The lawes the river, iſt? yes tis a river,
Through which great men, and cunning, wade, or ſwimme;
But meane and ignorant muſt drowne in't; no
You hagges and hel-hounds, witches, bitches, all,
That were the law, the Judge, and Executioners,
To my vexation, I hope to ſee
More flames about your eares, then all the water
You caſt me in can quench.
3 *Wom.* In with him againe, he calls us names.
2 *Wom.* No, no; I charge yee no.
Manſc. Was ever harmeleſſe creature ſo abus'd?
To be drench'd under water, to learne dumbneſſe
Amongſt the fiſhes, as I were forbidden
To uſe the naturall members I was borne with,
And of them all, the chiefe that man takes pleaſure in;
The tongue; Oh me accurſed wretch. *weepes.*
Per. Is this a man?
I aske not by his bearde, but by his teares.
1 *Wom.* This ſhowre will ſpende the fury of his tongue,

And

And ſo the tempeſt's over.
2 *Wom.* I am ſorry for't,
I would have had him duck'd once more;
But ſome body will ſhortly raiſe the ſtorme
*I*n him againe *I* hope for us, to make
More holiday-ſport of him. *Exit.*
Per. Sure theſe are dreames,
Nothing but dreames.
Doct. No, doubtleſſe we are awake ſir.
Per. Can men and women be ſo contrary
*I*n all that we hold proper to each ſex?
*Doct. I'*me glad he takes a taſte of ſence in that yet.
Per. 'Twill aske long time and ſtudy to reduce
Their manners to our government.
Doct. theſe are
Low things and eaſie to be qualified——
But ſee ſir, here come Courtiers, note their manners.

ACT IV. *Scene* V.

Enter a Courtier.

1 *Cour.* This was three ſhillings yeſterday, how now!
All gone but this? ſix pence, for leather ſoles
To my new greene ſilke ſtockings, and a groate
My ordinary in Pompions bak'd with Onions.
Per. Doe ſuch eate Pompions?
Doct. Yes: and Clownes Musk-Mellons.
1 *Cour.* Three pence I loſt at Nyne-pines; but I got
Six tokens towards that at Pigeon holes——
'S nayles wheres the reſt; is my poake bottome broake?

2 *Cour.*

2 *Cour.* What *Iacke*! A pox oretake thee not; how doſt? *kicke.*

1 *Cour.* What with a vengeance aylſt? doſt thinke my breech
Is made of Bell mettall? take that.

Box o'th eare.

2 *Cour.* In earneſt?

1 *Cour.* Yes till more comes.

2 *Cour.* Pox rot your hold, let goe my locke, dee thinke
Y'are currying of your Fathers horſe againe?

1 *Cour.* Ile teach you to abuſe a man behind,
Was troubled too much afore.

They buffet.

ACT IV. *Scene* VI.

Ent. 3. *Court.*

3 *Cour.* Hay, there boyes, there.
Good boyes are good boyes ſtill. There *Will*, there *Iack.*
Not a blow, now he's downe.

2 *Cour.* 'Twere baſe, I ſcorn't.

1 *Cour.* There's as proud fall, as ſtand in Court or City.

3 *Cour.* That's well ſaid *Will*, troth I commend you both.
How fell you out? I hope in no great anger.

2 *Cour.* For mine owne part I vow I was in jeſt.

1 *Cour.* But I have told you twice and once, *Will*, jeſt not
With me behind I never could endure
(Not of a Boy) to put up things behinde:

And

And that my Tutor knew; I had bin a Schollar elſe.
Beſides you know my ſword was nock'd i'th' faſhion,
Iuſt here behinde, for my backe-guard and all;
And yet you would do't.
I had as liefe you would take a knife——
3 *Cour.* Come, come,
Y'are friends. Shake hands ile give you halfe a dozen
At the next Ale-houſe, to ſet all right and ſtreight.
And a new ſong; a dainty one; here tis.
a Ballad.
1 *Cour.* O thou art happy that canſt reade——
I would buy Ballads too, had I thy learning.
3 *Cour.* Come, we burn day-light, and the Ale may ſowre. *Ex.*
Per. Call you theſe Courtiers? They are rude ſilken Clowns;
As courſe within, as water-men or Car-men.
Doct. Then look on theſe: Here are of thoſe conditions.

ACT IV. *Scene* VII.

Ent. carman, & waterman.

Wat. Sir, I am your ſervant.
Car. I am much oblig'd
Sir, by the plenteous favours your humanity
And noble vertue have conferr'd upon me,
To anſwer with my ſervice your deſervings.
Wat. You ſpeake what I ſhould ſay. Be therefore pleas'd
T'unload, and lay the wait of your commands
Vpon my care to ſerve you.

Car.

r. Still your Courteſies,
waves of a Spring-tide, ore-flow the Bankes
ɔur abundant ſtore; and from your Channell,
reame of faire affections you caſt forth
e ſweet refreſhings on me (that were elſe
ſterile earth) which cauſe a gratitude
row upon me, humble, yet ambitious
y Devoire, to doe you beſt of ſervice.
at. I ſhall no more extend my utmoſt labour,
Oare and Saile to gaine the lively-hood
ſe and children, then to ſet a ſhore
and your faithfull honourers at the haven
ɔur beſt wiſhes.
r. Sir, I am no leſſe
itious, to be made the happy meanes,
whip and whiſtle, to draw up or drive
our detractors to the Gallowes.

ACT IV. *Scene* VIII.

Enter Sedan-man.

ıt. See,
ıoble friend.
l. Right happily encountred——
the juſt admirer of your vertues.
We are, in all, your ſervants.
l. I was in queſt
ch elect ſociety, to ſpend
ıner-time withall.
Sir we are for you.
l. Three are the golden Number in a
Taverne;
ıt the next of beſt, with the beſt meate,
wine the houſe affoords (if you ſo pleaſe)

We

We will be competently merry. *I*
Have receiv'd, lately, Letters from beyond Seas,
Importing much of the occurrences,
And paſſages of forraigne States. The knowledge
Of all *I* ſhall impart to you.
Wat. And *I*
Have all the new advertiſements from both
Our Univerſities, of what has paſt
The moſt remarkably of late.
Car. And from
The Court I have the newes at full,
Of all that was obſervable this Progreſſe.
Per. From Court?
Doct. Yes, ſir: They know not there, they have
A new King here at home.
Sed. Tis excellent!
We want but now, the newes-collecting Gallant
To fetch his Dinner, and Materialls
For his this weeks diſpatches.
Wat. I dare thinke
The meat and newes being hot upon the Table,
He'll ſmell his way to't.
Sed. Pleaſe you to know yours, ſir?
Car. Sir, after you.
Sed. Excuſe me.
Wat. By no meanes ſir.
Car. Sweet Sir lead on.
Sed. It ſhall be as your ſervant
Then, to prepare your dinner.
Wat. Pardon me.
Car. Inſooth ile follow you.
Wat. Yet tis my obedience. *Ex.*
Per. Are theſe but labouring men, and tother Courtiers?
Doct. Tis common here ſir, for your watermen
To write moſt learnedly, when your Courtier
Has ſcarce ability to read. *Per:*

Per: Before I reigne
A Moneth among them, they ſhall change their notes,
Or ile ordaine a courſe to change their Coats.
I ſhall have much to doe in reformation.
Doct: Patience and Counſell will goe through it ſir.
Per: What if *I* crav'd? a Counſell from New *England*?
The old will ſpare me none.
Doct: Is this man mad?
My cure goes fairely on. Doe you marvaile that
Poore men out-ſhine the Courtiers? Looke you ſir,
A ſicke-man giving counſell to a Phyſitian:
And there's a Puritan Tradeſ-man, teaching a
Great Traveller to lye: That Ballad-woman
Gives light to the moſt learned Antiquary
In all the Kingdome.
Bal: Buy new Ballads, come.
Theſe perſõs paſſe over the Stage in Couples, according as he deſcribes them.
Doct: A naturall foole, there, giving grave inſtructions
T'a Lord Embaſſador: That's a Schiſmatick,
Teaching a Scrivener to keep his eares:
A pariſh Clearke, there, gives the Rudiments
Of Military Diſcipline to a Generall:
And there's a Basket-maker confuting *Bellarmine.*
Per: Will you make me mad?
Doct. We are faild, I hope,
Beyond the line of madneſſe. Now ſir, ſee
A Stateſ-man ſtudious for the Common-wealth,
Solicited by Projectors of the Country.

ACT IV. *Scene* IX.

Ent. Byplay like a Stateſman. 3. *or* 4 *Projectors with bundles of papers.*

Byp. Your Projects are all good *I* like them wel
Eſpecially theſe two: This for th' increaſe o
wooll:
And this for the deſtroying of Mice: They'r gooc
And grounded on great reaſon. As for yours,
For putting downe the infinite uſe of *I*acks,
(Whereby the education of young children,
*I*n turning ſpits, is greatly hindred)
It may be look'd into: And yours againſt
The multiplicity of pocket-watches,
(Whereby much neighbourly familiarity,
By asking, what de'yee geſſe it is a Clocke?
Is loſt) when every puny Clerke can carry
The time oth' day in's Breeches: This, and theſe
Hereafter may be lookt into: For preſent;
This for the increaſe of Wool; that is to ſay,
By fleying of live horſes, and new covering them
With Sheeps-skins, I doe like exceedingly.
And this for keeping of tame Owles in Cities,
To kill up Rats and Mice, whereby all Cats
May be deſtroyed, as an eſpeciall meanes
To prevent witch-craft and contagion.
Per. Here's a wiſe buſineſſe!
Pro. Will your honour now,
Be pleas'd to take into conſideration
The poore mens ſuits for Brieſes, to get reliefe
By common charity throughout the Kingdome,
Towards recovery of their loſt eſtates,

Byp

Byp. What are they? let me heare.
Pro. Firſt, here's a Gamſter, that ſold houſe and land,
To the knowne value of five thouſand pounds,
And by misfortune of the Dice loſt all,
To his extreame undoing; having neither
A wife or child to ſuccour him.
Byp: A Batchelour!
Pro: Yes, my good Lord.
Byp: And young, and healthfull?
Pro: Yes.
Byp: Alas tis lamentable: he deſerves much pitty.
Per: How's this?
Doct: Obſerve him further, pray ſir.
Pro: Then, here's a Bawd, of ſixty odde yeares ſtanding.
Byp: How old was ſhe when ſhe ſet up?
Pro: But foure
And twenty, my good Lord. She was both ware
And Merchant; Fleſh and Butcher, (as they ſay)
For the firſt twelve yeares of her houſe-keeping:
She's now upon foureſcore, and has made markets
Of twice foure thouſand choyſe virginities;
And twice their number of indifferent geare.
(No riffe raffe was ſhe ever knowne to cope for)
Her life is certifi'd here by the Juſtices,
Adjacent to her dwelling——
Byp. She is decai'd.
Pro. Quite trade-fallen, my good Lord, now in her dotage;
And deſperately undone by ryot.
Byp. 'Laſſe good woman.
Pro. She has conſum'd in prodigall feaſts and Fidlers,
And laviſh lendings to debauch'd Comrades,
That ſuckt her purſe, in Jewells, Plate, and money.

To

To the full value of ſixe thouſand pounds.
Byp. She ſhall have a Collection, and deſerves it.
Per. Tis monſtrous, this.
Pro. Then here are divers more,
Of Pandars, Cheaters, houſe-and high-way Robbers,
That have got great eſtates in youth and ſtrength,
And waſted all as faſt in wine and Harlots,
Till age o'retooke 'hem, and diſabled them,
For getting more.
Byp. For ſuch the Law provides
Reliefe within thoſe Counties, where they practis'd.
Per. Ha! what for thieves?
Doct. Yes, their Law puniſheth
The rob'd, and not the thiefe, for ſurer warning,
And the more ſafe prevention. I have ſeene
Folkes whipt for loſing of their goods and money,
And the picke-pockets cheriſh'd.
Byp. The weale publicke,
As it ſeverely puniſheth their neglect,
Undone by fire ruines, ſhipwracke, and the like,
With whips, with brands, and loſſe of careleſſe eares,
Impriſonment, baniſhment, and ſometimes death;
And carefully maintaineth houſes of Correction
For decay'd Schollars, and maim'd Souldiers;
So doth it finde reliefe, and almes-houſes,
For ſuch as liv'd by Rapine and by Coſenage.
Per. Still worſe and worſe! abhominable! horrid!
Pro. Yet here is one, my Lord, 'bove all the reſt,
Whoſe ſervices have generally bin knowne,
Though now he be a ſpectacle of pitty:
Byp. Who's that?
Pro. The captaine of the Cut-purſes, my Lord;
That was the beſt at's art that ever was,
*I*s fallen to great decay, by the dead palſie

In

In both his hands, and craves a large collection.
Byp. Ile get it him.
Per. You ſhall not get it him.
Doe you provide whips, brands ; and ordaine death,
For men that ſuffer under fire, or ſhipwracke,
The loſſe of all their honeſt gotten wealth :
And finde reliefe for Cheaters, Bawdes, and Thieves ?
*I*le hang yee all.
Byp. Mercy great King.
Omnes. O mercy.
Byp. Let not our ignorance ſuffer in your wrath,
Before we underſtand your highneſſe Lawes,
We went by cuſtome, and the warrant, which
We had in your late Predeceſſors raigne ;
But let us know your pleaſure, you ſhall finde
The State and Common-wealth in all obedient,
To alter Cuſtome, Law, Religion, all,
To be conformable to your commands.
Per. Tis a faire proteſtation : And my mercy
Meets your ſubmiſſion. See you merit it
*I*n your conformity.
Byp. Great Sir we ſhall.
In ſigne whereof we lacerate theſe papers
And lay our necks beneath your Kingly feet.

Letoy, Diana, Ioyleſſe, *appeare above.*

Per. Stand up, you have our ſavour.
Dia. And mine too ?
Never was ſuch an actor as *Extempore !* (him.
Ioy. You were beſt to flye out of the window to
Dia. Me thinkes I am even light enough to doe it.
Ioy. I could finde in my heart to Quoit thee at him.
Dia. So he would catch me in his arms *I* car'd not.
Let. Peace both of you, or you'l ſpoyle all.

Byp.

Byp. your Grace
Abounds—abounds—your Grace—*I* ſay aboun
Let. Pox o' your mumbling chops; is y
braine dry?
Doe you pump?
Dia. He has done much my Lord, and may
Hold out a little.
Let. Would you could hold your peace
So long.
Dia. Doe you ſneap me too my Lord.
Ioy. Ha, ha, ha.
Let. Blockehead.
Ioy. I hope his hotter zeale to's actors
Will drive out my wives love-heat.
Dia. I had
No need to come hither to be ſneapt.
Let. Hoyday! The reſt will all be loſt, we n
give over
The play, and doe all by *Extempore*,
For your ſonnes good, to ſooth him into's wits.
If you'l marre all, you may. Come nearer coc
combe,
Ha you forgotten (puppy) my inſtructions
Touching his subjects, and his marriage?
Byp. I have all now my Lord.
Per. What voyce was that?
Byp. A voyce out of the clouds, that d
applaud
Your highneſſe welcome to your ſubjects loves.
Let. So, now he's in. Sit ſtill, I muſt goe dow
And ſet out things in order.
Byp. A voyce that doth informe me of
tydings (arriva
Spread through your kingdome, of your gr
And of the generall joy your people bring
To celebrate the welcome of their king.
Showts with
Hea

rke how the countrey ſhouts with joyfull votes,
ding the ayre with muſick of their throats.
drum & trumpets
rke how the ſouldier, with his martiall noiſe,
:atens your ſoes, to fill your Crowne with joyes.
rke how the City, with loud harmony,
Haughboyes.
unts a free welcome to your majeſty.
rk how the Court prepares your grace to meet.
Soft muſick.
ı ſolemne muſick, ſtate and beauty ſweet.

ACT IV. *Scene* X.

ſoft muſicke playing. Ent. by two and two, divers Courtiers, Martha after them, like a Queene between two boyes in robes. Her train borne up by Barbara, all the Lords kneele, and kiſſe Perigrines hand, Martha approaching, he ſtarts backe, but is drawne on by Byplay and the Doctor. Letoy enters and mingles with the reſt, and ſeemes to inſtruct them all.

ia. O here's a ſtately ſhow! looke maſter *Ioyleſſe*:
r daughter in law preſented like a queene
o your ſonne, I warrant now he'l love her.
y. A queene?
ia. Yes, yes, and miſtris *Blaze* is made
mother of her maides, if ſhe have any:
ıaps the Antipodian Court has none.
ſee, with what a Majeſty he receives 'hem.
Song.

SONG.

HEalth, wealth, and joy our wiſhes bring,
All in a welcome to our king:
May no delight be found,
Wherewith he be not crown'd.
Apollo *with the* Muſes,
Who Arts divine infuſes,
With their choyce Chyrlonds decke his head;
Love and the graces make his bed:
And to crowne all, let Hymen *to his ſide,*
Plant a delicious, chaſt, and fruitfull Bride.

Byp. Now Sir be happy in a marriage choyce,
That ſhall ſecure your title of a king.
See ſir, your ſtate preſents to you the daughter,
The onely childe and heire apparant of
Our late depoſed and deceaſed Soveraigne,
Who with his dying breath bequeath'd her to yo
Per. A Crowne ſecures not an unlawfull ma
riage.
I have a wife already.
Doct. No: you had ſir,
But ſhe's deceaſt.
Per. How know you that?
Doct. By ſure advertiſment; and that her flee
ing ſpirit
Is flowne into, and animates this Princeſſe.
Per. Indeed ſhe's wondrous like her.
Doct. Be not ſlacke
T'embrace and kiſſe her Sir.
He kiſſes her and retires.
Mar. He kiſſes ſweetly;
And that is more than ere my husband did.
But more belongs then kiſſing to child-getting;
And he's ſo like my husband, if you note him,
That I ſhall but loſe time and wiſhes by him,
No, no, Ile none of him.

Ba

Bar. Ile warrant you he ſhall fulfill your wiſhes.
Mar. O but try him you firſt: and then tell me.
Bar. There's a new way indeed to chooſe a husband!
Yet twere a good one to barre foole getting.
Doct. Why doe you ſtand aloofe Sir?
Per. Mandivell writes
Of people neare the *Antipodes*, called *Gadlibriens*:
Where on the wedding-night the husband hires
Another man to couple with his bride,
To cleare the dangerous paſſage of a Maidenhead.
Doct. 'Slid he falls backe againe to *Mandevile* madneſſe.
Per. She may be of that Serpentine generation
That ſtings oft times to death (as *Mandevile* writes)
Doct. She's no *Gadlibrien*, Sir, upon my knowledge.
You may as ſafely lodge with her, as with
A mayd of our owne nation. Beſides,
You ſhall have ample counſell: for the preſent,
Receive her, and intreat her to your Chappell.
Byp. For ſafety of your King- *Haughtboies*
dome, you muſt do it. *Exit in ſtate*
Let. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, this yet may *as Letoy di-*
prove a cure. *rects. Manet*
Dia. See my Lord now is acting *Letoy.*
by himſelfe.
Let. And *Letoy's* wit cryd up triumphant hoe.
Come maſter *Ioyleſſe* and your wife, come downe
Quickly, your parts are next. I had almoſt
Forgot to ſend my chaplaine after them.
You *Domine* where are you?

ACT IV. *Scene* XI.

Enter Quailpipe *in a fantaſticall ſhape.*

Qua. Here my Lord.
Let. What in that ſhape?
Chap. Tis for my part my Lord,
Which is not all perform'd.
Let. It is fit, and the Play for this time. We
Have other worke in hand.
Quai. Then have you loſt
Action (*I* dare be bold to ſpeake it) that
Moſt of my coat could hardly imitate.
Let. Goe ſhift your coat ſir, or for expedition,
Cover it with your owne, due to your function.
Follyes, as well as vices, may be hid ſo:
Your vertue is the ſame; diſpatch, and doe
As Doctor *Hughball* ſhall direct you, go.
Exit Quail.

ACT IV. *Scene* XII.

Enter Ioyleſſe, Diana.

Now Maſter *Ioyleſſe*, doe you note the progreſſe
And the faire iſſue likely to inſue
In your ſons cure? obſerve the Doctors art.
Firſt, he has ſhifted your ſonnes knowne diſeaſe
Of madneſſe into folly; and has wrought him
As farre ſhort of a competent reaſon, as
He was of late beyond it, as a man

Infected

Infected by ſome fowle diſeaſe is drawne
By phyſicke into an Anatomy,
Before fleſh fit for health can grow to reare him,
So is a mad-man made a foole, before
Art can take hold of him to wind him up
Into his proper Center, or the Medium
From which he flew beyond himſelfe. The Doctor
Aſſures me now, by what he has collected
As well from learned authors as his practiſe,
That his much troubled and confuſed braine
Will by the reall knowledge of a woman,
Now opportunely tane, be by degrees
Setled and rectified, with the helpes befide
Of reſt and dyet, which he'le adminiſter.

Dia. But tis the reall knowledge of the woman
(Carnall I think you meane) that carries it.

Let. Right, right.

Dia. Nay right or wrong, I could even wiſh
If he were not my husbands ſon, the Doctor
Had made my ſelfe his *Recipe*, to be the meanes
Of ſuch a Cure.

Ioy. How, how?

Dia. Perhaps that courſe might cure your madnes too,
Of jealouſy, and ſet all right on all ſides.
Sure, if I could but make him ſuch a foole,
He would forgo his madnes, and be brought
To chriſtian Sence againe.

Ioy. Heaven grant me patience,
And ſend us to my Country home againe.

Dia. Beſides, the yong mans wife's as mad as he,
What wife worke will they make!

Let. The better, fear't not.
Bab Blaze ſhall give her Counſel; and the youth
Will give her royall ſatisfaction,
Now, in this Kingly humour, I have a way

To

To cure your husbands jealouſy my ſelfe.
Dia. Then I am friends again: Even now I was not
When you ſneapt me my Lord.
Let. That you muſt pardon:
Come Mr. *Ioyleſſe.* The new married paire
Are towards bed by this time; we'le not trouble them
But keep a houſe-ſide to our ſelfes. Your lodging
Is decently appointed.
Ioy. Sure your Lordſhip
Meanes not to make your houſe our priſon.
Let. By
My Lordſhip but I will for this one night.
See ſir, the Keyes are in my hand. Y'are up,
As I am true *Letoy.* Conſider, Sir,
The ſtrict neceſſity that tyes you to't,
As you expect a cure upon your ſonne——
Come Lady, ſee your Chamber.
Dia. I doe waite
Upon your Lordſhip.
Ioy. I both wait, and watch,
Never was man ſo maſter'd by his match.
Ex. omn.

ACT V. *Scene* I.

Ioyleſſe: *with a light in his hand.*

Ioy. *Diana!* ho! where are you? ſhe is loſt.
Here is no further paſſage. All's made faſt.
This was the Bawdy way, by which ſhe ſcap'd
My narrow watching. Have you privy poſternes
Behind the hangings in your ſtrangers Chambers? She's

She's loſt from me, for ever. Why then ſeek I?
O my dull eyes, to let her ſlip ſo from yee,
To let her have her luſtfull will upon me!
Is this the Hoſpitality of Lords?
Why, rather, if he did intend my ſhame,
And her diſhonour, did he not betray me
From her out of his houſe, to travaile in
The bare ſuſpition of their filthineſſe;
But hold me a noſe-witneſſe to its rankneſſe?
No: This is ſure the Lordlier way; and makes
The act more glorious in my ſufferings. O——
May my hot curſes on their melting pleaſures,
Cement them ſo together in their luſt,
That they may never part, but grow one monſter.

ACT V. *Scene* II.

Enter Barbara.

Bar. Good gentleman! he is at his prayers now,
For his mad ſonnes good night-worke with his bride.
Well fare your heart Sir; you have pray'd to purpoſe;
But not all night I hope. Yet ſure he has,
He looks ſo wild for lacke of ſleepe. Y'are happy ſir.
Your prayers are heard, no doubt, for I'm perſwaded
You have a childe got you to-night.
Ioy. Is't gone
So farre doe you thinke?
Bar. I cannot ſay how farre.
Not fathome deepe I thinke. But to the ſcantling
Of a Child-getting, I dare well imagine.

For

For which, as you have pray'd, forget not ſir
To thanke the Lord oth' houſe.
Ioy. For getting me
A child? why I am none of his great Lordſhips tenants,
Nor of his followers, to keepe his Baſtards.
Pray ſtay a little.
Bar. I ſhould goe tell my Lord
The newes: he longs to know how things doe paſſe.
Ioy. Tell him I take it well: and thanke him.
I did before deſpaire of Children I.
But ile goe wi'yee, and thanke him.
Bar. Sure his joy
Has madded him: Here's more worke for the Doctor.
Ioy. But tell me firſt: were you their Bawd that ſpeak this?
Bar. What meane you with that Dagger?
Ioy. Nothing I,
But play with't. Did you ſee the paſſages
Of things? I aske were you their Bawd?
Bar. Their Bawd?
I truſt ſhe is no Bawd, that ſees, and helpes
(If need require) an ignorant lawfull paire
To doe their beſt.
Ioy. Lords actions all are lawfull.
And how? and how?
Bar. Theſe old ſolkes love to heare.
Ile tell you you ſir—and yet *I* will not neither.
Ioy. Nay, pray thee out with't.
Bar. Sir, they went to bed.
Ioy. To bed! well on.
Bar. On? they were off ſir yet;
And yet a good while after. They were both
So ſimple, that they knew not what, nor how.
For ſhe's ſir, a pure maid.
Ioy. Who doſt thou ſpeake of?

Ba

Bar. Ile ſpeake no more, leſſe you can looke more tamely.

Ioy. Goe bring me to 'hem then. Bawd will you goe?

Bar. Ah——

ACT V. *Scene* III.

Enter Byplay *and holds* Ioyleſſe.

Byp. What aile you ſir: why Bawd? whoſe Bawd is ſhe?

Ioy. Your Lords Bawd, and my wives.

Byp. You are jealous mad.
Suppoſe your wife be miſſing at your Chamber,
And my Lord too at his, they may be honeſt:
If not, what's that to her, or you *I* pray,
Here in my Lords owne houſe?

Ioy. Brave, brave, and monſtrous!

Byp. Shee has not ſeene them. *I* heard all your talke.
The Child ſhe intimated, is your grandchild
In *poſſe* ſir, and of your ſonnes begetting.

Bar. I, ile be ſworne I meant, and ſaid ſo too?

Ioy. Where is my wife?

Byp. I can give no account,
If ſhe be with my Lord *I* dare not trouble 'hem.
Nor muſt you offer at it: no nor ſtab your ſelfe.
Byp. takes away his dagger.
But come with me: ile counſell, or, at leaſt,
Governe you better: Shee may be, perhaps,
About the Bride-chamber, to heare ſome ſport;
For you can make her none; 'laſſe good old man.

Ioy. J'me moſt inſufferably abus'd.

Byp. Vnleſſe

The

The killing of your ſelfe may do't; and that
J would forbeare, becauſe, perhaps 'twould pleaſe her.

Ioy. Jf fire, or water, poyſon, cord, or ſteele,
Or any meanes be found to do it: ile doe it;
Not to pleaſe her, but rid me of my torment.
Ex. Joy. and Byp.

Byp. J have more care and charge of you than ſo.

Bar. What an old deſperate man is this, to make
Away your ſelfe for feare of being a Cuckold!
Jf every man that is, or that but knowes
Himſelfe to be oth' order, ſhould doe ſo,
How many deſolate widowes would here be,
They are not all of that minde. Here's my husband.

ACT V. *Scene* IV.

Enter Blaze *with a habit in his hand.*

Bla. Bab! art thou here?

Bar. Looke well. How thinkſt thou *Tony?*
Haſt not thou neither ſlept to-night?

Bla. Yes, yes.
I lay with the Butler. Who was thy bed-fellow?

Bar. You know I was appoynted to ſit up.

Bla. Yes, with the Doctor in the Bride-chamber.
But had you two no waggery? Ha!

Bar. Why how now *Tony?*

Bla. Nay facks I am not jealous.
Thou knowſt I was cur'd long ſince, and how.
I jealous! I an aſſe. A man ſha'n't aske
His wife ſhortly how ſuch a gentleman does?
Or how ſuch a gentleman did? or which did beſt?

But

ıt ſhe muſt thinke him jealous.
Bar. You need not: for
I were now to dye on't, nor the Doctor,
or I came in a bed to night: I meane
'ithin a bed.
Bla. Within, or without, or over, or under,
ıave no time to thinke o' ſuch poore things.
Bar. What's that thou carrieſt *Tony?*
Bla. O ho *Bab.*
ıis is a ſhape.
Bar. A ſhape? what ſhape I prethee *Tony?*
Bla. Thou'lt ſee me in't anon; but ſhalt not know me
om the ſtarkſt foole ith' Towne. And I muſt dance
ıked in't *Bab.*
Bar. Will here be Dancing *Tony?*
Bla. Yes *Bab.* My Lord gave order for't laſt night.
ſhould ha'bin ith' Play: But becauſe that
as broke off, he will ha't to day.
Bar. O *Tony.*
lid not ſee thee act ith' Play.
Bla. O, but
lid though *Bab*, two Mutes.
Bar. What in thoſe Breeches?
Bla. Fie foole, thou underſtandſt not what a Mute is.
Mute is a dumbe Speaker in the Play.
Bar. Dumbe Speaker! that's a Bull. Thou wert the Bull
ıen, in the Play. Would I had ſeene thee rore.
Bla. That's a Bull too, as wife as you are *Bab.*
Mute is one that acteth ſpeakingly,
ıd yet ſayes nothing. I did two of them.
ıe Sage Man-midwife, and the Basket-maker.
Bar. Well *Tony*, I will ſee thee in this thing.
ıd tis a pretty thing.

Bla. Prethee good *Bab,*
Come in, and help me on with't in our Tyring-houſe.
And helpe the Gentlemen, my fellow dancers,
And thou ſhalt then ſee all our things, and all
Our properties and practice to the Muſicke.
Bar. O *Tony* come, I long to be at that.
Exeunt.

ACT V. *Scene* IV.

Letoy, *and* Diana.

Dia. My Lord, your ſtrength and violence prevaile not.
There is a Providence above my vertue,
That guards me from the fury of your luſt.
Let. Yet, yet, I prethee yield. Is it my perſon
That thou deſpiſeſt? See, here's wealthy treaſure, *a table ſet forth, covered with treaſure.*
Jewells, that *Cleopatra* would have leſt
Her *Marcus* for.
Dia. My Lord tis poſſible,
That ſhe who leaves a husband, may be bought
Out of a ſecond friendſhip.
Let. Had ſtout *Tarquin*
Made ſuch an offer, he had done no Rape,
For *Lucrece* had conſented, ſav'd her owne,
And all thoſe lives that followed in her cauſe.
Dia. Yet then ſhe had beene a loſer.
Let. Wouldſt have gold?
Mammon, nor *Pluto's* ſelfe ſhould over-bid me,
For il'd give all. Firſt, let me raine a ſhowre,
To out-vie that which overwhelmed *Danaë;*
And after that another; a full river

Sha

all from my cheſts perpetually flow
to thy ſtore.
Dia. I have not much lov'd wealth,
t have not loath'd the ſight of it, till now,
ıat you have ſoyld it with that foule opinion
being the price of vertue. Though the Metall
pure, and innocent in it ſelfe; ſuch uſe
it is odious, indeed damnable,
ıth to the ſeller, and the purchaſer:
tty it ſhould be ſo abus'd. It beares
ſtampe upon't, which but to clip is treaſon.
s ill us'd there, where Law the life controules;
orſe, where tis made a ſalary for ſoules.
Let. Deny'ſt thou wealth? wilt thou have plea-
ſure then
ven, and ta'ne freely, without all condition?
: give thee ſuch, as ſhall (if not exceed)
: at the leaſt, comparative with thoſe
hich *Iupiter* got the Demy-gods with; and
uno was mad ſhe miſt.
Dia. My Lord, you may
loſe o're and gild the vice, which you call pleaſure,
ith god-like attributes; when it is, at beſt
ſenſuality, ſo farre below
iſhonourable, that it is meere beaſtly;
hich reaſon ought to abhorre; and I deteſt it,
ore than your former hated offers.
Let. Laſtly.
ilt thou have honour! Ile come cloſer to thee;
or now the Flames of Love grow higher in me,
nd I muſt periſh in them, or enjoy thee)
uppoſe I finde by Power, or Law, or both,
meanes to make thee mine, by freeing
hee from thy preſent husband.
Dia. Hold, ſtay there.
low ſhould I utter volumes of perſwaſions;
ay the whole world of Riches, pleaſures, honours.

Before

Before me in full grant, that one, laſt word
Husband, and from your owne mouth ſpoke, confutes
And vilifies even all. The very name
Of husband, rightly weigh'd, and well remembred,
Without more Law or diſcipline, is enough
To governe woman-kinde in due obedience;
Maſter all looſe affections, and remove
Thoſe Idolls, which too much, too many love;
And you have ſet before me, to beguile
Me of the faith I owe him. But, remember
You grant I have a husband; urge no more,
I ſeek his love. Tis fit he loves no whore.
Let. This is not yet the way. You have ſeene Lady,
My ardent love, which you doe ſeeme to ſlight,
Though to my death, pretending zeale to your husband.
My perſon, nor my proffers are ſo deſpicable,
But that they might (had I not vow'd affection
Intirely to your ſelfe) have met with th' embraces
Of greater perſons, no leſſe faire, that can
Too, (if they pleaſe) put on Formality,
And talke in as divine a ſtraine, as you.
This is not earneſt, make my word but good,
Now with a ſmile, ile give thee a thouſand pound.
Looke o' my face—Come—prithee looke and laugh not—
Yes, laugh, and dar'ſt—Dimple this cheek a little;
Ile nip it elſe.
Dia. I pray forbeare my Lord:
I'me paſt a childe, and will be made no wanton.
Let. How can this be? ſo young? ſo vigorous?
And ſo devoted to an old mans bed!
Dia. That is already anſwerd. He's my husband.
You are old too my Lord.

Let.



Let. Yes, but of better metall :
A jealous old man too, whoſe diſpoſition
Of injury to beauty, and young blood,
Cannot but kindle fire of juſt revenge
In you, if you be woman, to requite
With your owne pleaſure his unnaturall ſpight.
You cannot be worſe to him than he thinkes you,
Conſidering all the open ſcornes and jeeres
You caſt upon him, to a flat defiance ;
Then the affronts I gave, to choake his anger :
And laſtly your ſtolne abſence from his chamber :
All which confirmes (we have as good as told him)
That he's a Cuckold, yet you trifle time,
As 'twere not worth the doing.

Dia. Are you a Lord ?
Dare you boaſt honor, and be ſo ignoble ?
Did not you warrant me upon that pawne
Which can take up no mony) your blanck honour,
That you would cure his jealouſie, which affects him
Like a ſharpe ſore, if I to ripen it
Would ſet that counterfeit face of ſcorne upon him,
Onely in ſhew of diſobedience, which
You wonne me to, upon your proteſtation,
To render me unſtain'd to his opinion,
And quit me of his jealouſie for ever.

Let. No : not unſtain'd by your leave, if you call
Unchaſtity a ſtaine. But for his yellows,
Let me but lye with you, and let him know it,
His jealouſie is gone, all doubts are clear'd,
And for his love and good opinion,
He ſhall not dare deny't. Come ; be wife,
And this is all : all is as good as done
To him already : let't be ſo with us;
And truſt to me, my power, and your owne,
To make all good with him—If not : Now marke,
To be reveng'd for my loſt hopes (which yet
I pray thee ſave) Ile put thee in his hands,

Now

Now in his heat of fury; and not ſpare
To boaſt thou art my Proſtitute; and thruſt yee
Out of my gates, to try't out by your ſelves.
Dia. this you may doe, and yet be ſtill a Lord;
This can *I* beare, and ſtill be the ſame woman!
I am not troubled now, your wooing oratory,
Your violent hands (made ſtronger by your luſt)
Your tempting gifts, and larger promiſes
Of honor and advancements were all frivolous;
But this laſt way of threats, ridiculous,
To a ſafe minde, that beares no guilty grudge:
My peace dwells here, while yonder ſits my judge.
And in that faith ile dye.

ACT V. *Scene* V.

Enter Ioyleſſe *and* Byplay.

Let. She is invincible!
Come ile relate you to your husband.
Ioy. No,
Ile meet her with more joy then I receiv'd
Upon our marriage-day. My better ſoule.
Let me againe embrace thee.
Byp. Take your dudgeon Sir,
I ha done you ſimple ſervice.
Ioy. O my Lord,
My Lord, you have cur'd my jealouſie, I thanke you;
And more, your man for the diſcovery;
But moſt the conſtant meanes, my vertuous wife,
Your medicine my ſweet Lord.
Let. ſhe has tane all
I meane to give her ſir. Now ſirrah, ſpeake.
Byp. I brought you to the ſtand from whence you ſaw

How

How the game went.
Ioy. Oh my deare, deare *Diana.*
Byp. I ſeem'd to doe it againſt my will, by which I gain'd
Your bribe of twenty peeces.
Ioy. Much good doe thee.
Byp. But I aſſure you, my Lord give me order,
To place you there, after it ſeemes he had
Well put her to't within.
Ioy. Stay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay;
Why may not this be then a counterfeit action,
Or a falſe miſt to blinde me with more error?
The ill I fear'd may have been done before,
And all this but deceit to dawbe it ore.
Dia. Doe you fall backe againe?
Ioy. Shugh, give me leave.
Byp. I muſt take charge I ſee o'th' dagger againe.
Let. Come *Ioyleſſe*, I have pitty on thee; Heare me.
I ſwear upon mine honor ſhe is chaſt.
Ioy. Honor! an oath of glaſſe!
Let. I prithee Heare me.
I try'd and tempted her for mine owne ends,
More then for thine.
Ioy. That's eaſily beleev'd.
Let. And had ſhe yielded, *I* not onely had
Rejected her (for it was ne're my purpoſe,
(Heaven *I* call thee to witneſſe) to commit
A ſinne with her) but layd a puniſhment
Upon her, greater then thou couldſt inflict.
Ioy. But how can this appeare?
Let. Doe you know your father Lady?
Dia. I hope I am ſo wiſe a childe.
Let. Goe call
In my friend *Truelocke.*
Byp. Take your dagger Sir,
Now I dare truſt you.

Let.

Let. Sirrah, dare you foole.
When I am ſerious? ſend in maſter *Truelocke.*
Exit Byſſ.
Dia. That is my fathers name.
Ioy. Can he be here?
Let. Sir, I am neither conjurer nor witch,
But a great Fortune-teller, that you'l finde,
You are happy in a wife ſir, happier——yes
Happier by a hundred thouſand pound,
Then you were yeſterday——
Ioy. So, ſo, now he's mad.
Let. I meane in poſſibilities: provided that
You uſe her well, and never more be jealous.
Ioy. Muſt it come that way.
Let. Looke you this way ſir,
When *I* ſpeake to you, ile croſſe your fortune elſe,
As *I* am true *Letoy.*
Ioy. Mad, mad, he's mad,
Would we were quickly out on's fingers yet.
Let. When ſaw you your wives father? anſwer me?
Ioy. He came for London foure dayes before us.
Let. Tis poſſible he's here then, doe you know him

ACT V. *Scene* VI.

Enter Truelocke.

Dia. O I am happy in his ſight. Deare ſir.
ſhe kneeles.
Let. Tis but ſo much knee-labour loſt, ſtand up, ſtand up, and minde me.
True. You are well met, ſonne *Ioyleſſe.*
Ioy. How have you beene conceald, and this houſe?

Here's

Here's myſtery in this.
Tru. My good Lords pleaſure.
Let. know ſir, that I ſent for him, and for you,
Inſtructing your friend *Blaze* my inſtrument,
To draw you to my Doctor with your ſonne,
Your wife I knew muſt follow, what my end
Was in't ſhall quickely be diſcover'd to you,
In a few words, of your ſuppoſed father.
Dia. Suppoſed father!
Let. Yes, come maſter *Truelocke*,
My conſtant friend of thirty yeares acquaintance,
Freely declare with your beſt knowledge now
Whoſe childe this is.
Tru. Your honor do's as freely
Releaſe me of my vow, then in the ſecret
I lockd up in this breſt theſe ſevaenteene yeares
Since ſhe was three dayes old.
Let. True, maſter *Truelocke*,
I doe releaſe you of your vow: now ſpeake.
Tru. Now ſhe is yours my Lord; your onely daughter,
And know you maſter *Ioyleſſe*, for ſome reaſon
Knowne to my Lord; and large reward to me,
Shee has beene from the third day of her life
Reputed mine; and that ſo covertly,
That not her Lady mother, nor my wife
Knew to their deaths, the change of my dead infant,
Nor this ſweet Lady. tis moſt true we had
A truſty Nurſes help and ſecreſie,
Well paid for, in the carriage of our plot.
Let. Now ſhall you know what mov'd me ſir. I was
A thing beyond a mad-man, like your ſelfe,
Jealous; and had that ſtrong diſtruſt, and fancied
Such prooſes unto my ſelfe againſt my wife,
That I conceiv'd the childe was not mine owne,

And

And ſcorn'd to father it; yet I gave to breed her
And marry her as the daughter of this gentleman
(Two thouſand pound I gueſſe you had with her)
But ſince your match, my wife upon her death-bed
So clear'd her ſelfe of all my foule ſuſpitions,
(Bleſt be her memory) that I then reſolv'd
By ſome quaint way (for I am ſtill *Letoy*)
To ſee and try her throughly; and ſo much
To make her mine, as I ſhould find her worthy.
And now thou art my daughter, and mine heire.
Provided ſtill (for I am ſtill *Letoy*)
You honourably love her, and defie
The Cuckold-making fiend ſoule jealouſie.
Ioy. My Lord, tis not her birth and fortune, which
Do joyntly claime a priviledge to live
Above my reach of jealouſie, ſhall reſtraine
That paſſion in me, but her well tried vertue:
In the true faith of which I am confirmd,
And throughly cur'd.
Let. As I am true *Letoy*
Well ſaid. I hope thy ſon is cur'd by this too.

ACT V. *Scene* VII.

Enter Barbara.

Now Miſtris *Blaze!* here is a woman now!
I cur'd her husbands jealouſie, and twenty more
Ith' Towne, by meanes *I* and my Doctor wrought.
Bar. Truly my Lord, my husband has tane bread
And drunke upon't, that under heaven he thinkes,
You were the meanes to make me an honeſt woman,
Or (at the leaſt) him a contented man.

Let.

Let. Ha done, ha done.
Bar. Yes, *I* beleeve you have done
And if your husband, Lady, be cur'd, as he ſhould be;
And as all fooliſh jealous husbands ought to be,
I know what was done firſt, if my Lord tooke
That courſe with you as me——
Let. Prithee what camſt thou for?
Bar. My Lord to tell you, (As the Doctor tels me)
The Bride and Bridegroome, Both, are comming on,
The ſweetlieſt to their wits againe.
Let. I told you.
Bar. Now you are a happy man ſir; and I hope a quiet man.
Ioy. Full of content and joy.
Bar. Content! So was my husband, when he knew
The worſt he could by his wife. Now youle live quiet Lady.
Let. Why flyeſt thou off, thus woman, from the subject
Thou wert upon?
Bar. I beg your Honours pardon.
And now ile tell you. Be it by skill or chance,
Or both, was never ſuch a Cure, as is
Vpon that couple: now they ſtrive which moſt
Shall love the other.
Let. Are they up, and ready?
Bar. Vp! up, and ready to lye downe againe:
There is no ho with them;
They have bin in th' *Antipodes* to ſome purpoſe;
And, now, are riſen, and return'd themſelves:
He's her dear *Per*, and ſhe is his ſweet *Mat.*
His Kingſhip and her Queenſhip are forgotten.
And all their melancholly and his Travailes paſt,
And but ſuppos'd their dreams.

Let.

Let. Tis excellent.

Bar. Now ſir, the Doctor, (for he is become
An utter ſtranger to your ſonne; and ſo
Are all about em) craves your preſence,
And ſuch as he's acquainted with.

Let. Go ſir.
And go your daughter.

Bar. Daughter! that's the true trick of all old whore-maſters, to call their wenches daughters.

Let. Has he knowne you friend *Trulock* too?

True. Yes from his child-hood.

Let. Go, then, and poſſeſſe him (Now, he is ſenſible) how things have gone; what Arte, what meanes, what friends have bin imploy'd in his rare cure; and win him, by degrees, to Senſe of where he is; bring him to me; and I have yet an entertainment for him,
Of better Settle-braine, then Drunkards porridge,
To ſet him right. As I am true *Letoy*,
I have one Toy left. Go, and go you, why ſtayſt thou? *Exe. Ioy.*

Bar. If I had beene a Gentle-woman borne,
I ſhould have bin your daughter too my Lord.

Let. But never as ſhe is.
You'le know anon.

Bar. Neat city-wives fleſh, yet may be as good,
As your courſe countrey gentlewomans blood.
Exit Bar.

Let. Goe with thy fleſh to Turn-bull ſhambles? Hoe
Within there.

ACT V. *Scene* VIII.

Ent. Quailpipe.

Qua. Here my Lord.

Let. The muſicke, ſongs,
And dance I gave command for, are they ready?

Qua. All my good Lord: and (in good ſooth) I cannot enough applaude your honours quaint conceit in the deſigne; ſo apt, ſo regular, ſo pregnant, ſo acute, and ſo (withall) poetice legitimate, as I may ſay juſtly with *Plautus*——

Let. Prithee ſay no more, but ſee upon my ſignall given, they act as well as I deſign'd.

Qua. Nay not ſo well my exact Lord, but as they may, they ſhall. *Exit.*

Let. I know no flatterer in my houſe but this,
But for his cuſtome I muſt beare with him.
'Sprecious they come already. Now beginne.

ACT V. *Scene* IX.

A ſolemne leſſon upon the Recorders. Ent. Truclocke, Ioyleſſe and Diana, Peregrine and Martha, Doctor, and Barbara, Letoy meets them. Truelocke preſents Peregrine and Martha to him, he ſalutes them. They ſeeme to make ſome ſhort diſcourſe. Then Letoy appoints them to ſit. Peregrine ſeemes ſomthing amazed. The Muſicke ceaſes.

Let. Againe you are welcome ſir, and welcome all.

Per. I am what you are pleas'd to make me; but withall, ſo ignorant of mine owne condition; whether

whether I ſleepe, or wake, or talke, or dreame; whether *I* be, or be not; or if I am, whether I doe, or doe not any thing: for I have had (if I now wake) ſuch dreames, and been ſo far tranſported in a long and tedious voyage of ſleep, that I may fear my manners can acquire no welcome, where men underſtand themſelves.

Let. This is Muſick, Sir, you are welcome; and I give full power Unto your father, and my daughter here, your mother to make you welcome.

Ioyleſſe whiſpers Peregrine.

Per. How! your daughter ſir?

Doct. My Lord you'l put him backe againe, if you trouble his braine with new diſcoveries.

Let. Fetch him you on againe then: pray are you *Letoy* or I?

Ioy. Indeed it is ſo ſonne.

Doct. I feare your ſhow will but perplex him too.

Let. I care not ſir, ile have it to delay your cure a while, that he recover ſoundly. Come ſit again, again you are moſt welcome.

ACT V. *Scene* X.

A moſt untunable floriſh. Ent. Diſcord attended by Folly, Icalouſie, Melancholy and madneſſe.

There's an unwelcome gueſt; uncivill *Diſcord* that traines into my houſe her followers, Folly, and Jealouſie, Melancholy, and madneſſe.

Bar. My husband prefents jealouſie in the black and yellow jaundied ſute there, halfe like man, and tother halfe like woman with one horne, and aſſeeare upon his head.

Let.

Let. Peace woman, marke what they doe: but but by the way, conceive me this, but ſhew ſir, and deviſe.

Per. I thinke ſo.

Let. How goes he backe againe, now doctor? ſheugh.

Diſcord. Song in untunable notes.

COme forth my darlings, you that breed
The common ſtrifes that diſcord feed:
Come in the firſt place, my deare folly;
Iealouſie next, then Melancholy.
And laſt come Madneſſe, thou art hee
That bearſt th' effects of all thoſe three,
Lend me your aydes, ſo diſcord ſhall you crowne,
And make this place a kingdome of our owne.

ACT V. *Scene* XI.

They dance.

After a while they are broke off by a flouriſh, and the approach of Harmony followed by Mercury, Cupid, Bacchus and Apollo. Diſcord and her faction fall downe.

Let. See Harmony approaches, leading on,
Gainſt Diſcords factions, feare great deities;
Mercury, *Cupid*, *Bacchus*, and *Apollo*.
Wit againſt Folly, Love againſt Jealouſie,
Wine againſt Melancholly, and 'gainſt Madneſſe, Health.
Obſerve the matter and the Method.

Per. Yes.

Let. And how upon the approach of Harmony, Diſcord and her diſorders are confounded.

Harmony

Harmony. Song.

COme Wit, come Love, come Wine, come Health,
Mayntainers of my Common-wealth,
Tis you make Harmony compleate,
And from the Spheares (her proper ſeate)
You give her power to raigne on earth,
Where Diſcord claimes a right by birth.
Then let us revell it while we are here,
And keepe poſſeſſion of this Hemiſphere.

After a ſtraine or two, Diſcord cheares up her faction. They all riſe, and mingle in the dance with Harmony and the reſt.

Dauna.

Let. Note there how Diſcord cheares up her diſorders,
To mingle in defiance with the Vertues:
But ſoone they vaniſh; and the manſion quit
Ex. Diſcord.
Unto the Gods of health, love, wine, and wit,
Who triumph in their habitation new,
Which they have taken, and aſſigne to you;
In which they now ſalute you—Bids you bee
Salute Exe.
Of cheare; and for it, layes the charge on me.
And unto me y'are welcome, welcome all.
Meat, wine, and mirth ſhall flow, and what I ſee,
Yet wanting in your cure, ſupplied ſhall be.
Per. Indeed I finde me well.
Mar. And ſo ſhall I,
After a few ſuch nights more.
Bar. Are you there?
Good Madam, pardon errors of my tongue.
Dia. I am too happy made to thinke of wrong.
Let. We will want nothing for you that may pleaſe,
Though we dive for it toth' *Antipodes.*

The

The *Epilogue.*

Doct. *Whether my cure be perfect yet or no,*
It lies not in my doctor-ſhip to know.
Your approbation may more raiſe the man,
Then all the Colledge of phyſitians can;
And more health from your faire hands may be wonne,
Then by the ſtroakings of the ſeaventh ſonne.
Per. *And from our Travailes in th'* Antipodes,
We are not yet arriv'd from off the Seas:
But on the waves of deſprate feares we roame
Untill your gentler hands doe waft us home.

Courteous Reader, *You ſhal find in this Booke more then was preſented upon the* Stage, *and left out of the* Preſentation, *for ſuperfluous length* (*as ſome of the* Players *pretended*) *I thoght good al ſhould be inſerted according to the allowed* Original; *and as it was, at firſt, intended for the* Cock-pit Stage, *in the right of my moſt deſerving Friend Mr.* William Beeſton, *unto whom it properly appertained; and ſo I leave it to thy peruſal, as it was generally applauded, and well acted at* Salisbury Court. *Farewell,* Ri. Brome.

FINIS.





A

ɔVIALL CREW:

OR,

'HE MERRY BEGGARS.

Preſented in a

COMEDIE,

AT

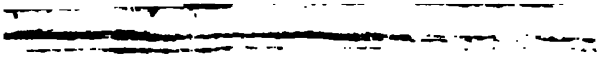
The Cock-pit in Drury Lane, in
the yeer 1641.

Written by
RICHARD BROME.

Mart. *Hic totus volo ridcat Libellus.*



LONDON:
rinted by J. Y. for E. D. and N. E., and
are to be ſold at the Gun in *Ivy-Lane.*
1652.



To the Right Noble, Ingenious, and
Judicious Gentleman,

THOMAS STANLEY, Eſq;

SIR,

I *Have, long ſince, ſtudied in theſe* anti-ingenious *Times, to finde out a Man, that might, at once, be both a* Judge *and* Patron *to this Iſſue of my* Old age, *which needs both. And my bleſſed* Stars *have flung me upon* You: *In whom both thoſe Attributes* concentre *and* flouriſh: *Nor can I yet finde a reaſon, why I ſhould preſent it to* You *(it being below your* Acceptance *or Cenſure) but onely my own* Confidence; *which had not growne to this* forwardneſſe, *had it not been incouraged by your* Goodneſſe. *Yet we all know,* Beggars *uſe to flock to great mens Gates. And, though my Fortune has caſt me in that Mold, I am poor and proud; and preſerve the humour of him, who could not beg for any thing, but* great Boons, *ſuch, as are your kinde* Acceptance *and* Protection. *I dare not ſay (as my Brethren uſe) that I preſent this, as* a Teſtimoniall of my Gratitude or Recompence for your Favours: *For (I proteſt) I conceive it ſo far from* quitting *old Engagements, that it* creates new. *So that, all,*

all, that this Play *can do, is but to make more* Work; *and involves me in* Debts, *beyond a poſſibility of Satisfaction. Sir, it were a folly in me, to tell you of your Worth, the World knows it enough; and are bold to ſay,* Fortune *and* Nature *ſcarce ever* club'd *ſo well. You know, Sir, I am old, and cannot* cringe, *nor* Court *with the powder'd and ribbanded* Wits *of our daies: But, though I cannot* ſpeak *ſo* much, *I can* think *as* well, *and as* honourably *as the beſt. All the Arguments I can uſe to induct you to take notice of this* thing of nothing, *is, that it had the luck to tumble laſt of all in the* Epidemicall *ruine of the* Scene; *and now* limps *hither with a* wooden Leg, *to beg an Alms at your hands. I will winde up all, with a* Uſe *of* Exhortation, That ſince the Times conſpire to make us all Beggars, let us make our ſelves merry; *which (if I am not miſtaken) this drives at. Be pleaſed therefore, Sir, to lodge theſe harmleſſe* Beggars *in the* Outhouſes *of your thoughts; and, among the reſt, Him, that in this* Cuckoe *time, puts in for a Memberſhip, and will fill the* Choyre *of thoſe, that* Duly and truly pray for you, *and is,*

Sir,

Your humble Servant

RIC: BROME.

To



To Maſter RICHARD BROME, on his *Play*, called, *a Joviall Crew: or, The merry BEGGARS.*

PLayes are *inſtructive* Recreations:
Which, who would write, may not expect, at once,
No, nor with every *breeding*, to write well.
And, though ſome itching Academicks fell
Lately upon this Taſk, their Products were
Lame and imperfect; and did *grate* the eare;
So, that they mock'd the ſtupid Stationers care,
That both with *Guelt* and Cringes did prepare
Fine Copper-Cuts; and gather'd Verſes too,
To make a Shout before the idle Show.
Your *Fate* is other: You do not invade;
But by great *Johnſon* were made free o'th' *Trade*.
So, that we muſt in this your *Labour* finde
Some Image and fair Relique of *his* Minde.

JOHN HALL.

To

To Maſter RICHARD BROME, on his Comedie of *A Joviall Crew: or, The merry Beggars.*

NOt to Commend, or Cenſure *thee*, or *thine;*
Nor like a Buſh, to ſignifie good *Wine;*
Nor yet to publiſh to the World, or *Thee*,
Thou merit'ſt Bayes by Wit and *Poetry*,
Do I ſtand here. Though I do know, there comes
A Shole, with Regiments of *Encomiums*,
On all occaſions, whose *Aſtronomie*
Can calculate a Praiſe to *Fifty three*,
And write blank Copies, ſuch, as being view'd,
May ſerve indifferently each *Altitude;*
And make Books, like Petitions, whoſe Commands
Are not from Worth, but multitude of Hands:
Thoſe will prove Wit by Power, and make a Trade,
To force by number when they can't perſwade.
Here's no ſuch need: For *Books*, like Children, be
Well Chriſt'ned, when their Sureties are but three.
And thoſe, which to twelve Godfathers do come,
Signifie former Guilt, or ſpeedy Doom.
Nor need the *Stationer*, when all th' *Wits* are paſt,
Bring his own *Periwig Poetry* at laſt.
All this won't do: For, when their Labour's done,
The Reader's rul'd, not by their taſts, but's own.
And he, that for *Encomiaſticks* looks,
May finde the bigger, not the better *Books*.
So, that the moſt our *Leavers* ſerve for, ſhews
Onely that we're his Friends, and do ſuppoſe
'Tis good: And that is all, that I ſhall ſay.
In truth *I love him well, and like his Play.*
And if there's any, that don't think ſo too:
Let them let it alone for them, that do.

J. B.

To



To his worthy Friend Maſter RICHARD BROME, upon his Comedie, called, *A Joviall Crew: or The merry Beggars.*

THis Comedie (ingenious Friend) will raiſe
It ſelf a Monument, without a Praiſe
Beg'd by the *Stationer;* who, with ſtrength of Purſe
And Pens, takes care, to make his *Book* ſell worſe.
And I dare calculate thy *Play*, although
Not elevated unto *Fifty two.*
It may grow old as Time, or Wit; and he,
That dares deſpiſe, may after envie thee.
Learning, the File of *Poeſie* may be
Fetch'd from the *Arts* and *Univerſitie:*
But he that writes a *Play*, and good, muſt know,
Beyond his Books, Men, and their Actions too.
Copies of Verſe, that make the *New Men* ſweat,
Reach not a *Poem*, nor the *Muſes* heat;
Small Bavine-Wits, and Wood, may burn a while,
And make more noiſe, then Forreſts on a Pile,
Whoſe Fivers ſhrunk, ma' invite a piteous ſtream,
Not to lament, but to extinguiſh them.
Thy *Fancie's* Mettall; and thy ſtrain's much higher
Proof 'gainſt their *Wit*, and what that dreads, the *Fire.*

Ja: Shirley.

To

To my Worthy Friend Maſter RICARD BROME, on his excellent Play, called, *A Joviall Crew: or, The merry Beggars.*

THere is a Faction (Friend) in Town, that cries,
Down with the *Dagon-Poet, Johnſon* dies.
His Works were too elaborate, not fit
To come within the Verge, or face of *Wit.*
Beaumont and *Fletcher* (they ſay) perhaps, might
Paſſe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night:
But *Shakeſpeare* the *Plebean* Driller, was
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and muſt not paſs.
And ſo, at all men flie, that have but been
Thought worthy of Applauſe; therefore, their ſpleen.
Ingratefull *Negro-kinde*, dart you your Rage
Againſt the Beams that warm'd you, and the Stage!
This malice, ſhews it is unhallowed heat,
That boyles your Raw-brains, and your Temples beat.
Adulterate Pieces may retain the Mold,
Or Stamp, but want the pureneſſe of the Gold.
But the World's mad, thoſe Jewels that were worn
In high eſteem, by ſome, laid by in ſcorn;
Like *Indians*, who their Native Wealth deſpiſe,
And doat on Stranger's Traſh, and Trumperies.
Yet, if it be not too far ſpent, there is
Some hopes left us, that this, thy well wrought Piece,
May bring it Cure, reduce it to its ſight,
To judge th' difference 'twixt the Day, and Night;
Draw th' Curtain of their Errours: that their ſenſe
May be conformable to *Ben's* Influence;
And finding here, *Nature* and *Art* agree,
May ſwear, thou liv'ſt in Him, and he in Thee.

Jo: Tatham.

To

To Maſter RICHARD BROME, upon his Comedie, called, *A Joviall Crew: or, The merry Beggars.*

SOmthing I'd ſay, but not to *praiſe* thee (Friend)
For thou thy ſelf, doſt beſt thy ſelf commend.
And he that with an *Eulogie* doth come,
May to's own *Wit* raiſe an Encomium,
But not to *thine*. Yet I'll before thee go,
Though *Whiffler*-like to uſher in the *Shew*.
And like a *quarter Clock*, foretell the time
Is come about for greater *Bells* to *chime*.
I muſt not praiſe thy *Poetry*, nor *Wit*,
Though both are very *good*; yet that's not it.
The *Reader* in his progreſſe will finde more
Wit in a *line*, than I praiſe in a *ſcore*.
I ſhall be read with prejudice, for each *line*
I write of thee, or any thing that's thine,
Be't *Name*, or *Muſe*, will all be read of me,
As if I claw'd my ſelf by praiſing thee.
But though I may not *praiſe*; I hope, I may
Be bold to *love* thee. And the *World* ſhall ſay
I've *reaſon* for't. *I love thee* for thy *Name*;
I love thee for thy *Merit*, and thy *Fame*:
I love thee for thy *neat* and *harmleſſe wit*,
Thy *Mirth* that does ſo *cleane* and *cloſely hit*.
Thy *luck* to *pleaſe* ſo well: who could go faſter?
At firſt to be the *Envy* of thy *Maſter*.
I love thee for thy *ſelf*; for who can chooſe
But like the *Fountain* of ſo briſk a *Muſe*?
I love this *Comedie*, and every *line*,
Becauſe 'tis *good*, as well's becauſe 'tis *thine*.

Thou







Prologue.

THe Title of our Play, *A Joviall Crew,*
May ſeem to promiſe Mirth: Which were a new,
And forc'd thing, in theſe ſad and tragick daies,
For you to finde, or we expreſſe in Playes.
We wiſh you, then, would change that expectation,
Since Joviall Mirth is now grown out of faſhion.
Or much not to expect: For, now it chances,
(Our Comick Writer finding that Romances
Of Lovers, through much travell and diſtreſſe,
Till it be thought, no Power can redreſſe
Th' afflicted Wanderers, though ſtout Chevalry
Lend all his aid for their delivery;
Till, laſtly, ſome impoſſibility
Concludes all ſtrife, and makes a Comedie)
Finding (he ſaies) ſuch Stories bear the ſway,
Near as he could, he has compos'd a Play,
Of Fortune-tellers, Damſels, *and their* Squires,
Expos'd to ſtrange Adventures, through the Briers
Of Love *and* Fate. *But why need I foreſtall*
What ſhall ſo ſoon be obvious to you all:
But wiſh the dulneſſe may make no Man ſleep,
Nor ſadneſſe of it any Woman weep.



The Perſons of the Play.

Old-rents, an ancient Eſquire.
Hearty, his Friend, and merry Companion, but a decay'd Gentleman.
Springlove, Steward to Maſter *Oldrents*.
Vincent, *Hilliard*, two young Gentlemen.
Randall, a Groom, Servant to *Oldrents*.
Maſter *Sentwell*, and two other Gentlemen, Friends to Juſtice *Clack*.
Oliver, the Juſtices Son.
Maſter *Clack*, the Juſtice himſelf.
Maſter *Talboy*, Lover to the Juſtices Neece.
Martin, the Juſtices Cleark.
Chaplain, *Uſher*, *Butler*, *Cook* to Oldrents.
Rachel, *Meriel*, *Oldrent*'s Daughters.
Amie, Juſtice *Clack's* Neece.
Autum-Mort, an old *Beggar-woman*.
Patrico, *Souldier*, *Lawyer*, *Courtier*, Four eſpeciall *Beggars*.
Scribble, their Poet.
Divers other *Beggars*, *Fidlers*, and *Mutes*.

A

JOVIAL CREW:

OR,

THE MERRY BEGGARS.

Actus Primus.

Oldrents. Hearty.

Old. IT has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Hea. And very juſtly, let me tell you, Sir,
That could ſo impiouſly be curious
Yo tempt a judgement on you ; to give ear,
And Faith too (by your leave) to *Fortune-tellers*, *Wizards* and *Gipſies !*

Old. I have ſince been frighted
With't in a thouſand dreams.

Hea. I would be drunk
A thouſand times to bed, rather then dream
Of any of their *Riddlemy Riddlemies.*
If they prove happy ſo : If not, let't go ;
You'l never finde their meaning till the event,
If you ſuppoſe there was, at all, a meaning,

As

As the equivocating Devil had, when he
Coſen'd the Monk, to let him live ſoul-free,
Till he ſhould finde him ſleeping between ſheets:
The wary Monk, abjuring all ſuch lodging,
At laſt, by over-watching in his ſtudy,
The foul Fiend took him napping with his noſe
Betwixt the ſheet-leaves of his conjuring Book.
There was the *whim*, or double meaning on't.
But theſe fond *Fortune-tellers*, that know nothing,
Aim to be thought more cunning then their Maſter,
The foreſaid Devil, tho' truly not ſo hurtful:
Yet, truſt 'em! hang 'em. *Wizards!* old blinde Buzzards!
For once they hit, they miſs a thouſand times;
And moſt times give quite contrary, bad for good,
And beſt for worſt. One told a Gentleman
His ſon ſhould be a man-killer, and hang'd for't;
Who, after prov'd a great and rich Phyſician,
And with great Fame ith' Univerſitie
Hang'd up in Picture for a grave example.
There was the *whim* of that. Quite contrary!

Old. And that was happy, would mine could ſo deceive my fears.

Hea. They may: but truſt not to't. Another *Schemiſt*
Found, that a ſquint-ey'd boy ſhould prove a notable
Pick-purſe, and afterwards a moſt ſtrong thief;
When he grew up to be a cunning Lawyer,
And at laſt died a Judge. Quite contrary!
How many have been mark'd out by theſe *Wizards*
For fools, that after have been prick'd for Sheriffs?
Was not a Shepheard-boy foretold to be
A Drunkard, and to get his living from
Bawds, Whores, Theeves, Quarrellors, and the like?
And



And did he not become a Suburbe *Juſtice?*
And live in Wine and Worſhip by the Fees
Rack'd out of ſuch Delinquents? There's the *whim* on't.
Now I come to you: Your *Figure-ſtinger* finds,
That both your Daughters, notwithſtanding all
Your great Poſſeſſions, which they are Co-heirs of,
Shall yet be *Beggars:* May it not be meant,
(If, as I ſaid, there be a meaning in it)
They may prove *Courtiers*, or great Courtiers wives,
And ſo be Beggars in Law? Is not that
the *whim* on't think you? you ſhall think no worſe on't.

Old. Would I had your merry heart.

Hea. I thank you, Sir.

Old. I mean the like.

Hea. I would you had; and I
Such an Eſtate as yours. Four thouſand yearly,
With ſuch a heart as mine, would defie *Fortune*,
And all her babling *Sooth-ſayers.* I'd as ſoon
Diſtruſt in *Providence*, as lend a fear
To ſuch a *Deſtiny*, for a Child of mine,
While there be Sack and Songs in Town or Country.
Think like a man of conſcience (now I am ſerious)
What juſtice can there be for ſuch a curſe
To fall upon your Heirs? Do you not live
Free, out of Law, or grieving any man?
Are you not th' onely rich man lives un-envied?
Have you not all the praiſes of the *Rich*,
And prayers of the *Poor?* Did ever any
Servant, or Hireling, Neighbour, Kindred curſe you,
Or wiſh one minute ſhorten'd of your life?
Have you one grudging Tenant? will they not all
Fight for you? Do they not teach their Children,

And make 'em too, pray for you morn and evening,
And in their Graces too, as duly as
For King and Realme? The innocent things would think
They ought not eat elſe.
Old. 'Tis their goodneſs.
Hea. It is your merit. Your great love and bounty
Procures from *Heaven* thoſe inſpirations in 'em.
Whoſe Rent did ever you exact? whoſe have
You not remitted, when by caſualties
Of fire, of floods, of common dearth, or ſickneſs,
Poor men were brought behind hand? Nay, whoſe loſſes
Have you not piouſly repair'd?
Old. Enough.
Hea. What Hariots have you tane from forlorne Widows?
What Acre of your thouſands have you rack'd?
Old. Good Friend, no more.
Hea. Theſe are enough, indeed,
To fill your ears with joyful acclamations
Where e're you paſs: Heaven bleſs our Landlord *Oldrent;*
Our Maſter *Oldrent;* our good Patron *Oldrent.*
Cannot theſe ſounds conjure that evil ſpirit
Of fear out of you, that your Children ſhall
Live to be *Beggars?* Shall Squire *Oldrent*'s Daughters
Weare old rents in their Garments? (there's a *whim* too)
Becauſe a *Fortune-teller* told you ſo?
Old. Come, I will ſtrive to think no more on't.
Hea. Will you ride forth for air then, and be merry?
Old. Your counſel and example may inſtruct me.

Hea.

Hea. *Sack* muſt be had in ſundry places too.
For Songs I am provided.

Enter Springlove *with Books and Papers, he layes them on the Table.*

Old. Yet here comes one brings me a ſecond fear,
Who has my care the next unto my children.
Hea. Your Steward, Sir, it ſeems has buſineſs with you.
I wiſh you would have none.
Old. I'll ſoon diſpatch it:
And then be for our journey inſtantly.
Hea. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. *Exit.*
Old. But why, *Springlove*,
Is now this expedition?
Spr. Sir, 'Tis duty.
Old. Not common among Stewards, I confeſs,
To urge in their Accompts before the day
Their Lords have limited. Some that are grown
To hoary haires and Knighthoods, are not found
Guilty of ſuch an importunity.
'Tis yet but thirty daies, when I give forty
After the half-year day, our *Lady* laſt.
Could I ſuſpect my Truſt were loſt in thee;
Or doubt thy youth had not ability
To carry out the weight of ſuch a charge,
I, then, ſhould call on thee.
Spr. Sir, your indulgence,
I hope, ſhall ne'r corrupt me. Ne'rtheleſs,
The teſtimony of a fair diſcharge
From time to time, will be incouragement
Springlove *turns over the ſeveral Books to his Maſter.*
To virtue in me. You may then be pleas'd
To take here a Survey of all your Rents
Receiv'd, and all ſuch other payments, as

Came

Came to my hands ſince my laſt Audit, for
Cattel, Wool, Corn, all Fruits of Husbandry.
Then, my Receipts on Bonds, and ſome new Leaſes,
With ſome old debts, and almoſt deſperate ones,
As well from Country Cavaliers, as Courtiers.
Then, here Sir, are my ſeveral Disburſements,
In all particulars for your ſelf and Daughters,
In charge of Houſe-keeping, Buildings and Repairs;
Journeys, Apparel, Coaches, Gifts, and all
Expences for your perſonal neceſſaries.
Here, Servants wages, Liveries, and Cures.
Here for ſupplies of Horſes, Hawks and Hounds.
And laſtly, not the leaſt to be remembred,
Your large Benevolences to the Poor.

Old. Thy charity there goes hand in hand with mine.

And, *Springlove*, I commend it in thee, that
So young in years art grown ſo ripe in goodneſs.
May their Heaven-piercing Prayers bring on thee
Equall rewards with me.

Spr. Now here, Sir, is
The ballance of the ſeveral Accompts,
Which ſhews you what remains in Caſh: which added
Unto your former Banck, makes up in all——

Old. Twelve thouſand and odd pounds.

Spr. Here are the keys
Of all. The Cheſts are ſafe in your own Cloſet.

Old. Why in my Cloſet? is not yours as ſafe?

Spr. O, Sir, you know my ſuit.

Old. Your ſuit? what ſuit?

Spr. Touching the time of year.

Old. 'Tis well-nigh *May*.
Why what of that, good *Springlove?*

Nightingale ſings.

Spr.



Spr. O, Sir, you hear I am call'd.
Old. Fie *Springlove*, fie.
I hop'd thou hadſt abjur'd that uncough practice.
Spr. You thought I had forſaken *Nature* then.
Old. Is that diſeaſe of Nature ſtill in thee
So virulent? and, notwithſtanding all
My favours, in my gifts, my cares, and counſels,
Which to a ſoul ingrateful might be boaſted:
Have I firſt bred thee, and then preferr'd thee (from
I will not ſay how wretched a beginning)
To be a Maſter over all my Servants;
Planted thee in my boſom; and canſt thou,
There, ſlight me for the whiſtling of a Bird?
Spr. Your reaſon, Sir, informs you, that's no cauſe.
But 'tis the ſeaſon of the year that calls me.
What moves her Noats, provokes my diſpoſition
By a more abſolute power of *Nature*, then
Philoſophy can render an accompt for.
Old. I finde there's no expelling it; but ſtill
It will return. I have try'd all the means
(As I may ſafely think) in humane wiſdom,
And did (as neer as reaſon could) aſſure me,
That thy laſt years reſtraint had ſtopp'd for ever,
That running ſore on thee, that gadding humour:
When, onely for that cauſe, I laid the weight
Of mine Eſtate in Stewardſhip upon thee;
Which kept thee in that year, after ſo many
Sommer vagaries thou hadſt made before.
Spr. You kept a Swallow in a Cage that while.
I cannot, Sir, indure another Sommer
In that reſtraint, with life: 'twas then my torment,
But now, my death. Yet, Sir, my life is yours:
Who are my Patron; freely may you take it.
Yet pardon, Sir, my frailty, that do beg
A ſmall continuance of it on my knees.

Old.

Old. Can there no means be found to preſerve life
In thee, but wandring, like a Vagabond?
Does not the Sun as comfortably ſhine
Upon my Gardens, as the opener Fields?
Or on my Fields, as others far remote?
Are not my Walks and Greens as delectable
As the High-ways and Commons? Are the ſhades
Of *Siccamore* and Bowers of *Eglantine*
Leſs pleaſing then of Bramble, or thorne hedges?
Or of my Groves and Thickets, then wild Woods?
Are not my Fountain waters freſher then
The troubled ſtreams, where every Beaſt does drink?
Do not the Birds ſing here as ſweet and lively,
As any other where? is not thy bed more ſoft,
And reſt more ſafe, then in a Field or Barn?
Is a full Table, which is call'd thine own,
Leſs curious or wholſom, then the ſcraps
From others trenchers, twice or thrice tranſlated?

Spr. Yea, in the winter ſeaſon, when the fire
Is ſweeter then the air.

Old. What air is wanting?

Spr. O Sir, y'have heard of Pilgrimages; and
The voluntary travels of good men.

Old. For Pennance; or to holy ends? but bring
Not thoſe into compariſon, I charge you.

Spr. I do not, Sir. But pardon me, to think
Their ſufferings are much ſweetned by delights,
Such as we finde, by ſhifting place and air.

Old. Are there delights in beggary? Or, if to take
Diverſity of Aire be ſuch a ſolace,
Travel the Kingdom over: And if this
Yeeld not variety enough, try further:
Provided your deportment be gentile.
Take Horſe, and Man, and Money: you have all.

Or,



Or I'll allow enough.

Sing Nightingale, Cuckoe, &c.

Spr. O how am I confounded!
Dear Sir, retort me naked to the world,
Rather then lay thoſe burdens on me, which
Will ſtifle me. I muſt abroad or periſh.

Old. I will no longer ſtrive to waſh this *Moor*;
Nor breath more minutes ſo unthriftily,
In civil argument, againſt rude winde,
But rather practiſe to withdraw my love
And tender care (if it be poſſible)
From that unfruitful breaſt; incapable
Of wholſome counſel.

Spr. Have I your leave, Sir?

Old. I leave you to diſpute it with your ſelf.
I have no voice to bid you go, or ſtay:
My love ſhall give thy will preheminence;
And leave th' effect to Time and Providence.——

Exit.

Spr. I am confounded in my obligation
To this good man: His virtue is my puniſhment,
When 'tis not in my Nature to return
Obedience to his Merits. I could wiſh
Such an Ingratitude were Death by th' law
And put in preſent execution on me,
Yo rid me of my ſharper ſuffering.
Nor but by death, can this predominant ſway
Of nature be extinguiſh'd in me. I
Have fought with my Affections, by th' aſſiſtance
Of all the ſtrengths of Art and Diſcipline
(All which I owe him for in education too)
To conquer and eſtabliſh my obſervance
(As in all other rules) to him in this,
This inborn ſtrong deſire of liberty
In that free courſe, which he deteſts as ſhameful,
And I approve my earths felicity:
But finde the war is endleſs, and muſt fly.

What

What muſt I loſe then? **A good Maſter's love.**
What loſs feels he that wants not what he loſes?
They'l ſay I loſe all Reputation.
What's that, to live where no ſuch thing is known?
My duty to a Maſter will be queſtion'd.
Where duty is exacted it is none:
And among *Beggars*, each man is his own.

Enter Randal *and three or four ſervants with a great Kettle, and black Jacks, and a Bakers Basket, all empty*, exeunt *with all*, manet *Randal.*

Now fellows, what news from whence you came?

Ran. The old wonted news, Sir, from your Gueſt-houſe, the old Barn. We have unloaden the Bread-basket, the Beef-Kettle, and the Beer-*Bumbards* there, amongſt your Gueſts the Beggars. And they have all prayed for you and our Maſter, as their manner is, from the teeth outward, marry from the teeth inwards 'tis enough to ſwallow your Alms; from whence I think their Prayers ſeldom come.

Spr. Thou ſhould'ſt not think uncharitably.

Ran. Thought's free, Maſter Steward, and it pleaſe you. But your Charity is nevertheleſs notorious, I muſt needs ſay.

Spr. Meritorious thou meantſt to ſay.

Ran. Surely Sir, no; 'tis out of our Curats Book.

Spr. But I aſpire no merits, nor popular thanks, 'Tis well if I do well in it.

Ran. It might be better though (if old *Randal*, whom you allow to talk, might counſel) to help to breed up poor mens children, or decayed labourers, paſt their work, or travel; or towards the ſetting up of poor young married couples; then to beſtow an

an hundred pound a year (at leaſt you do that, if not all you get) beſides our Maſters bounty, to maintain in begging ſuch wanderers as theſe, that never are out of their way; that cannot give account from whence they came, or whither they would; nor of any beginning they ever had, or any end they ſeek, but ſtill to ſtrowle and beg till their bellies be full, and then ſleep till they be hungry.

Spr. Thou art ever repining at thoſe poore people! they take nothing from thee but thy pains: and that I pay thee for too. Why ſhould'ſt thou grudge?

Ran. Am I not bitten to it every day, by the ſix-ſooted blood-hounds that they leave in their Litter, when I throw out the old, to lay freſh ſtraw for the new comers at night. That's one part of my office. And you are ſure that though your hoſpitality be but for a night and a morning for one Rabble, to have a new ſupply every evening. They take nothing from me indeed, they give too much.

Spr. Thou art old *Randall* ſtill! ever grumbling, but ſtill officious for 'em.

Ran. Yes: hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough, I have had merry bouts with ſom of 'em.

Spr. What ſay'ſt thou *Randall?*

Ran. They are indeed my paſtime. I left the merry Griggs (as their provender has prickt 'em) in ſuch a Hoigh younder! ſuch a frolick! you'l hear anon, as you walk neerer 'em.

Spr. Well honeſt *Randal.* Thus it is. I am for a journey. I know not how long will be my abſence. But I will preſently take order with the Cooke, Pantler and Butler, for my wonted allowance to the Poor; And I will leave money with thee to manage the affair till my return.

Ran

Ran. Then up riſe *Randal,* Bayley of the Beggars.

Spr. And if our Maſter ſhall be diſpleas'd (although the charge be mine) at the openneſs of the Entertainment, thou ſhalt then give it proportionably in money, and let them walk further.

Ran. Pfeugh! that will never do't, never do 'em good: 'Tis the Seat, the Habitation, the Rendevous, that chears their hearts. Money would clog their conſciences. Nor muſt I loſe the muſick of 'em in their lodging.

Spr. We will agree upon't anon. Go now about your buſineſs.

Ran. I go. Bayley? nay Steward and Chamberlain of the Rogues and Beggars. *Exit.*

Spr. I cannot think but with a trembling fear
On this adventure, in a ſcruple, which
I have not weighed with all my other doubts.
I ſhall, in my departure, rob my Maſter.
Of what? of a true Servant; other theft
I have committed none. And that may be ſupply'd,
And better too, by ſome more conſtant to him.
But I may injure many in his Truſt,
Which now he cannot be but ſparing of.
I rob him too, of the content and hopes
He had in me, whom he had built and rais'd
Unto that growth in his affection,
That I became a gladneſs in his eye,
And now must be a grief or a vexation
A noyſe and ſinging within.
Unto his noble heart. But heark! I there's
The Harmony that drowns all doubts and fears.
A little nearer——

SONG.



SONG.

FRom hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who more richly clad then wee?
Our bellies are full; our fleſh is warm;
And, againſt pride, our rags are a charm.
Enough is our Feaſt, and for tomorrow
Let rich men care we feel no ſorrow.
No ſorrow, no ſorrow, no ſorrow, no ſorrow.
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.

Spr. The Emperour hears no ſuch Muſick; nor feels content like this!

Each City, each Town, and every Village,
Affords us either an Alms or Pillage.
And if the weather be cold and raw
Then, in a Barn we tumble in ſtraw.
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock
The Fields will afford us a Hedge or a Hay-cock.
A Hay-cock, a Hay-cock, a Hay-cock, a Hay-cock,
The Fields will afford us a Hedge or a Hay-cock.

Spr. Moſt raviſhing delight! But, in all this
Onely one ſenſe is pleas'd: mine ear is feaſted.
Mine eye too muſt be ſatisfied with my joyes.
The hoarding Uſurer cannot have more
Thirſty deſire to ſee his golden ſtore,
When he unlocks his Treaſury, then I
The equipage in which my Beggars lie.

He opens the Scene; the Beggars *are diſcovered in their poſtures; then they iſſue forth; and laſt, the* Patrico.

All. Our Maſter, our Maſter! our ſweet and comfortable Maſter.

Spr.

Spr. How cheare my hearts?

1. *Beg.* Moſt crowſe, moſt capringly.
Shall we dance, ſhall we ſing, to welcome our King?
Strike up Piper a merry merry dance
That we on our ſtampers may foot it and prance,
To make his heart merry as he has made ours:
As luſtick and frolique as Lords in their Bowers.

Muſick. Dance.

Spr. Exceeding well perform'd.

1 *Beg.* 'Tis well if it like you, Maſter. But wee have not that rag among us, that we will not daunce off, to do you ſervice; we being all and onely your ſervants, moſt noble Sir. Command us therefore and imploy us, we beſeech you.

Spr. Thou ſpeak'ſt moſt courtly.

2 *Beg.* Sir, he can ſpeak, and could have writ as well. He is a decay'd Poet, newly fallen in among us; and begs as well as the beſt of us. He learnt it pretty well in his own profeſſion before; and can the better practiſe it in ours now.

Spr. Thou art a wit too, it ſeems.

3 *Beg.* He ſhould have wit and knavery too, Sir: For he was an Attorney, till he was pitch'd over the Bar. And from that fall, he was taken up a Knight o' the Poſt; and ſo he continued, till he was degraded at the whipping-poſt; and from thence he ran reſolutely into this courſe. His cunning in the Law, and the others labour with the *Muſes* are dedicate to your ſervice; and for my ſelf, I'l fight for you.

Spr. Thou art a brave fellow, and ſpeak'ſt like a Commander. Haſt thou born Arms?

4 *Beg.* Sir, he has born the name of a *Netherland* Souldier, till he ran away from his Colours, and was taken lame with lying in the Fields by a *Sciatica:* I mean, Sir, the *ſtrapado.* After which, by

by a ſecond retreat, indeed running away, he ſcambled into his Country, and ſo ſcap'd the Gallows ; and then ſnap'd up his living in the City by his wit in cheating, pimping, and ſuch like Arts, till the Cart and the Pillory ſhewed him too publiquely to the world. And ſo, begging being the laſt refuge, he enter'd intoour ſociety. And now lives honeſtly, I muſt needs ſay, as the beſt of us.

Spr. Thou ſpeak'ſt good language too.

1 *Beg.* He was a Courtier born, Sir, and begs on pleaſure I aſſure you, refuſing great and conſtant means from able friends to make him a ſtaid man. Yet (the want of a leg notwithſtanding) he muſt travel in this kinde againſt all common reaſon, by the ſpecial pollicy of Providence.

Spr. As how, I prethee ?

1 *Beg.* His Father, Sir, was a Courtier ; a great Court Beggar I aſſure you ;

I made theſe Verſes of Him and his Son here.

A *Courtier* beg'd by Covetiſe, not Need,
From Others that, which made them beg indeed.
He beg'd, till wealth had laden him with cares
To keep for's children and their children ſhares :
While the oppreſs'd, that loſt that great Eſtate
Sent Curſes after it unto their *Fate.*
The Father dies (the world faies) very rich ;
The Son, being gotten while (it ſeems) the itch
Of begging was upon the Courtly Sire,
Or bound by Fate, will to no wealth aſpire,
Tho' offer'd him in Money, Cloathes or Meat,
More then he begs, or inſtantly muſt eat.
Is not he heavenly bleſt, that hates Earth's Treaſure
And begs, with *What's a Gentleman but's pleaſure?*
Or ſay it be upon the Heire a curſe ;
What's that to him ? The *Beggar*'s ne'r the worſe.

For

For of the general ſtore that Heaven has ſent
He values not a penny till't be ſpent.

All. A *Scribble*, a *Scribble!*

2 *Beg.* What City or Court Poet could ſay more than our hedge Muſe-monger here?

2 *Beg.* What ſay, Sir, to our Poet *Scribble* here?

Spr. I like his vain exceeding well; and the whole Conſort of you.

2 *Beg.* Conſort, Sir. We have *Muſicians* too among us: true *merry Beggars* indeed, that being within the reach of the Laſh for ſinging libellous Songs at *London*, were fain to flie into our Covie, and here they ſing all our Poet's Ditties. They can ſing any thing moſt tunably, Sir, but Pſalms. What they may do hereafter under a triple Tree, is much expected. But they live very civilly and gentily among us.

Spr. But what is he there? that ſolemn old fellow, that neither ſpeaks of himſelf, nor any body for him.

2 *Beg.* O Sir, the rareſt man of all. He is a *Prophet.* See how he holds up his prognoſticating noſe. He is divining now.

Spr. How? a *Prophet?*

2 *Beg.* Yes, Sir, a cunning man and a Fortune-teller: 'tis thought he was a great Cleark before his decay, but he is very cloſe, will not tell his beginning, nor the fortune he himſelf is falne from: But he ſerves us for a Clergy-man ſtill, and marries us, if need be, after a new way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his company?

2 *Beg.* But lately come amongſt us, but a very ancient Strowle all the Land over, and has travell'd with *Gipſies*, and is a *Patrico.* Shall he read your Fortune Sir?

Spr. If it pleaſe him.

Pat.



Pat. Lend me your hand, Sir.

By this Palme I underſtand,
Thou art born to wealth and Land,
And after many a bitter guſt,
Shalt build with thy great Granſires duſt.

Spr. Where ſhall I finde it? but come, Ile not trouble my head with the ſearch.

2 *Beg.* What ſay, Sir, to our Crew? are we not well congregated?

Spr. You are *A Jovial Crew;* the onely people
Whoſe happineſs I admire.

3 *Beg.* Will you make us happy in ſerving you? have you any Enemies? ſhall we fight under you? will you be our Captain?

2. Nay, our King.

3. Command us ſomething, Sir.

Spr. Where's the next Rendevouz?

1. Neither in Village nor in Town:
But three mile off at *Maple-down.*

Spr. At evening there I'le viſit you.

SONG.

Come, come; away: The Spring
(By every Bird that can but ſing,
Or chirp a note, doth now invite
Us forth) to taſte of his delight.
In Field, in Grove, on Hill, in Dale;
But above all the Nightingale:
Who in her ſweetneſs ſtrives t' out-doe
The loudneſs of the hoarſe Cuckoe.
Cuckoe *cries he,* Jug Jug Jug *ſings ſhe,*
From buſh to buſh, from tree to tree,
Why in one place then tarry we?

Come

Comeaway; why do we ſtay?
We have no debt or rent to pay.
No bargains or accounts to make;
Nor Land or Leaſe to let or take:
Or if we had, ſhould that remore us,
When all the world's our own before us,
And where we paſs, and make reſort,
It is our Kingdom and our Court.
Cuckoe *cries he* &c.

Exeunt Cantantes.

Spr. So, now away.
They dream of happineſs that live in State,
But they enjoy it that obey their Fate.

Actus Secundus.

Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, Rachel.

Vin. I Am overcome with admiration, at the felicity they take!

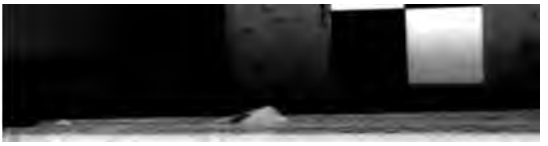
Hil. Beggars! They are the only people, can boaſt the benefit of a free ſtate, in the full enjoyment of Liberty, Mirth and Eaſe; having all things in common and nothing wanting of *Natures* whole proviſion within the reach of their deſires. Who would have loſt this ſight of their Revels?

Vin. How think you Ladies? Are they not the onely happy in a Nation?

Mer. Happier then we I'm ſure, that are pent up and tied by the noſe to the continual ſteam of hot Hoſpitality, here in our Father's houſe, when they have the Aire at pleaſure in all variety.

Ra. And though I know we have merrier Spirits then they, yet to live thus confin'd, ſtifles us.

Hil.



Hil. Why Ladies, you have liberty enough; or may take what you pleaſe.

Mer. Yes in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his allowance. What's that to abſolute freedom; ſuch as the very Beggars have; to feaſt and revel here to day, and yonder to morrow; next day where they pleaſe; and ſo on ſtill, the whole Country or Kingdome over? ther's Liberty! the birds of the aire can take no more.

Ra. Andthen at home here, or whereſoever he comes, our Father is ſo penſive, (what muddy ſpirit ſoe're poſſeſſes him, would I could conjure't out) that he makes us even ſick of his ſadneſs, that were wont *to ſee my Ghoſſips cock to day; mould Cocklebread; daunce clutterdepouch; and Hannykin booby; binde barrels;* or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a ſigh, or teares in his eyes, tho' we ſimper never ſo ſanctifiedly. What tales have been told him of us, or what he ſuſpects I know not; God forgive him, I do; but I am weary of his houſe.

Ra. Does he think us Whores tro, becauſe ſometimes we talke as lightly as great Ladies. I can ſwear ſafely for the virginity of one of us, ſo far as Word and Deed goes; marry Thought's free.

Mer. Which is that one of us I pray? your ſelfe or me?

Ra. Good ſiſter *Meriel*, Charity begins at home. But I'l ſwear I think as charitably of thee: And not onely becauſe thou art a year younger neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you. But for my Father, I would I knew his grief and how to cure him, or that we were where we could not ſee it. It ſpoiles our mirth, and that has been better then his Meat to us.

Vin. Will you heare our motion Ladies?

Mer. Pſew, you would marry us preſently out of his way, becauſe he has given you a fooli kinde of promiſe: But we will ſee him in a better humor firſt, and as apt to laugh as we to be down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that courſe will cure him, would you embrace it.

Ra We will have him cur'd firſt, I tell you: And you ſhall wait that ſeaſon, and our leaſure.

Mer. I will rather hazard my being one of the Devil's Ape-leaders, then to marry while he is melancholly.

Ra. Or I to ſtay in his houſe; to give entertainment to this Knight, or t'other Coxcomb that comes to cheer him up with eating of his chear; when we muſt fetch 'em ſweetmeats, and they muſt tell us, Ladies, your lips are ſweeter, and then fall into Courtſhip, one in a ſet ſpeech taken out of old *Britains* Works, another with Verſes out of the *Academy of Complements*, or ſome or other of the new Poetical Pamphletters, ambitious onely to ſpoile Paper, and publiſh their names in print. And then to be kiſt, and ſometimes ſlaver'd—ſagh.

Mer. 'Tis not to be indur'd. We muſt out of the Houſe. We cannot live but by laughing, and that aloud, and no body ſad within hearing.

Vin. We are for any adventure with you, Ladies. Shall we project a journey for you? your Father has truſted you, and will think you ſafe in our company; and we would fain be abroad upon ſom progreſs with you. Shall we make a fling to *London*, and ſee how the Spring appears there in the *Spring-Garden*; and in *Hide-park*, to ſee the Races, Horſe and Foot; to hear the *Jockies* crack; and ſee the *Adamites* run naked afore the Ladies?

Ra.



Ra. We have ſeen all already there, as well as they, laſt year.

Hil. But there ha' been new *Playes* ſince.

Ra. No : no : we are not for *London.*

Hil. What think you of a Journey to the *Bath* then ?

Ra. Worſe then t'other way. I love not to carry my Health where others drop their Diſeaſes. There's no ſport i' that.

Vin. Will you up to the hill top of ſports, then, and Merriments, *Dovors Olimpicks* or the *Cotswold Games.*

Mer. No, that will be too publique for our Recreation. We would have it more within our ſelves.

Hil. Think of ſome courſe your ſelves then. We are for you upon any way, as far as Horſe and Money can carry us.

Vin. I, and if thoſe means faile us, as far as our legs can bear, or our hands can help us.

Ra. And we will put you to't. Come aſide *Meriel*—— *Aſide.*

Vin. Some jeere, perhaps to put upon us.

Hil. What think you of a Pilgrimage to St. *Winifrides Well ?*

Vin. Or a Journey to the wiſe woman at *Nantwich,* to ask if we be fit husbands for 'em ?

Hil. They are not ſcrupulous in that, we having had their growing loves up from our Childhoods ; and the old *Squire*'s good will before all men.

Ra. Me. Ha ha ha——

Vin. What's the conceit I mervail.

Ra. Me. Ha ha ha ha——

Hill. Some merry one it ſeems.

Ra. And then, ſirrah *Meriel*——— Heark agen——ha ha ha——

Vin. How they are taken with it !

Mer. Ha ha ha——— Heark agen *Rachel.*

Hill.

Hill. Some wonderful Nothing ſure. They will laugh as much to ſee a ſwallow flie with a white feather imp'd in her tail.

Vin. They were born laughing I think.

Ra. Me. Ha ha ha———

Vin. If it be not ſome trick upon us, which they'l diſcover in ſome monſtrous ſhape, they cozen me. .Now Ladies, is your Project ripe? poſſeſs us with the knowledge of it.

Ra. It is more precious, then to be imparted upon a ſlight demand.

Hil. Pray let us hear it. You know we are your truſty ſervants.

Vin. And have kept all your councels ever ſince we have been Infant Playfellows.

Ra. Yes, you have plaid at all kinds of ſmall game with us; but this is to the purpoſe. Ha ha ha——

Hil. It ſeems ſo by your laughing.

Ra. And aſks a ſtronger tongue-tie then tearing of Books; burning of Samplers; making Dirt-pies; or piſs and paddle in't.

Vin. You know how, and what we have vow'd: to wait upon you any way, any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will ſtand to't?

Hill. I, and go to't with you, wherever it be.

Mer. Pray tell't 'em, ſiſter *Rachel.*

Ra. Why Gentlemen——ha ha—— Thus it is—— Tell it you *Meriel.*

Vin. O, is that all?

Mer. You are the elder. Pray tell it you.

Ra. You are the younger. I command you tell it.

Come, out with it
They long to have it.

Hil. When?

Vin.



Vin. When?

Mer. Introth you muſt tell it, ſiſter, I cannot. Pray begin.

Ra. Then Gentlemen ſtand your ground.

Vin. Some terrible buſineſs ſure!

Ra. You ſeem'd e'n now to admire the felicity of *Beggars.*

Mer. And have ingag'd your ſelves to join with us in any courſe.

Ra. Will you now with us, and for our ſakes turn *Beggars?*

Mer. It is our Reſolution, and our Injunction on you.

Ra. But for a Time, and a ſhort Progreſs.

Mer. And for a ſpring-trick of youth, now, in the ſeaſon.

Vin. Beggars! What Rogues are theſe?

Hil. A ſimple trial of our Loves and ſervice!

Ra. Are you reſolv'd upon't? If not God bw'y'. We are reſolv'd to take our courſe.

Mer. Let yours be to keep councel.

Vin. Stay, ſtay. *Beggars!* Are we not ſo already?
Do we not beg your loves, and your enjoyings?
Do we not beg to be receiv'd your ſervants?
To kiſs your hands, or (if you will vouchſafe)
Your lips; or your imbraces?

Hil. We now beg,
That we may fetch the Rings and Prieſt to marry us.
Wherein are we no *Beggars?*

Ra. That will not ſerve. Your time's not come for that yet.
You ſhall beg *Victuals* firſt.

Vin. O, I conceive your begging progreſs is to ramble out this ſommer among your Father's Tenants; and 'tis in requeſt among Gentlemens Daughters

Daughters to devour their Cheeſe-cakes, Apple-pies, Cream and Cuſtards, Flapiacks, and Pan-puddings.

Mer. Not ſo, not ſo,

Hil. Why ſo we may be a kinde of civil *Beggars.*

Ra. I mean ſtark, errant, downright *Beggars*, I, Without equivocation; Statute *Beggars.*

Mer. Couchant and Paſſant, Guardant, Rampant *Beggars.*

Vin. Current and vagrant——

Hil. Stockant, whippant *Beggars!*

Vin. Muſt you and we be ſuch? would you ſo have it?

Ra. Such as we ſaw ſo merry; and you concluded
Were th' onely happy People in a Nation.

Mer. The onely Freemen of a Common-wealth;
Free above *Scot-free;* that obſerve no Law,
Obey no Governour, uſe no Religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient cuſtom,
Or conſtitute themſelves, yet are no Rebels.

Ra. Such as of all mens Meat and all mens Money
Take a free part; and, whereſoe're they travel.
Have all things *gratis* to their hands provided.

Vin. Courſe fare moſt times.

Ra. Their ſtomack makes it good;
And feaſts on that, which others ſcorn for Food.

Mer. The Antidote, Content, is onely theirs.
And, unto that, ſuch full delights are known,
That they conceive the Kingdom is their own.

Vin. 'Fore Heaven I think they are in earneſt: for they were alwaies mad.

Hill. And we were madder then they, if we ſhould loſe 'em.

Vin.

Vin. 'Tis but a mad trick of youth (as they ſay) for the Spring, or a ſhort progreſs: and mirth may be made out of it; knew we how to carry it.

Ra. Pray Gentlemen be ſudden.
Heark, you hear the Cuckoe. *Cuckoe*

Hil. We are moſt reſolutely for you in your courſe.

Vin. But the vexation is how to ſet it on foot.

Ra. We have projected it. Now if you be perfect and conſtant Lovers and friends, ſearch you the means. We have puzzell'd 'em.

Mer. I am glad on't. Let 'em pump.

Vin. Troth a ſmall ſtock will ſerve to ſet up withal. This Doublet ſold off o' my back, might ſerve to furniſh a Camp Royal of us.

Hil. But how to enter or arrange our ſelves into the *Crew* will be the difficulty. If we light raw and tame amongſt 'em (like Cage-Birds among a flight of wild ones) we ſhall never pick up a Living, but have our brains peckt out.

Vin. We want inſtruction dearly.

Enter Springlove.

Hil. O here comes *Springlove.* His great Benefactorſhip among the *Beggars* might prefer us with Authority into a ragged Regiment preſently. Shall I put it to him.

Ra. Take heed what you do. His greatneſs with my Father will betray us.

Vin. I will cut his throat then. My noble *Springlove*, the great Commander of the *Maunders*, and King of *Canters*, we ſaw the gratitude of your loyal Subjects the large Tributary content they gave you in their Revels.

Spr. Did you, Sir?

Hil. We have ſeen all with great delight and admiration.

Spr.

Spr. I have ſeen you too, kinde Gentlemen and Ladies; and over-heard you in your quaint deſigne, to new create your ſelves out of the worldly bleſſings, and ſpiritual graces Heaven has beſtow'd upon you, to be partakers and Co-actors too, in thoſe vile courſes, which you call delights, tane by thoſe deſpicable and abhorred Creatures.

Vin. Thou art a Deſpiſer, nay a Blaſphemer
Againſt the Maker of thoſe happy Creatures.
Who, of all humane, have priority
In their content. In which they are ſo bleſt
That they enjoy moſt in poſſeſſing leaſt.
Who made 'em ſuch, doſt think? or why ſo happy?

Ra. He grows zealous in the Cauſe: ſure he'll beg indeed.

Hil. Art thou an Hypocrite, then, all this while?
Onely pretending *Charity;* or uſing it
To get a Name and Praiſe unto thy ſelf;
And not to cheriſh and increaſe thoſe *Creatures,*
In their moſt happy way of living? Or
Doſt thou beſtow thine Alms with a foul purpoſe
To ſtint their Begging, and with loſs to buy
And ſlave thoſe free ſouls from their liberty?

Mer. They are more zealous in the Cauſe then we.

Spr. But are you, Ladies, at defiance too
With Reputation, and the Dignity
Due to your Father's Houſe and You?

Ra. Hold thy peace, good *Springlove,*
And, tho' you ſeem to diſlike this courſe, and reprove us for it,
Do not betray us in it: your throat's in queſtion.
I tell you for good will, good *Springlove.*

Mer. What wouldſt thou have us do?
Thou talk'ſt o' th' Houſe.
'Tis a baſe melancholly Houſe.

Our



Our Father's ſadneſs baniſhes us out on't.
And, for the delight thou tak'ſt in *Beggars* and their brawls, thou canſt not but think they live a better life abroad, then we do in this Houſe.

Spr. I have founded your Faith: And I am glad I finde you all right. And for your Father's ſadneſs, I'll tell you the cauſe on't. I overheard it but this day in his private Diſcourſe with his merry Mate Maſter *Hearty*. He has been told by ſome *Wizard* that you both were born to be *Beggars*.

All. How. How!

Spr. For which he is ſo tormented in minde, that he cannot ſleep in peace, nor look upon you but with hearts grief.

Vin. This is moſt ſtrange.

Ra. Let him be griev'd then, till we are *Beggars*,
We have juſt reaſon to become ſo now:
And, what we thought on but in jeſt before,
We'll do in earneſt now.

Spr. O, I applaud this reſolution in you;
Would have perſwaded it; will be your Servant in't.
For, look ye Ladies:
The Sentence of your Fortune does not ſay, that you ſhall beg for need; hungry or cold neceſſity. If therefore you expoſe your ſelves on pleaſure into it, you ſhall abſolve your deſtiny nevertheleſs, and cure your Father's grief. I am over-joy'd to think on't; and will aſſiſt you faithfully.

All. A *Springlove!* a *Springlove!*

Spr. I am prepar'd already for th' adventure.
And will with all conveniencies furniſh,
And ſet you forth; give you your Dimenſions,
Rules and Directions: I will be your Guide,
Your Guard, your Convoy, your Authority.
You do not know my Power; my Command

I'

I' th' *Beggars* Commonwealth.

Vin. But how? But how, good *Springlove!*

Spr. I'll confeſs all. In my Minority
My Maſter took me up a naked *Beggar;*
Bred me at School; then took me to his Service:
(You know in what good faſhion) and you may
Collect to memory for ſeven late Sommers,
Either by leave, pretending Friends to ſee
At far remote parts of the Land, or elſe,
By ſtealth, I would abſent my ſelf from ſervice,
To follow my own Pleaſure, which was Begging,
Led to't by *Nature.* My indulgent Maſter
(Yet ignorant of my courſe) on my ſubmiſſion
When Cold and Hunger forc'd me back at Winter,
Receiv'd me ſtill again. Till, two years ſince,
He being drawn by journey towards the North,
Where I then quarter'd with a ragged *Crew;*
On the high way, not dreaming of him there,
I did accoſt him, with a *Good your Worſhip*
The Guift one ſmale penny to a Creeple;
(For here I was with him) *and the good Lord* Halts
To bleſs you, and reſtore it you in Heaven.

All. Ha ha ha.

Spr. My head was dirty clouted, and this leg
Swadled with Rags, the other naked, and
My body clad, like his upon the Gibbet.
Yet, He, with ſearching eyes, through all my Rags
And counterfeit Poſtures, made diſcovery
Of his Man *Springlove;* chid me into tears;
And a confeſſion of my foreſpent life.
At laſt, upon condition, that vagary
Should be the laſt, he gave me leave to run
That *Sommer* out. In *Autumne* home came I
In my home Cloaths again and former Duty.
My Maſter not alone conſerv'd my Counſel;
But laies more weighty Truſt and Charge upon me;

Such



Such was his love to keep me a home-Man,
That he conferr'd his Stewards place upon me,
Which clog'd me, the laſt year, from thoſe Delights,
I would not loſe again to be his Lord.
All. A *Springlove*, a *Springlove.*
Spr. Purſue the courſe you are on then, as cheerfully
As the inviting Seaſon ſmiles upon you.
Think how you are neceſſitated to it,
To quit your Father's ſadneſs, and his fears
Touching your *Fortune.* Till you have been *Beggars*
The Sword hangs over him. You cannot think
Upon an Act of greater Piety
Unto your Father, then t'expoſe your ſelves
Brave Volunteers, unpreſs'd by common need
Into this meritorious Warfare; whence
(After a few daies or ſhort ſeaſon ſpent)
You bring him a perpetual Peace and Joy
By expiating the Prophecy that torments him.
T'were worth your Time in painful, woful ſteps,
With your lives hazard in a Pilgrimage,
So to redeem a Father. But you'l finde
A Progreſs of ſuch Pleaſure (as I'll govern't)
That the moſt happy Courts could never boaſt
In all their Tramplings on the Countries coſt;
Whoſe envy we ſhall draw, when they ſhall reade
We out-beg them, and for as little Need.
All. A Springlove! a *Springlove!*
Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as cheerfully
As—— (heark!) we are ſummon'd forth. *Birds ſinging.*
All. We follow thee.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Randal. *A Purſe in his hand.*

Ran. Well, go thy waies. If ever any juſt or charitable Steward was commended, ſure thou ſhalt

ſhalt be at the laſt Quarter-day. Here's five and twenty pounds for this Quarters *Begger-dues*. And (if he return not by the end of this Quarter) here's order to a Friend to ſupply for the next. If I now ſhould venture for the commendation of an unjuſt Steward, and turn this Money to mine own uſe! ha! deare Devil tempt me not. I'll do that ſervice in a greater Matter. But to rob the *Poor!* (a poor trick) every Churchwarden can do't. Now ſomething whiſpers me, that my Maſter, for his Stewards love, will ſupply the *Poor*, as I may handle the matter. Then I rob the Steward, if I reſtore him not the Money at his return. Away Temptation, leave me. I am frail fleſh: yet I will fight with thee. But ſay the Steward never return. O but he will return. Perhaps he may not return. Turn from me *Satan*: ſtrive not to clog my conſcience. I would not have this weight upon't for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty *ſinging, and* Oldrents.

Hey down hay down a down &c.

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I ſtrive you ſee to be ſo.
Yet ſomething pricks me within, me thinks.

Hea. No further thought, I hope, of *Fortunes* tell-tales.

Old. I think not of 'em. Nor will I preſage,
That when a diſpoſition of ſadneſs
O'rclouds my ſpirits, I ſhall therefore hear
Ill news, or ſhortly meet with ſome diſaſter.

Hea. Nay, when a man meets with bad tidings, why
May not he then compel his minde to mirth;
As well as puling ſtomacks are made ſtrong
By eating againſt Appetite?

Old. Forc'd Mirth tho' is not good.

Hea.



Hea. It reliſhes not you'll ſay. No more does Meat
That is moſt favory to a long ſick ſtomack,
Until by Striſe and Cuſtom 'tis made good.
Old. You argue well. But do you ſee yon'd Fellow?
Hea. I never noted him ſo ſad before.
He neither ſings nor whiſtles.
Old. Something troubles him.
Can he force Mirth out of himſelf now, think you
Hea. What ſpeak you of a Clod of Earth; a Hind?
But one degree above a Beaſt, compar'd
To th' aëry ſpirit of a Gentleman?
Old. He looks, as he came laden with ill news,
To meet me on my way.
Hea. 'Tis very pretty.
Suppoſe the Aſs be tir'd with ſadneſs: will you diſburden him
To load your ſelf? Think of your Covenant to be merry
In ſpight of *Fortune* and her Riddle-makers.
Old. Why how now *Randal!* ſad? where's *Springlove?*
Hea. He's ever in his Care. But that I know
The old *Squire's* virtue, I ſhould think *Springlove* Were ſure his Baſtard.
Ran. Here's his Money, Sir.
I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer.
The Devil and I have ſtrain'd courteſie theſe two hours about it. I would not be corrupted with the truſt of more then is mine own. Mr. Steward gave it me, Sir, to order it for the *Beggars.* He has made me Steward of the Barn and them, while he is gone (he ſaies) a Journey, to ſurvey and meaſure Lands abroad about the Countries. Some purchaſe I think for your Worſhip.

Old.

Old. I know his meaſuring of Land. He is gone his old way.
And let him go. Am not I merry *Hearty!*

Hea. Yes; but not hearty merry. There's a *whim* now.

Old. The Poor's charge ſhall be mine. Keep you the Money for him.

Ran. Mine is the greater charge then.
Knew you but my temptations and my care,
You would diſcharge me of it.

Old. Ha ha ha.

Ran. I have not had it ſo many minutes, as I have been in ſeveral Minds about it; and moſt of them diſhoneſt.

Old. Go then, and give it to one of my Daughters to keep for *Springlove.*

Ran. O, I thank your Worſhip—— *Exit.*

Old. Alaſs poor Knave! How hard a taſque it is to alter Cuſtome!

Hea. And how eaſie for Monie to corrupt it.
What a pure *Treaſurer* would he make!

Old. All were not born for weighty Offices.
Which makes me think of *Springlove.*
He might have tane his leave tho'.

Hea. I hope he's run away with ſome large Truſt,
I never lik'd ſuch demure down-look'd Fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Hea. If you be not 'tis well. But this is from the Covenant.

Old. Well Sir. I will be merry. I am reſolv'd
To force my Spirit onely unto Mirth.
Should I heare now, my Daughters were miſled
Or run away, I would not ſend a ſigh
To fetch 'em back.

Hea. To'ther old Song for that.

SONG.

SONG.

THere was an old fellow at Waltham *Croſs,*
Who merrily ſung when he liv'd by the Loſs.
He never was heard to ſigh with Hey-ho:
But ſent it out with a Haigh trolly lo.
He chear'd up his Heart, when his Goods went to wrack,
With a heghm boy, heghm, *and a Cup of old Sack.*

Old. Is that the way on't? well, it ſhall be mine then.

Enter Randal.

Ran. My Miſtreſſes are both abroad, Sir.

Old. How? ſince when?

Ran. On foot, Sir, two hours ſince, with the two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter they left with the Butler. And there's a muttring in the Houſe.

Old. I will not reade, nor open it; but conceive
Within my ſelf the worſt, that can befal them;
That they are loſt and no more mine. What follows?
That I am happy: all my cares are flown.
The Counſel I anticipated from
My Friend, ſhall ſerve to ſet my Reſt upon
(Without all further helps) to jovial Mirth:
Which I will force out of my ſpleen ſo freely,
That Grief ſhall loſe her name, where I have being;
And ſadneſs, from my furtheſt foot of Land,
While I have life, be baniſh'd.

Hea. What's the *whim* now?

Old. My Tenants ſhal ſit Rent-free for this twelvemonth;
And all my ſervants have their wages doubled;
And

And ſo ſhall be my charge in Houſe-keeping.
I hope my friends will finde and put me to't.
Hea. For them I'll be your Undertaker, Sir.
But this is over-done. I do not like it.
Old. And for thy news, the Money that thou haſt,
Is now thine own. I'll make it good to *Spring-love.*
Be ſad with it and leave me. For I tell thee,
I'll purge my houſe of ſtupid melancholly.
Ran. I'll be as merry as the Charge that's under me

A confuſed noyſe within of laughing and ſinging, and one crying out.

The *Beggars*, Sir. Do'e hear 'em in the Barn?
Old. I'll double their allowance too; that they may
Double their Numbers, and increaſe their Noyſe:
Theſe Bear not ſound enough: and one (me thought)
Cri d out among 'em.
Ran. By a moſt natural Cauſe. For there's a *Doxie*
Has been in labour, Sir. And 'tis their Cuſtome,
With ſongs and ſhouts to drown the woman's cries.
A Ceremony which they uſe, not for
Devotion, but to keep off Notice of
The Work, they have in hand. Now ſhe is in
The ſtraw it, ſeems; and they are quiet
Hea. The ſtraw! that's very proper there.
That's *Randal*'s *whim.*
Old. We will have ſuch a lying in, and ſuch
A Chriſtning; ſuch up-ſitting and Ghoſſipping!
I mean to ſend forty miles Circuit at the leaſt,
To draw in all the *Beggars* can be found;
And ſuch Devices we will have for jollity,

As

As *Fame* ſhall boaſt to all *Poſterity.*
Am I not merry *Hearty?* hearty merry?
Hea. Would you were elſe. I fear this over-doing.
Old. I'll do't for expiation of a crime
That's charg'd upon my Conſcience till't be done.
Hea. What's that? what ſaies he?
Old. We will have ſuch a Feſtival moneth on't, *Randall*———
Ran. Sir, you may ſpare the labour and the coſt:
They'l never thank you for't. They'l not indure
A Ceremony, that is not their own,
Belonging either to the Childe, or Mother.
A moneth Sir? They'l not be detain'd ſo long
For your Eſtate. Their Work is done already:
The Bratling's born, the *Dexey's* in the *Strummel*,
Laid by an *Autum Mort* of their own Crew,
That ſerv'd for Mid-wife: and the Child-bed woman
Eating of haſty Pudding for her ſupper,
And the Child part of it for pap
I warrant you by this time; then to ſleep;
So to riſe early to regain the ſtrength
By travail, which ſhe loſt by travail.
Hea. There's *Randal* again.
Old. Can this be?
Ran. She'l have the *Bantling* at her back to-morrow
That was to-day in her belly, and march a foot-back with it.
Hea. Art there agen, old *Randal?*
Ran. And for their Ghoſſipping (now you are ſo nigh)
If you'l look in, I doubt not, but you'l find 'em
At their high Feaſt already.
Hea. Pray let's ſee 'em, Sir.

Randal *opens the Scene. The Beggars discover'd at their Feaſt. After they have ſcrambled a while at their Victuals: This Song.*

HEre, *ſafe in our* Skipper, *let's* cly *off a* Peck,
And bowſe *in defiance o' th'* Harman-Beck.
Here's Pannum *and* Lap, *and good* Poplars *&* Yarrum,
To fill up the Crib, *and to comfort the* Quarron.
Now bowſe *a round health to the Go-well and Co well*
Of Ciſley Bumtrincket *that lies in the* Strummel.
Now bowſe *a round health to the Go well and Co well*
Of Ciſley Bumtrincket *that lies in the* Strummel.

Here's Ruffpeck *and* Caſſon, *and all of the beſt,*
And Scraps of the Dainties of Gentry Cofe's *Fea*
Here's Gunter *and* Bleater, *with* Tib of the Butt
And Margery Prater, *all dreſt without ſuttry.*
For all this bene Cribbing *and* Peck *let us the* Bowſe *a health to the* Gentry Cofe *of the* Ken.
Now bowſe *a round health to the Go-well a Com-well*
Of Ciſley Bumtrincket *that lies in the* Strumm

Old. Good Heaven, how merry they are.
Hea. Be not you ſad at that.
Old. Sad Hearty, no unleſs it be with envy
At their full happineſs. What is an eſtate
Of Wealth and Power, ballanc'd with the Freedom,
But a meer load of outward complement?
When they enjoy the Fruits of rich Content?
Our Droſs but weighs us down into Deſpair,
While their ſublimed ſpirits daunce i' th' Ayr.

He



Hea. I ha' not ſo much Wealth to weigh me down,
Nor ſo little (I thank *Chance*) as to daunce naked.
Old. True my Friend *Hearty*, thou having leſſe then I,
Of which I boaſt not) art the merrier man:
But they exceed thee in that way ſo far,
That ſhould I know, my Children now were *Beggars*
(Which yet I will not read) I muſt conclude,
They were not loſt, nor I to be agriev'd.
Hea. If this be madneſs, 'tis a merry Fit.

Enter Patrico. *Many of the Beggars look out.*

Patrico. Toure out with your *Glaſiers*, I ſweare by the *Ruffin*,
That we are aſſaulted by a *quire Cuffin*.
Ran. Hold! what d'e mean, my Friends? This is our Maſter,
The Maſter of your Feaſt and ſeaſting-Houſe.
Pat. Is this the *Gentry Cofe?*
All the Beggars. Lord bleſs his Worſhip. His good Worſhip. Bleſs his Worſhip.
Exit Beggars manet *Patr.*
Pat. Now, bounteous Sir, before you go,
Hear me, the *Beggar Patrico;*
Or Prieſt, if you do rather chuſe,
That we no word of Canting uſe.
Long may you live, and may your Store
Never decay, nor baulk the Poor:
And as you more in years do grow,
May Treaſure to your Coffers flow;
And may your care no more thereon
Be ſet, then ours are, that have none;
But as your Riches do increaſe,
So may your hearts Content and Peace.

And

And, after many, many years,
When the Poor have quit their *Fears*
Of loſing you; and that with *Heaven*
And all the world you have made even,
Then may your bleſt poſterity,
Age after Age ſucceſſively,
Until the world ſhall be untwin'd
Inherit your Eſtate and Minde.
So ſhall the Poor to the laſt day,
For you, in your ſucceſſion, pray.

Hea. 'Tis a good Vote, Sir *Patrico:* but you are too grave. Let us hear and ſee ſomething of your merry *Grigs*, that can ſing, play Gambals, and do Feats.

Pat. Sir, I can lay my Function by,
And talk as wilde and wantonly
As *Tom* or *Tib*, or *Jack*, or *Jill*,
When they at *Bowſing Ken* do ſwill.
Will you therefore daign to hear
My *Autum Mort*, with throat as clear,
As was *Dame Aniſſes* of the Name;
How ſweet in Song her Notes ſhe'll frame,
That when ſhe chides, as lowd is yawning,
As *Chanticlere* wak'd by the dawning.

Hea. Yes, pray let's hear her. What is ſhe your [wife?

Pat. Yes Sir. We of our Miniſtery,
As well as thoſe o th' Presbyterie,
Take wives and defie Dignitie. *Exit.*

Hea. A learned Cleark in veritie!

Enter Patrico *with his old wife, with a wooden Bowle of Drink. She is drunk.*

Pat. By *Salmon*, I think my Mort is in drink.
I finde by her ſtink; and the pretty pretty pink
Of her Neyes, that half wink,
That the tipling Feaſt, with the *Doxie* in the Neaſt,
Hath turn'd her brain, to a merry merry vain.

Mort.



Mort. Go Fiddle *Patrico*, and let me ſing. Firſt ſet me down here on both my *Prats*. Gently, gently, for cracking of my wind, now I muſt uſe it. Hem, hem.

She ſings.

This is Bien Bowſe, *this is* Bien Bowſe,
Too little is my Skew.
I bowſe *no* Lage, *but a whole* Gage
Of this I'll bowſe *to you.*

This Bowſe *is better then* Rum-bowſe,
It ſets the Gan *a* gigling;
The Autum-Mort *finds better ſport*
In bowſing *then in* nigling.
This is Bien bowſe *&c.*

She toſſes off her Bowle, falls back, and is carried out.

Pat. So ſo: your part is done.——
Exit with her.

Hea. How finde you, Sir, your ſelf?

Old. Wondrous merry, my good *Hearty*.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. I wiſh we had, in all our ſtore,
Something that could pleaſe you more.
The old or *Autum-Mort's* a ſleep;
But before the young ones creep
Into the ſtraw, Sir, if you are,
(As Gallants ſometimes love courſe fare,
So it be freſh and wholſome Ware)
Doſpoſ'd to *Doxie*, or a *Dell*,
That never yet with man did Mell;
Of whom no *Upright man* is taſter,
I'll preſent her to you, Maſter.

Old. Away. You would be puniſh'd. Oh.

Hea. How is it with you, Sir?

Old. A ſudden qualm over-chils my ſtomack.
But 'twill away.

Enter

Enter Dauncers.

Pat. See, in their rags, then, dauncing for you ſports,
Our *Clapper Dugeons* and their *walking Morts.*

Daunce.

Pat. You have done well. Now let each *Tripper*
Make a retreat into the *Skipper;*
And *couch a Hogs-head*, till the *dark man's* paſt;
Then all with Bag and Baggage *bing awaſt.*

Exeunt Beggars.

Ran. I told you, Sir, they would be gone to-morrow.
I underſtand their canting.

Old. Take that amongſt you.—— *Gives Money.*

Pat. May rich Plenty ſo you bleſs,
Tho' you ſtill give, you ne're have leſs. *Exit.*

Hea. And as your walks may lead this way:
Pray ſtrike in here another day.
So you may go, Sir *Patrico*——
How think you, Sir? or what? or why do you think at all, unleſs on Sack and Supper-time? do you fall back? do you not know the danger of relapſes?

Old. Good *Hearty*, thou miſtak'ſt me. I was thinking upon this *Patrico.* And that he has more ſoule then a born Beggar in him.

Hea. Rogue enough though, to offer us his what d'e calts? his *Doxies.* Heart and a cup of Sack, do we look like old Beggar-niglers?

Old. Pray forbear that Language.

Hea. Will you then talk of Sack, that can drown ſighing? will you in, to ſupper, and take me there your Gueſt? Or muſt I creep into the Barn among your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely; and moſt friendly. *Exit.*

Hea.



Hea. Would all were well with him. *Exit.*

Ran. It is with me.
For now theſe pounds are (as I feel them ſwag)
Light at my heart, tho' heavy in the bag. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Vincent *and* Hilliard *in their Rags.*

Vin. IS this the life that we admir'd in others; with envy at their happineſs?

Hill. Pray let us make vertuous uſe of it: and repent us of that deadly ſin (before a greater puniſhment then Famine and Lice fall upon us) by ſteering our courſe homeward. Before I'll endure ſuch another night———

Vin. What? what wouldſt thou do? I would thy Miſtris heard thee.

Hil. I hope ſhee does not. For I know there is no altering our courſe before they make the firſt motion.

Vin. Is't poſſible we ſhould be weary already? and before their ſofter conſtitutions of fleſh and blood?

Hill. They are the ſtronger in will it ſeems.

Enter *Springlove.*

Spr. How now *Comrades!* repining already at your Fulneſs of Liberty? Do you complain of eaſe?

Vin. Eaſe call'ſt thou it? Didſt thou ſleep to night?

Spr. Not ſo well theſe 18 moneths I ſwear; ince my laſt walks.

Hill. Lightning and Tempeſt is out of thy *Letany.*
Could not the thunder wake thee?

Spr. Ha ha ha.

Vin. Nor the noiſe of the *Crew* in the Quarter by us?

Hill. Nor the Hogs in the hovel, that cri'd ſo they drown'd the noiſe of the winde? If I could but once ha' dreamt in all my former nights, that ſuch an affliction could have been found among *Beggars*, ſure I ſhould never have travell'd to the proof on't.

Vin. We look'd upon them in their Jollity, and caſt no further.

Hill. Nor did that onely draw us forth (by your favour *Vince*) but our obedience to our Loves, which we muſt ſuffer, till they cry home again. Are they not weary yet, as much as we doſt think *Springlove?*

Spr. They have more moral underſtanding then ſo. They know (and ſo may you) this is your Birthright into a new world. And we all know (or have been told) that all come crying into the World, when the whole World of Pleaſures is before us. The World it ſelf had ne'r been glorious, had it not firſt been a confuſed *Chaos.*

Vin. Well: never did *Knight Errants* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, then we *Beggar-errants* or errant Beggars, do in ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward. Think upon that. And ſhew no manner of diſtaſte to turn their hearts from you. Y'are undone then.

Hill. Are they ready to appear out of their privy Lodgings, in the Pigs Palace of pleaſure? Are they coming forth?

Spr. I left 'em almoſt ready, ſitting on their Pads of ſtraw, helping to dreſs each others heads (The ones eye is the tothers Looking-glaſs) with the prettieſt coyle they keep to fit their fancies in the



he moſt graceful way of wearing their new Dreſſings, that you would admire.

Vin. I hope we are as gracefully ſet out. Are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to practiſe? Let me hear how you can *Maund* when you meet with Paſſengers.

Hill. We do not look like men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Suppoſe ſome Perſons of Worth or Wealth paſſing by now. Note me. Good your good Worſhip, your Charity to the Poor, that will duly and truly pray for you day and night.——

Vin. Away you idle Rogue, you would be ſet to work and whipt———

Spr. That is lame and ſick; hungry and comfortleſs———

Vin. If you were well ſerv'd———

Spr. And even to bleſs you and reward you for it———

Hill. Prethee hold thy peace (here be doleful Notes indeed) and leave us to our own *Genius.* If we muſt beg, let's let it go, as it comes, by Inſpiration. I love not your ſet form of Begging.

Spr. Let me inſtruct ye tho'.

Enter Rachel *and* Meriel *in Rags.*

Ra. Have a care, good *Meriel,* what hearts or limbs ſoever we have, and tho' never ſo feeble, let us ſet our beſt faces on't, and laugh our laſt gaſp out before we diſcover any diſlike, or wearineſs to them. Let us bear it out, till they complain firſt, and beg to carry us home a pick pack.

Mer. I am ſorely ſurbated with hoofing already tho', and ſo crupper-crampt with our hard lodging, and ſo bumfidled with the ſtraw, that———

Ra. Think not on't. I am numm'd i' the bum and

and ſhoulders too a little. And have found the difference between a hard floor with a little ſtraw, and a down Bed with a Quilt upon 't. But no words, nor a ſowre look I prethee.

Hill. O here they come now; Madam *Forcloaths*, and my Lady *Bonnyrag*.

Vin. Peace, they ſee us.

Ra. Mer. Ha ha ha.

Vin. We are glad the Object pleaſes ye.

Ra. So do's the Subject.

Now you appear the glories of the Spring,
Darlings of *Phœbus* and the Somers heirs.

Hill. How fairer, then faire *Floras* ſelf appear
(To deck the Spring) *Diana's* Darlings dear!
O let us not *Acteon*-like be ſtrook
(With greedy eyes while we preſume to look
On your half nakedneſs, ſince courteous rags
Cover the reſt) into the ſhape of Stags.

Ra. Mer. Ha ha ha—— Wee are glad yo are ſo merry.

Vin. Merry and luſty too. This night will w lye togthier as well as the proudeſt Couple in th Barn.

Hill. And ſo will we. I can hold out no long

Ra. Do's the ſtraw ſtir up your fleſh to't, Ge tlemen?

Mer. Or do's your Provender prick you?

Spr. What! do we come for this? laugh and ly down

When your bellies are full. Remember, Ladies,
You have not beg'd yet, to quit your *Deſtiny:*
But have liv'd hitherto on my endeavours.
Who got your Suppers, pray, laſt night, but I?
Of dainty Trencher-Fees, from a Gentleman houſe:
Such as the Serving-men themſelves, ſometimes,
Would have been glad of. And this morning no

Wha

What comfortable Chippings and ſweet Buttermilk
Had you to Breakfaſt!

Ra. O 'twas excellent! I feel it good ſtill, here.

Mer. There was a brown Cruſt amongſt it, that has made my neck ſo white me thinks. Is it not *Rachel*?

Ra. Yes. You ga' me none on't. You ever covet to have all the Beauty.
'Tis the ambition of all younger Siſters.

Vin. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more muſt we, if wee'l be theirs.

Spr. Peace. Here come Paſſengers. Forget not your Rules; and quickly diſperſe yourſelves, and fall to your calling.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Lead the Horſes down the Hill. The heat of our ſpeed is over, for we have loſt our Journey.

2. Had they taken this way, we had overtaken 'em, or heard of 'em at leaſt.

1. But ſome of our Scouts will light on 'em, the whole Countrey being overſpread with 'em.

2. There was never ſuch an eſcape elſe.

Vin. A ſearch for us perhaps. Yet I know not them, nor they me, I am ſure. I might the better beg of 'em. But how to begin, or ſet the worſt leg forwards, would I were whipt if I know now.

1. That a young Gentlewoman of her breeding, and Heire to ſuch an Eſtate, ſhould flie from ſo great a match, and run away with her Uncles Cleark!

2. The old Juſtice will run mad upon't I fear.

Vin. If I were to be hang'd now, I could not beg for my life.

Spr.

Spr. Step forwards, and beg **handſomly,** I'l ſet my Goad i' your breech elſe.

Vin. What ſhall I ſay?

Spr. Have I not told you? **now begin.**

Vin. After you, good *Springlove.*

Spr. Good, your good Worſhips———

1. Away you idle Vagabond———

Spr. Your Worſhips Charity to a poor Crytur welly ſtarv'd.

Vin. That will duly and truly prea for yee.

2. You counterfet Villains, hence.

Spr. Good Maſters ſweet Worſhip, for the tender mercy of——

Vin. Duly and truly prea for you.

1. You would be well whipt and ſet to work, if you were duly and truly ſerv'd.

Vin. Did not I ſay ſo before?

Spr. Good Worſhipful Maſters Worſhip, to beſtow your Charity, and—— to maintaine your health and Limbs.

Vin. Duly and truly pray for you.

2. Be gone, I ſay, you impudent luſty young Raſcals.

1. I'll ſet you going elſe. *Switch 'em.*

Sp. Ah the goodneſs of compaſſion to ſoften your hearts to the poor.

Vin. Oh the Devil, muſt not we beat 'em now? ſteth——

Spr. Nor ſhew an angry look for all the ſkin of our backs. Ah the ſweetneſs of that mercy that gives to all, to move your compaſſion to the hungry, when it ſhall ſeem good unto you, and night and day to bleſs all that you have. Ah ah——

2. Come back ſirrah. His Patience and Humility has wrought upon me.

Vin. Duly and ——

2. Not



2. Not you ſirrah. The t'other. You look like a ſturdy Rogue.

Spr. Lord bleſs your Maſters Worſhip.

2. There's a half-penny for you. Let him have no ſhare with you.

Vin. I ſhall never thrive o' this Trade.

1. They are of a Fraternity, and will ſhare, I warrant you.

Spr. Never in our lives trooly. He never begg'd with me before.

1. But if Hedges or Hen-rooſts could ſpeak, you might be found ſharers in Pillage, I believe.

Spr. Never ſaw him before, bleſs you good Maſter, in all my life. (Beg for your ſelf. Your Credit's gone elſe.) *Good Hea'ne to bliſſe and proſper yea.* *Exit.*

2. Why doſt thou follow us? Is it your office to be privie to our talk?

Vin. Sir, I beſeech you hear me. (*S'life what ſhall I ſay?*) *I am a ſtranger in theſe parts, and deſtitute of Means and Apparel.*

1. So me thinks. And what o'that?

Vin. Will you therefore be pleas'd, as you are worthy Gentlemen, and bleſt with plenty——

2. This is Courtly!

Vin. Out of your abundant ſtore, towards my relief in extreme neceſſity, to furniſh me with a ſmall parcel of Money—five or ſix peeces, or ten, if you can preſently ſpare it.

1. 2. Stand off. *Draw.*

Vin. I have ſpoil'd all; and know not how to beg otherwiſe.

1. Here's a new way of begging!

Vin. Quite run out of my Inſtructions.

2. Some High-way Theef o'my conſcience, that forgets he is weaponleſs.

Vin. Onely to make you merry, Gentlemen, at my

my unskilfulneſs in my new Trade. I have ben another man i' my daies. So I kiſs your hands. *Exit.*

1. With your heels do you?

2. It had been good to have apprehended the Rakeſhame. There is ſome myſterie in his Rags. But let him go.

Enter Oliver, *putting up his ſword.*

Ol. You found your legs in time, I had made you halt for ſomething elſe.

1. Maſter *Oliver*, well return'd; what's the matter, Sir?

Ol. Why, Sir, a counterfeit lame Rogue beg'd of me; but in ſuch Language, the high Sheriffs Son o' the Shire could not have ſpoke better; nor to have borrowed a greater ſumme. (He aſk'd me if I could ſpare him ten or twenty pound.) I ſwitch'd him, his Cudgel was up. I drew, and into the Wood he ſcap'd me, as nimbly—— But firſt he told me, I ſhould heare from him by a Gentleman, to require ſatisfaction of me.

2. We had ſuch another beg'd of us. The Court goes a begging, I think.

1. Dropt through the Clouds, I think; more *Lucifers* travailing to Hell, that beg by the way. Met you no news of your Kinſwoman, Miſtris *Amie?*

Ol. No. What's the matter with her? Goes her Marriage forwards with young Maſter *Talboy?* I haſten'd my Journey from *London* to be at the Wedding.

2. T'was to ha' bin yeſterday morning; all things in readineſs prepar'd for it. But the Bride, ſtolne by your Father's Cleark, is ſlipt away. We were in queſt of 'em, and ſo are twenty more, ſeveral waies.

Ol.



Ol. Such young Wenches will have their owne waies in their own loves, what Matches ſoever their Guardians make for 'em. And I hope my Father will not follow the Law ſo cloſe to hang his Cleark for ſtealing his Ward with her own conſent. It may breed ſuch a grudg, may cauſe ſome Clearks to hang their Maſters, that have 'em o' the hip of injuſtice. Beſides, *Martin* (though he be his ſervant) is a Gentleman. But, indeed, the miſerableſt Raſcal! He will grudge her Meat when he has her.

1. Your Father is exceedingly troubled at their eſcape. I wiſh that you may qualifie him with your Reaſons.

Ol. But what ſaies *Talboy* to the matter, the Bridegroom, that ſhould ha' been?

2. Marry he ſaies little to the purpoſe; but cries outright.

Ol. I like him well for that: He holds his humour. A miſerable wretch too, tho' rich. I ha' known him cry when he has loſt but three ſhillings at Mumchance. But, Gentlemen, keep on your way to comfort my Father. I know ſome of his Man's private haunts about the Countrey here, which I will ſearch immediately.

1. We will accompany you, if you pleaſe.

Ol. No, by no means: That will be too publique.

2. Do your pleaſure. *Exit* 1. 2.

Ol. My pleaſure, and all the ſearch that I intend, is, by hovering here, to take a review of a brace of the handſomeſt *Beggar-braches* that ever grac'd a Ditch or a Hedge ſide. I paſt by 'em in haſt, but ſomthing ſo poſſeſſes me, that I muſt—— What the Devil muſt I? A *Beggar?* Why, *Beggars* are fleſh and blood; and Rags are no Diſeaſes. Their Lice are no French Fleas. And there is much wholſommer fleſh under Country Dirt

Dirt, than City Painting; And leſs danger in Dirt and Rags, than in Ceruſe and Sattin. I durſt not take a touch at *London*, both for the preſent cold, and fear of an after-reckoning. But *Oliver*, did thou ſpeak like a Gentleman? fear Price or Pox, ha'? Marry do I Sir: Nor can *Beggar-ſport* be inexcuſable in a young Country Gentleman, ſhort of means, for another reſpect, a principal one indeed; to avoid the puniſhment or charge of *Baſtardy*: There's no commuting with them; or keeping of Children for them. The poor Whores rather than part with their own, or want children at all, will ſteal other folks, to travel with, and move compaſſion. He feeds a Beggar-wench well that fills her belly with young bones. And theſe reaſons conſidered, good Maſter *Oliver*—— s'lid yonder they are at peep. And now ſitten downe as waiting for my purpoſe.

Enter Vinc.

Heart here's another delay. I muſt ſhift him. Doſt heare honeſt poor fellow? I prethee go back preſently: and at the hill foot (here's ſixpence for thy paines) thou ſhalt finde a Footman with a Horſe in his hand. Bid him wait there. His Maſter will come preſently, ſay.

Vin. Sir, I have a buſineſs of another nature to you. Which (as I preſume you are a Gentleman of right Noble Spirit and Reſolution) you will receive without offence; and in that temper as moſt properly appertains to the moſt *Heroick* natures.

Ol. Thy Language makes me wonder at thy Perſon. What's the matter with thee? quickly.

Vin. You may be pleas'd to call to mind a late affront, which, in your heat of paſſion, you gave a Gentleman.

Ol. What, ſuch a one as thou art, was he?

Vin.



Vin. True noble Sir. Who could no leſs in Honour, then direct me, his choſen Friend, unto you, with the length of his Sword, or to take the length of yours. The place, if you pleaſe, the Ground whereon you parted; the houre, ſeven the next morning. Or, if you like not theſe, in part, or all, to make your own appointments.

Ol. The braveſt Method in *Beggars*, that ever was diſcovered! I would be upon the bones of this Rogue now, but for croſſing my other deſigne, which fires me. I muſt therefore be rid of him on any terms. Let his owne Appointments ſtand. Tell him I'll meet him.

Vin. You ſhall moſt nobly ingage his life to ſerve you, Sir.

Ol. You'll be his Second, will you?

Vin. To do you further Service, Sir, I have undertaken it.

Ol. I'll ſend a Beadle ſhall undertake you both.

Vin. Your Mirth becomes the bravery of your minde and dauntleſs Spirit. So takes his leave your Servant, Sir.

Ol. I think, as my Friend ſaid, the Court goes a begging indeed. But I muſt not loſe my Beggar-wenches. *Enter* Rachel *and* Meriel. Oh here they come. They are delicately skin'd and limb'd. There, there, I ſaw above the ham as the wind blew. Now they ſpie me.

Ra. Sir, I beſeech you look upon us with the favour of a Gentleman. We are in a preſent diſtreſs, and utterly unacquainted in theſe parts; and therefore forc'd by the Calamity of our miſ-fortune, to implore the Courteſie, or rather Charity, of thoſe to whom we are ſtrangers.

Ol. Very fine, this!

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not onely valuing us by our outward Habits, which

cannot but appear loathſom or deſpicable [redacted] you, but as we are forlorn Chriſtians; and, in [redacted] eſtimation, be compaſſionately moved to [redacted] handful or two of your Silver, or a few of [redacted] Golden Pieces unto us, to furniſh us with [redacted] and ſome decent Habilliments——

Ol. They beg as high as the Man-beggar I [redacted] withal! ſure the Beggars are all mad to-day, [redacted] bewitched into a Language they underſtand [redacted] The ſpirits of ſome decay'd Gentry talk in 'em [redacted]

Ra. May we expect a gracious Anſwer [redacted] you Sir?

Mer. And that as you can wiſh our Virgins Prayers to be propitious for you.

Ra. That you never be deny'd a Suit by any Miſtriſs.

Mer. Nay, that the faireſt may be ambitious to place their favours on you.

Ra. That your Virtue and Valour may lead you to the moſt honourable Actions; and that the Love of all exquiſite Ladies may arm you.

Mer. And that, when you pleaſe to take a wife, may Honour, Beauty, and Wealth, contend to endow her moſt with.

Ra. And that with her you have a long and proſperous life.

Mer. A faire and fortunate Poſterity.

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and ſtrikes me into wonder. Pray tell me how long have you been *Beggars;* or how chanc'd you to be ſo?

Ra. By influence of our Stars, Sir.

Mer. We were born to no better *Fortune.*

Ol. How came you to talk thus, and ſo much above the *Beggars* Dialect?

Ra. Our ſpeech came naturally to us, and we ever lov'd to learn by wrote as well as we could.

Mer.



: And to be ambitious above the vulgar, to ıore then common Alms, what ere men pleaſe : us.

Sure ſome well diſpoſed Gentleman, as my ›t theſe Wenches. They are too well growne nine owne, and I cannot be inceſtuous with

Pray Sir your noble bounty.

What a tempting lip that little Rogue moves and what an inticing eye the 'tother. I ıot which to begin with. What's this a flea hy boſome?

: Is it not a ſtraw-colour'd one, Sir?

O what a provoking *Skin* is there! that very inflames me.

Sir, are you mov'd in charity towards us yet?

Mov'd? I am mov'd. No fleſh and blood nov'd.

: *Then pray Sir your Benevolence.*

Benevolence? which ſhall I be benevolent which firſt? I am puſſell'd in the choice. I ſome ſworne Brother of mine were here to . Cut with me.

Sir, Noble Sir.

Firſt let me tell you, *Damſels*, I am bound trong vow to kiſſe all of the women ſex I his morning.

: *Beggars* and all Sir?

All, all. Let not your coyneſſe croſſe a man's vow, I beſeech you—— *Kiſſe.* You will tell now.

Tell quoth a! I could tell a thouſand on Lips——and as many upon thoſe. What toring breaths they have! Milke from the eams not ſo ſweetly. I muſt lay one of 'em l; both if my tackling hold.

Mer. Sir, Sir.

Ol.

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the deed
They that beg ſo high as by the handfulls, m
expect for price above the rate of good mens w
Ra. Now, will you, Sir, be pleas'd?
Ol. With all my heart, Sweetheart. And I a
glad thou knoweſt my minde. Here is two
pence a peece for you.
Ra. Mc. We thank you, Sir.
Ol. That's but in earneſt. I'll Jeſt away the r
with yee. Look here—— All this. Come, y
know my meaning. Doſt thou look about thee
Sweet little One? I like thy care. There's nobody
coming. But we'll get behind theſe Buſhes.
know you keep each others Counſels—— M
you be drawn to't? Then I'll pull. Come away—
Ra. Mc. Ah ah——

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard.

Vin. Let's beat his brains out.
Ol. Come leave your ſquealing.
Ra. O you hurt my hand.
Hill. Or cut the Lechers throat.
Spr. Would you be hang'd? Stand back. L
me alone.
Mcr. You ſhall not pull us ſo.
Spr. O do not hurt 'em, Maſter.
Ol. Hurt 'em? I meant 'hem but too well.
Shall I be ſo prevented?
Spr. They be but young and ſimple. And
they have offended, let not your Worſhips o
hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Punil
ment. Correct 'em not your ſelf. It is the Beadl
Office.
Ol. Do you talk Shake-rag: Heart yond's mo
of 'em. I ſhall be Beggar-mawl'd if I ſtay. Th
ſaiſt right, honeſt fellow, there's a Teſter for thee.
Exit. runnin
Vi

Vin. He is prevented, and aſham'd of his purpoſe.

Spr. Nor were we to take notice of his purpoſe more than to prevent it.

Hill. True, politique *Springlove*, 'twas better his own fear quit us of him, than our force.

Ra. Look you here, Gentlemen, twelvepence a peece.

Mer. Beſides fair offers and large promiſes. What ha you got to day, Gentlemen?

Vin. More then (as we are Gentlemen) we would have taken.

Hil. Yet we put it up in your Service.

Ra. Mer. Ha ha ha. Switches and kicks. Ha ha ha——

Spr. Talk not here of your gettings. We muſt quit this Quarter. The eager Gentlemans repulſe may arm and return him with revenge upon us. We muſt therefore leap Hedge and Ditch now; through the Briers and Myres, till we ſcape out of this Libertie, to our next *Rendevous*; where we ſhall meet the *Crew*, and then, *hay toſſe* and laugh all night.

Mer. As we did laſt night.

Ra. Hold out, *Meriel.*

Mer. Lead on, brave *Generall.* *to Spr.*

Vin. What ſhall we do? They are in heart ſtill. Shall we go on?

Hill. There's no flinching back, you ſee.

Spr. Beſides, if you beg no better then you begin, in this lofty Faſhion, you cannot ſcape the Jayle, or the whip, long.

Vin. To tell you true, 'tis not the leaſt of my purpoſe, to work means for our diſcovery, to be releas'd out of our Trade.

Enter

Enter Martin *and* Amie *in poor Habits.*

Spr. Stay, here come more Paſſengers. Sit your ſelves agen, and fall to your Calling diſcreet

Hill. I'll ſingle no more. If you'l beg in a cry I am for you.

Mer. I that will be fine; let's charm all togeth

Spr. Stay firſt and lift a little.

Mar. Be of good cheer, Sweetheart, we ha ſcap'd hitherto: And I believe that all the Sear is now retir'd, and we may ſafely paſſe forwards

Am. I ſhould be ſafe with thee. But that's moſt lying Proverb, that ſaies, Where *Love* i there's no Lack. I am faint, and cannot trav further without Meat; and if you lov'd me, yo would get me ſome.

Mar. We'll venter at the next Village to call f ſome. The beſt is, we want no Money.

Am. We ſhall be taken then, I fear. I'll rath pine to death.

Mar. Be not ſo fearfull. Who can know us i theſe Clowniſh Habits?

Am. Our Cloaths, indeed, are poor enough beg with. Would I could beg, ſo it were Strangers that could not know me, rather then b of thoſe that would betray us.

Mar. And yonder be ſome that can teach us.

Spr. Theſe are the young couple of Run-awa Lovers diſguiz'd, that the Country is ſo laid fo Obſerve and follow now. *Now the Lord to co with ye, good loving Maſter and Mayſtreſſe, yo bleſſed Charity to the poor, lame and ſick, weak a comfortleſſe, that will night and day——*

All. Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and tru pray for you.

Spr. Pray hold your peace and let me alon *Good young Maſter and Miſtris, a little Comfo among*

amongſt us all, and to bleſſe you where e're you go, and

All. Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly——

Spr. Pray do not uſe me thus. *Now ſweet young Maſter and Miſtris, to look upon your Poor, that have no relief or ſuccour, no bread to put in our heads.*

Vin. Wouldſt thou put bread in thy Braines?

All together.

No Lands or Livings.

Spr. No Houſe nor home; nor covering from the cold; no health, no help but your ſweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands or Shirts but lowſie on our backs.

Hil. No ſmocks or Petticoats to hide our Scratches.

Ra. No Shooes to our Legs, or Hoſe to our Feet.

Vin. No Skin to our Fleſh, nor Fleſh to our Bones ſhortly.

Hill. If we follow the Devil that taught us to beg.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Spr. I'll run away from you if you beg a ſtroak more. *Good worſhipfull Maſter and Miſteres——*

Mar. Good Friend forbear. Here is no Maſter or Miſtris. We are poor Folks. Thou ſeeſt no Worſhip upon our backs, I am ſure. And for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for pitty. You may have enough. And what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholſome Food from a good Gentlemans Gate—— Alas good Miſtris—— Much good do your heart. How favourly ſhe feeds!

Mar. What do you mean; to poyſon your ſelf?

Am.

Am. Do you ſhew Love in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall to I'll not beguile you. And here, mine Hoſt, ſome thing towards your Reckoning.

Am. This *Beggar* is an *Angell* ſure!

Spr. Nothing by way of bargain, gentle Maſter 'Tis againſt Order, and will never thrive. But pray, Sir, your reward in Charity.

Mar. Here then in Charity. This fellow would never make a Cleark.

Spr. What! All this, Maſter?

Am. What is it? Let me ſee't.

Spr. 'Tis a whole ſilver three-pence, Miſtreſſe.

Am. For ſhame, ingratefull Miſer. Here Friend a golden Crown for thee.

Spr. Bountifull Goodneſſe! Gold? If I thought a dear yeer were coming, I would take a Farm now.

Am. I have rob'd thy Partners of their ſhare too. There's a Crown more for them.

4. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Mar. What have you done? leſſe would have ſerv'd. And your Bounty will betray us.

Am. Fie on your wretched policy.

Spr. No, no good Maſter. I knew you all the while, and my ſweet Miſtris too. And now I tell you. The Search is every way; the Counter all laid for you. 'Tis well you ſtaid here. Your Habits, were they but a little neerer our Faſhion would ſecure you with us. But are you married Maſter and Miſtris? Are you joyned in Matrimony? In heart I know you are. And I will (if it pleaſe you) for your great bounty, bring you to a Curate, that lacks no Licenſe, nor has any Living to loſe, that ſhall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly *Beggar!*

Spr. But he is ſo ſcrupulous, and ſeverely pre-

cil



iſe, that unleſſe you, Miſtris, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman; or that you have, at leaſt, cleſt or ſlept together (as he calls it) he will not marry you. But if you have lyen together, then 'tis a caſe of neceſſity, and he holds himſelf bound to do it.

Mar. You may ſay you have.

Am. I would not have it ſo, nor make that lye againſt my ſelf for all the World.

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly. *Aſide.* I'll do my beſt for you however.

Mar. I'll do for thee, that—— thou ſhalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd ſcarſe for the price of your Miſtris. Will you walk, Maſter?—— We uſe no Complements.

Am. By inforc'd Matches Wards are not ſet free
So oft, as ſold into Captivitie:
Which made me, fearleſſe, fly from one I hate,
Into the hazard of a harder Fate.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Talboy. Oliver. *With riding Switches.*

Tal. SHe's gone. *Amie* is gone. Ay me ſhe's gone,
And has me left of joy bereft, to make my mone.
O me, *Amie.*

Ol. What the Devil ayles the Fellow tro? why! why Maſter *Talboy;* my Cozen *Talboy* that ſhould'ſt ha' been, art not aſham'd to cry at this growth? and for a thing that's better loſt then found; a Wench?

Tal.

Tal. Cry! who cries? do I cry; or look with a crying Countenance? I ſcorn it; and ſcorn to think on her, but in juſt anger.

Ol. So, this is brave now, if 'twould hold.

Tall. Nay it ſhall hold. And ſo let her go, for a ſcurvy what d'e call't; I know not what bad enough to call her.—— But ſomething of mine goes with her I am ſure. She has coſt me in Gloves, Ribands, Scarfs, Rings, and ſuch like things, more than I am able to ſpeak of at this time—— Oh.

Ol. Becauſe thou canſt not ſpeak for crying Fy Maſter *Talboy*, agen?

Tal. I ſcorn it agen, and any man that ſaies I cry, or will cry agen. And let her go agen; and what ſhe has of mine let her keep, and hang her ſelf, and the Rogue that's with her. I have enough; and am Heire of a well-known Eſtate and that ſhe knows. —— And therefore that ſhe ſhould ſleight me, and run away with a wages fellow, that is but a petty Cleark and a Serving man. There's the vexation of it.——Oh there's the grief, and the vexation of it—— Oh——

Ol. Now he will cry his eyes out! You Sir This life have I had with you all our long journey which now is at an end here. This is Maſter *Oldrents* houſe, where perhaps we ſhall finde old *Hearty*, the Uncle of that Rogue *Martin*, that is run away with your Sweetheart.

Tal. I 'tis too true, too true, too true. You need not put me in minde on't—— Oh —— O ——

Ol. Hold your peace and minde me. Leave your bawling, for fear I give you correction. This is the Houſe I ſay, where it is moſt likely we ſhall hear of your Miſtris and her companion. Make up your face quickly. Here comes one of the Servants, I ſuppoſe. *Enter* Randall

Shame

Shame not your ſelf for ever, and me for company. Come, be confident.

Tall. As confident as your ſelf or any man—— But my poor heart feels what lies here. Here. I here it is, O——

Ol. Good morrow, Friend. This is Squire *Old-rents* Houſe, I take it.

Ran. Pray take it not, Sir, before it be to be let. It has been my Maſters, and his Anceſtors in that Name, above theſe three hundred years, as our Houſe Chronicle doth notifie; and not yet to be let. But as a Friend, or ſtranger, in Gueſt-wiſe, you are welcome to it; as all other Gentlemen are, far and neer, to my good Maſter, as you will finde anon when you ſee him.

Ol. Thou ſpeak'ſt wittily and honeſtly. But I prethee, good Friend, let our Nags be ſet up: they are tied up at the poſt. You belong to the Stable, do you not?

Ran. Not ſo much, as the Stable belongs to me, Sir. I paſſe through many Offices of the Houſe, Sir. I am the running *Bayley* of it.

Ol. We have rid hard, hoping to find the *Squire* at home at this early time in the morning.

Ran. You are deceiv'd in that, Sir. He has been out theſe four hours. He is no *Snayle*, Sir. You do not know him, I perceive, ſince he has been new moulded. But I'll tell you, becauſe you are Gentlemen.

Ol. Our Horſes, good Friend.

Ran. My Maſter is an ancient Gentleman, and a great Houſe-keeper; and praid for by all the poor in the Countrey. He keeps a Gueſt-houſe for all *Beggars*, far and neer, coſts him a hundred a yeer, at leaſt; and is as well belov'd among the Rich. But, of late, he fell into a great Melancholly, upon what, I know not: for he had then more cauſe to be

be merry than he has now. Take that by the way.

Ol. But, good Friend, our Horſes.

Ran. For he had two Daughters, that knew how to order a Houſe, and give entertainment to Gentlemen. They were his *Houſe-Doves.* But now they are flowne; and no man knows how, why, or whither.

Tall. My *Dove* is flown too, Oh——

Ran. Was ſhe your Daughter, Sir? She was a young one then, by the Beard you wear.

Tall. What ſhe was, ſhe was, d'ee ſee. I ſcorn to think on her.——But I do——Oh.

Ol. Pray hold your peace, or feign ſome mirth, if you can.

Sing. Tal. Let her go, let her go. *I care not if I have her, I have her or no.* Ha, ha, ha—— Oh my my heart will break——Oh——

Ol. Pray think of our horſes, Sir.

Ran. This is right my Maſter. When he had his Daughters he was ſad; and now they are gone, he is the merrieſt man alive. Up at five a'Clock in the morning, and out till Dinner-time. Out agen at afternoon, and ſo till Supper-time. Skiſe out this away, and ſkiſe out that away. (He's no *Snayle* I aſſure you.) And *Tantivy* all the country over, where Hunting, Hawking, or any Sport is to be made, or good Fellowſhip to be had; and ſo merry upon all occaſions, that you would even bleſſe yourſelf, if it were poſſible.

Ol. Our Horſes, I prethee.

Ran. And we, his Servants, live as merrily under him; and do all thrive. I my ſelf was but a ſilly Lad when I came firſt, a poor turn-ſpit Boy. Gentlemen kept no whirling Jacks then, to cozen poor People of Meat. And I have now, without boaſt, 40*l.* in my Purſe, and am the youngeſt of half

half a ſcore in the Houſe, none younger then my ſelf but one; and he is the Steward over all: his name is Maſter *Springlove* (bleſſe him where ere he is) he has a world of means: And we, the Underlings, get well the better by him; beſides the Rewards many Gentlemen give us, that fare well, and lodge here ſometimes.

Ol. O! we ſhall not forget you, Friend, if you remember our Horſes, before they take harm.

Ran. No hurt, I warrant you: there's a Lad walking them.

Ol. Is not your Maſter coming, think you?

Ran. He will not be long a coming. He's no *Snayle*, as I told you.

Ol. You told me ſo, indeed.

Ran. But of all the Gentlemen, that toſſe up the Ball, yea and the *Sack* too, commend me to old Maſter *Hearty;* a decay'd Gentleman; lives moſt upon his own Mirth, and my Maſters Means, and much good do him with it: He is the fineſt Companion of all: He do'es ſo hold my Maſter up with Stories, and Songs, and Catches, and t'other Cup of Sack, and ſuch Tricks and Jiggs, you would admire———He is with him now.

Ol. That *Hearty* is *Martins* Uncle. I am glad he is here. Bear up *Talboy*. Now, friend, pray let me aſk you a queſtion——Prethee ſtay.

Ran. Nay, marry I dare not. Your Yawdes may take cold, and never be good after it. *Exit.*

Ol. I thought I ſhould never have been rid of him. But no ſooner deſir'd to ſtay, but he is gone. A pretty humour!

Enter Randall.

Ran. Gentlemen, my Maſter will be here e'ne now, doubt not: for he is no *Snayle*, as I told you. *Exit.*

Ol.

Ol. No *Snayle's* a great word with him. Prethe *Talboy* bear up. *Enter Uſher.* Here come another gray Fellow.

Uſh. Do you ſtand in the Porch, Gentlemen the Houſe is open to you. Pray enter the Hal I am the Uſher of it.

Ol. In good time, Sir. We ſhall be bold her then, to attend your Maſters coming.

Uſh. And he's upon coming; and when he come he comes apace. He's no *Snayle*, I aſſure you.

Ol. I was told ſo before, Sir. No *Snayle!* Su 'tis the word of the Houſe, and as ancient as th Family.

Uſh. This Gentleman looks ſadly, me thinks.

Tal. Who I? not I. Pray pardon my looks f that? But my heart feels what's what. Ay me—

Uſh. Pray walk to the Buttry, Gentlemen. M Office leads you thither.

Ol. Thanks, good Maſter Uſher.

Uſh. I have been Uſher theſe twenty years, Si And have got well by my place, for uſi Strangers reſpectfully.

Ol. He has given the Hint too.

Uſh. Something has come in by the by, beſid ſtanding Wages, which is ever duly paid (thank good Maſter, and an honeſt Steward) Heave bleſſe 'hem. We all thrive under 'em.

Enter Butler with Glaſſes and a Napkin.

O here comes the Butler.

But. You are welcome, Gentlemen. Pleaſe ye draw nearer my Office, and take a morning Drin in a Cup of Sack, if it pleaſe you.

Ol. In what pleaſe you, Sir. We cannot den the curteſie of the Houſe, in the Maſters abſence

But. He'll come apace when he comes. He's r *Snayle*, Sir. *Goin*

C

Ol. Still 'tis the Houſe-word. And all the Servants wear Livery-Beards.

But. Or perhaps you had rather drink White wine and Sugar. Pleaſe your ſelves, Gentlemen; here you may taſte all Liquors. No Gentlemans Houſe in all this County, or the next, ſo well ſtor'd (—— make us thankfull for it.) And my Maſter, for his Hoſpitality to Gentlemen, his Charity to the Poor, and his bounty to his Servants, has not his Peer in the Kingdom (—— make us thankful for it.) And 'tis as fortunate a Houſe for Servants, as ever was built upon *Faery-Ground.* I my ſelf, that have ſerv'd here, Man, and Boy, theſe four and forty yeers, have gotten together (beſides ſomething. more then I will ſpeak of, diſtributed among my poor Kinred) by my Wages, my Vails at *Chriſtmas*, and otherwiſe, together with my Rewards of kinde Gentlemen, that have found courteous entertainment here— ——

Ol. There he is too,

But. Have, I ſay, gotten together (tho' in a dangerous time I ſpeak it) a brace of hundred pounds ——Make me tkankfull for it. And for loſſes I have had none. I have been Butler theſe two and thirty years, and never loſt the value of a ſilver ſpoon, nor ever broke a Glaſſe——Make me thankfull for it. White Wine and Sugar, ſay you Sir?

Ol. Pleaſe yourſelf, Sir.

But. This Gentleman ſpeaks not. Or had you rather take a Drink of brown Ale with a Toaſt, or March Beer with Sugar and Nutmeg? or had you rather drink without Sugar?

Ol. Good Sir, a Cup of your Houſhold-Beer.

Exit But.

I fear he will draw down to that at laſt.

Enter

Enter Butler *with a Silver Can of Sac*

But. Here, Gentlemen, is a Cup of my h
ſmall Beer: But it is good old *Canary*, I
you. And here's to your welcome.

Enter Cooke.

Cook. And welcome the Cooke ſayes, Ge
men. Brother Butler, lay a Napkin, I'll ſen
cut of the Surloyn to ſtrengthen your patie
till my Maſter comes, who will not now be l
for he's no *Snayle*, Gentlemen.

Ol. I have often heard ſo. And here's to y
Maſter Cook—— Prithee ſpeak, Maſter *Talboy*,
force one Laugh more, if thou canſt.

Cook. Sir, the Cook drinks to you. *To Ta*

Tal. Ha, ha, ha——

Ol. Well ſaid.

Tal. He is in the ſame Livory-Beard too.

Cook. But he is the oldeſt Cook, and of the
ancienteſt Houſe, and the beſt for Houſe-keeping, in
this County, or the next And tho' the Maſter of
it write but *Squire*, I know no Lord like him.

Enter Chaplain. And now he's come. Here
comes the *Word* before him. The *Parſon* has ever
the beſt ſtomack. I'll Diſh away preſently. *Exit.*

But. Is our Maſter come, Sir *Domine*?

Chap. Eſt ad Manum. Non eſt ille teſtudo.

Ol. He was the Word too in *Latine*. Now bear
up *Talboy*.

Cha. Give me a Preparative of Sack. It is a
gentle Preparative before Meat. And ſo a gentle
touch of it to you Gentlemen.

Ol. It is a gentle Offer, Sir; and as gently to be
taken.

Enter Oldrents *and* Hearty.

Old. About with it, my Lads. And this is as it
ſhould be——Not till my turn, Sir, I. Though,



ıfeſſe, I have had but three Morning-draughts to-day.

Ol. Yet it appears you were abroad betimes,

Old. I am no *Snayle*, Sir.

Ol. So your men told us, Sir.

Old. But where be my *Catchers?* Come, a *und.* And ſo let us drink.

e Catch ſung. And they drink about. The Singers are all Graybeards.

Round, a Round, a Round, Boyes, a Round
Let Mirth fly aloft, and Sorrow be drown'd.
d Sack, *and old* Songs, *and a Merry old* Crew,
n charm away Cares *when the Ground looks* blew.

Old. Well ſaid, old *Hearty*. And, Gentlemen, lcome.

Tal. Ah—— *He ſighs.*

Old. Oh mine ears! What was that, a ſigh? ıd in my Houſe? Look: has it not ſplit my ılls? If not, make vent for it: Let it out: I ll be ſtifled elſe. *Exit Chap.*

Ol. He hopes your pardon, Sir: his Cauſe conſi-'d.

Old. Cauſe? Can there be cauſe for ſighing.

Ol. He has loſt his *Miſtris*, Sir.

Old. Ha ha ha. Is that a Cauſe? Do you ır me complain the loſſe of my two Daughters?

Ol. They are not loſt, I hope Sir.

Old. No more can be his Miſtris. No Woman ı be loſt. They may be miſ-laid a little: but nd again, I warrant you.

Tal. Ah—— *Sigh.*

Old. Ods my life! He ſighs again: And means blow me out of my Houſe. To Horſe again. re's no dwelling for me. Or ſtay: I'll cure him

if I can. Give him more Sack, to drown h
Suſpirations.

While Oldrents *and* Talboy *drink*, Oliver ta
Hearty *aſide.*

Ol. Sir, I am chiefly to inform you of t
Diſaſter.

Hea. May it concern me?

Old. Your Nephew *Martin* has ſtolne a
Fathers Ward, that Gentlemans *Bride* that ſhou
have been.

Hea. Indeed, Sir. [*Lett*

Ol. 'Tis moſt true—— *He gives* Hearty

Hea. Another Glaſſe of *Sack.* This Gentlem
brings good news.

Ol. Sir, if you can prevent his danger——

Hea. Hang all Preventions. Let 'em have th
Deſtiny.

Tal. Sir, I ſhould have had her, 'tis true—
But ſhe is gone, d'ee ſee? And let her go.

To Oldre

Old. Well ſaid. He mends now.

Tal. I am glad I am rid of her (d'ee ſee) bef
I had more to do with her——

Hea. He mends apace.

Hearty *reads the Letter.*

Tal. For ſhould I have married her bef
ſhe had run away, d'ee ſee: And that ſhe h
run away (d'ee ſee) after ſhe had bin married
me (d'ee ſee) Then I had been a married M
without a Wife (d'ee ſee.) Where now ſhe bei
run away before I am married (d'ee ſee) I am
more married to her, d'ee ſee, then ſhe to r
d'ee ſee. And ſo long as I am none of hers (d
ſee) nor ſhe none of mine (d'ee ſee) I ought
care as little for her, now ſhe is run away (d'ee ſ
as if ſhe had ſtay'd with me, d'ee ſee.

C



'hy this is excellent! Come hither *Hearty*.
perceive it now; and the reaſon of it;
, by Conſequence (d'ee ſee) I ought not
ny further after her. *Cryes.* But that
d reſpect a poor baſe fellow, a Cleark at
and a Servingman at beſt, before me, that
n man, at the worſt; and a Gentleman,
makes me —— I know not what to

Vorſe than ever 'twas! Now he cries out-

know not what to ſay——What to ſay—

hen I do, Sir. The poore baſe Fellow,
ſpeak of, is my Nephew: As good a
n as yourſelf. I underſtand the buſineſſe
friend here.
cry you mercy, Sir.
ou ſhall cry no Mercy, nor any thing
, Sir; nor for any thing here, Sir. This
e to cry in: Nor for any buſineſſe. You,
come on buſineſſe—— *To Ol.*
hall be none, Sir.
y Houſe is for no buſineſſe, but the Belly-
You finde not me ſo uncivill, Sir, as to
rom whence you came; who you are; or
ur buſineſſe. I aſk you no queſtion. And
be ſo diſcourteous, as to tell me, or my
ny thing like buſineſſe. If you come to
with Me, you are welcome. If you have
neſſe, forget it: You forget where you are
d ſo to Dinner.
ir, I pray let me onely prevail with you
ade this.
poyle my Stomack now, and I'll not eat
ight. *He reads aſide.*
While he reads, let me tell you, Sir. That
my

my Nephew *Martin* has ſtolne that Gent
Miſtris, it ſeems, is true. But I proteſt, as I
Gentleman, I know nothing of the matter
where he or ſhe is. But, as I am the forefat
tleman, I am glad on't with all my heart. Ha
boy *Mat.* Thou ſhalt reſtore our *Houſe.*

Ol. Let him not hear, to grieve him, Sir.

Hea. Grieve him? What ſhould he do wit
teach their Children to cry?

Tal. But I do hear you though; and I ſe
cry, as much as you, d'ee ſee, or your N
either, d'ee ſee.

Hea. Now thou art a brave fellow. So, ſo
up thy head, and thou ſhalt have a Wife,
fine Thing.

Tal. Hang a Wife; and Pax o' your fine
(d'ee ſee) I ſcorn your Fopperies, d'ee ſee.

Old. And I do hear thee, my Boy; and r
in thy converſion. If thou canſt but hold nc

Tal. Yes, I can hold, Sir. And I hold we
your Sack. I could live and die with it, a
true *Talboy.*

Old. Now thou art a tall Fellow; and ſhal
no Sack.

Tal. And, Sir, I do honour you (d'ee ſe
ſhould wiſh my ſelf one of your Houſhol
vants (d'ee ſee) if I had but a gray Beard, d'
Hay, as old Maſter *Clack* ſayes.

Old. Well, I have read the buſineſſe here.

Ol. Call it not buſineſſe, I beſeech you, Si
defie all buſineſſe.

Tal. I marry do we, Sir. D'ee ſee, Sir? A
Hay, as old Maſter *Clack* ſayes.

Old. Grammercy Sack, Well, I have rea
Matter here written by Maſter *Clack.* And c
bear up in thy humour, I will wait upon
home. *Knock a*

F



k! they knock to the Dreſſer. I have heard
ı of this old od-ceited Juſtice *Clack:* And now
ıg to ſee him. 'Tis but croſſing the Countrey
ıaies and a nights Journey. We'll but dine
away preſently. Bear up, I ſay, Maſter
oy.
il. I will bear up, I warrant you, d'ee ſee, Sir
But here's a grudging ſtill— *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

reat noyſe within of rude Muſick, Laughing, Singing, &c.

Enter Amie, Rachel, Meriel.

. HEre's a Wedding with a witneſſe, and a Holy-day with a hoigh. Let us out
ıe noiſe, as we love our ears.
a. Yes: and here we may purſue our own
ourſe, and hear one another.
'er. Concerning *Springlove* and your ſelf,
'ris Amie.
m. Well, Ladies, my confidence in you, that
are the ſame that you have proteſted your
:s to be, hath ſo far won upon me, that I con-
my ſelf well affected both to the Minde and
on of that *Springlove.* And, if he be (as fairly
pretend) a *Gentleman*, I ſhall eaſily diſpenſe
ı *Fortune.*
'a. Me. He is, upon our *Honours.*
m. How well that high Ingagement ſuits your
ɔits.
'a. Our Minds and Blood are ſtill the ſame.
ı m. I have paſt no affiance to the other,
.t ſtole me from my Guardian, and the Match
He

He would have forc'd me to: From which I
Have fled with any, or without a Guide.
Beſides, his minde, more clowniſh than his
Deprav'd by Covetouſneſſe and Cowardiſe,
Forc'd me into a way of miſery,
To take relief from *Beggars*.

Mer. From poore Us.

Am. And then, to offer to marry me
Hedge, as the old Couple were to-day, without
or Ring, by the Chaplain of the *Beggars* Regi
your *Patrico*, onely to ſave Charges.

Ra. I have not ſeen the Wretch theſe
hours, whither is he gone?

Am. He told me, to fetch Horſe and fit Rai
for us; and ſo to poſt me hence: But I think
was to leave me on your hands.

Mer. He has taken ſome great diſtaſte ſure:
he is damnable jealous.

Ra. I, didſt thou mark what a wilde look
caſt, when *Springlove* tumbled her, and kiſt her
the Straw this morning, while the Muſick plaid
the old Wedding-folks?

Mer. Yes, and then *Springlove*, to make him
madder, told him, that he would be his *Proxie*, and
marry her for him, and lie with her the firſt night
with a naked Cudgell betwixt 'em, and make him
a King of *Beggars*.

Am. I ſaw how it anger'd him. And I imagin'd
then, and before, that there was more in *Springlove*,
then downright *Beggar*. But tho' he be never ſo
good a Gentleman, he ſhall obſerve fit time and
diſtance till we are married.

Ra. Matrimony forbid elſe. (She's taken.) But
while we talk of a Match towards, we are miſt
within in the *Bride-Barn* among the *Revell rout*.

Am. We have had all the ſport they could make
us, in the paſt paſſages.

Mer.



...r. How cautious the old contracted Couple for Portion and joincture!

... What Feoffees, ſhe being an Heire of foure-..., (and ſeven yeers ſtone-blinde) had, in truſt ...er Eſtate.

...m. And how carefully he ſecur'd all to him-in caſe he out-liv'd her, being but ſeven yeers ...r then ſhe. And what pains the Lawyer of the ...it here, took about it.

...a. And then, how ſolemnly they were joyn'd, ...l admoniſh'd, by our *Parſon Under-hedge*, to ... together in the fear of the Laſh, and give good ...mple to the younger Reprobates, to beg within ...mpaſſe, to eſcape the jaws of the Juſtice, the ...tch of the Conſtable, the Hooks of the Head-...rough, and the biting blows of the Beadle. And, ſo doing, they ſhould defie the Devill, and all s Works, and after their painfull Pilgrimage in is life, they ſhould die in the Ditch of Delight.

Mer. O but Poet *Scribble's Epithalamium.*

To the blinde Virgin of fourſcore,
And the lame Batchelor, of more,
How Cupid *gave her Eyes to ſee,*
And Vulcan *lent him Legs:*
How Venus *caus'd their Sport to be*
Prepar'd with butter'd Egs.

Yet when ſhe ſhall be ſeven years wed,
She ſhall be bold to ſay,
She has as much her Maiden-head,
As on her Wedding day.

Ra. So may ſome Wives that were married at ...teen, to Lads of one and twenty.

Am. But at the Wedding-Feaſt, when the Bride ...ridled it, and her Groome ſadled it. There was ...e ſport, in her Mumping, and his Champing; the

the *Crew* ſcrambling; our ſelves trembling
the confuſion of Noyſes, in talking, lau
ſcolding, ſinging, howling; with their Acti
ſnatching, ſcratching, towſing and lowſing
ſelves, and one another——

Enter Springl. Vinc. *and* Hilliard.

But who comes here?

Spr. O, Ladies, you have loſt as much
as would have fill'd up a week of Holy-daie

Springlove *takes* Amie *aſide, and courts h*
gentile way.

Vin. I am come about agen for the *B*
life now.

Ra. You are. I am glad on't.

Hill. There is no life but it.

Vin. With them there is no Grievance o
plexity;
No fear of war, or State Diſturbances.
No Alteration in a Common-wealth,
Or Innovation, ſhakes a thought of theirs.

Mer. Of ours you ſhould ſay.

Hil. Of ours, he means.
We have no fear of leſſening our Eſtates;
Nor any grudge with us (without Taxation)
To lend or give, upon command, the whole
Strength of our Wealth for publick Benefit:
While ſome, that are held rich in their Abund
(Which is their Miſery, indeed) will ſee
Rather a generall ruine upon all,
Then give a Scruple to prevent the Fall.

Vin. 'Tis onely we that live.

Ra. I'm glad you are ſo taken with
Calling.

Mer. We are no leſſe, I aſſure you. We finde the ſweetneſſe of it now.

Ra. The Mirth, the Pleaſure, the Delights. No Ladies live ſuch Lives.

Mer. Some few, upon neceſſity, perhaps. But that's not worth g'rammercy.

Vin. They will never be weary.

Hil. Whether we ſeem to like, or diſlike, all's one to them.

Vin. We muſt do ſomething to be taken by, and diſcovered, we ſhall never be our ſelves, and get home again elſe.

Spr. *and* Amie *come to the reſt.*

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have miſt rare Sport ; but now the Bride has miſt you with her half-half eye ; and the Bridegroome, with the help of his Crutches, is drawing her forth for a Daunce, here, in the opener aire. The Houſe is now too hot for 'em. O, here come the chief Revellers. The *Souldier*, the *Courtier*, the *Lawyer*, and the *Poet*, who is Maſter of their Revels, before the old Couple in State. Attend, and hear him ſpeak, as their Inductor.

Poet.

HEre, on this Green, *like* King *and* Queen,
(For a ſhort truce) we do produce
Our old new-married Pair.
Of Diſh *and* Wallet, *and of* Straw-pallet,
With Rags to ſhow, from top to toe,
She is the ancient Heire.
He is the Lord of Bottle-gourd,
Of Sachell *great, for Bread and Meat,*
And, for ſmall Pence, a Purſe.
To all that give, Long may you live
He loudly cries : But who denies
Is ſure to have his Curſe.

Vin.

Vin. Well ſaid, Field-Poet. *Phœbus,* [illegible]
inſpires
As well the *Beggar*, as the *Poet Laureat.*
Spr. And ſhines as warm under a [illegible]
bottom, as on the tops of *Palaces.*
Po. I have not done yet. Now this is to [illegible]
you to daunce.

PRepare your ſelves, like Faëry Elves,
Now in a Daunce *to ſhow,*
That you approve, the God of Love
Has many Shafts *to's* Bow:
With Golden head, and ſome of Lead,
But that which made theſe feel,
By ſubtile craft, was ſure a Shaft
That headed was with Steel.
For they were old; no Earth more cold;
Their Hearts were Flints intire;
Whence the Steels ſtroak did ſparks provoke,
That ſet their Bloods on fire.
Now ſtrike up Piper; and each Lover here
Be blith, and take his Miſtris by the Goll.

Hil. That's no Rime, *Poet.*
Po. There's as good *Poetry* in blank Verſe, as Meetre.
Muſick.
Spr. Come, hay! the Daunce, the Daunce. Nay we'll ha' the *old Couple* in, as blind and lame as they are.
Bri. What will you ſo?
Spr. Well hobled *Bridegroome!* *Daunce.*
Vin. Well grop'd *Bride!*
Hil. Hay luſty. *Hay Holy-day.*
Spr. Set 'hem down; ſet 'em down: They ha' done well.
Gro. A ha! I am luſtier than I was 30. yeers ago.

Bri.



Hil. And I, than I was threeſcore paſt. A hem, nh.

Vin. What a night here's towards!

Hil. Sure they will kill one another.

Po. Each with a fear the tother will live eſt.

Spr. Poet, thou haſt ſpoken learnedly, and acted vely. Thou art both *Poet* and *Actor*.

Po. So has been many famous men. And if here re no worſe, we might have a *Maſque*, or a *medie* preſented to night, in honour of the *old uple*.

Vin. Let us each man try his ability pon ſome Subject now *extempore*.

Spr. Agreed. Give us a Theme; and try our ction.

Po. I have already thought upon't. I want but ctors.

Hil. What Perſons want you? what would you preſent?

Po. I would preſent a Common-wealth; *Utopia*, With all her Branches and Conſiſtencies.

Ra. I'll be *Utopia;* who muſt be my *Branches?*

Po. The *Country*, the *City*, the *Court*, and the *Camp*. Epitomiz'd and perſonated by a *Gentleman*, a *Merchant*, a *Courtier*, and a *Souldier*.

Soul. I'll be your *Souldier*. Am not I one? ha!

Cou. And am not I a faſhionable *Courtier?*

Po. But who the *Citizen* or *Merchant?*

Spr. I.

Vin. And I your *Country Gentleman*.

Hill. Or I.

Po. Yet to our Morall I muſt adde two Perſons, *Divinity* and *Law*.

La. Why la you now. And am not I a *Lawyer?*

Po. But where's *Divinity?*

Vin.

Fin. Mary that I know not. One of us might do that if either knew how to handle it.

Spr. Where's the old *Patrico*, our Priest, my Country Father? He'll do it cunningly.

Lon. He was telling Fortunes e'en now to Country Wenches. I'll look him—— *Exit.*

Spr. That *Patrico* I wonder at: He has told me strange things in Clouds.

Am. And me likewise: that I may tell you hereafter.

Spr. That you shall be my Bride?

Am. I will not tell you now.

Vin. Well: but what muſt our Speeches tend to? what muſt we do one with another?

Po. I would have the *Country*, the *City*, and the *Court*, be at great variance for *Superiority*. Then would I have *Divinity* and *Law* ſtretch their wide throats to appeaſe and reconcile them: Then would I have the *Souldier* cudgell them all together, and overtop them all. Stay, yet I want another perſon.

Hill. What muſt he be?

Po. A *Beggar*.

Vin. Here's enough of us, I think. What muſt the *Beggar* do?

Po. He muſt, at laſt, overcome the *Souldier*; and bring them all to *Beggars-Hall*. And this, well acted, will be for the honour of our Calling.

All. A *Scribble!* A *Scribble!*

Hill. Come, where's this *Patrico*, that we may begin?

Enter Patrico.

Pa. Alack and welladay, this is no time to play. Our Quarter is beſet. We are all in the Net. Leave off your merry Glee.

Vin. You begin ſcurvily.

Spr.

Spr. Why, what's the Matter?

Within. Bing awaſt, bing awaſt. The *Quire* ...e and the *Harmanbeck.*

Some Beggars run over the Stage.

Spr. We are beſet indeed. What ſhall we do?

Vin. I hope we ſhall be taken.

Hil. If the good hour be come, welcome by the ace of good Fortune.

...nter Sentwell, *Conſtable, Watch. The Crew ſlip away.*

Sent. Beſet the Quarter round. Be ſure that ...one eſcape.

Spr. Lord to come with you, bleſſed Maſter, to a ...many diſtreſſed——

Vin. Hill. Duly and truly pray for you.

Ra. Mer. Good your good Worſhip, duly and truly, &c.

Sen. A many counterfeit Rogues! So frolick and ſo lamentable all in a breath? You were acting a Play but now: We'll act with you. Incorrigible Vagabonds.

Spr. Good Maſter, 'tis a *Holy-day* with us. An *Heire* was married here to-day.

Sen. Married! Not ſo I hope. Where is ſhe? 'Tis for an *Heire* we ſeek.

Spr. Here She is Maſter—— Hide your Selves in the Straw——the Straw. Quickly into the Straw——

Sen. What tell'ſt thou me of this? An old blind *Beggar-woman.* We muſt finde a young *Gentlewoman-Heire* among you. Where's all the reſt of the *Crew?*

Con. Slipt into the Barn and the Buſhes by: but none can ſcape.

Sen.

Sen. Look you to that, and to theſe here.
Exit with Watch.

Spr. Into the Straw, I ſay.

Vin. No, good *Springlove.* The Ladies and we are agreed now to draw Stakes, and play this lowſie Game no further.

Hil. We will be taken, and diſcloſe our ſelves. You ſee we ſhall be forc'd to it elſe. The cowardly Cleark has don't to ſave himſelf.

Spr. Do you fear no ſhame, Ladies?

Ra. Doſt think it a ſhame to leave Begging?

Mer. Or that our Father will turn us out to it again?

Spr. Nay, ſince you are ſo reſolute, Know, that I my ſelf begin to finde this is no courſe for *Gentlemen.* This *Lady* ſhall take me off it.

Am. Make but your Proteſtations good, and take me yours. And for the Gentleman that ſurpriſes us, tho' he has all my Uncles truſt, he ſhall do any thing for me to our advantage.

Vin. If, *Springlove,* thou could'ſt poſt now to thy Tyring-houſe, and fetch all our Cloaths, we might get off moſt neatly.

Spr. A Horſe and ſix hours Travell would do that.

Am. You ſhall be furniſht, doubt not.

Enter Sentwell. *Watch.*

Sent. She's ſcap'd, or is inviſible. You, Sir, I take to be the chief *Rogue* of this *Regiment.* Let him be whipt till he brings forth the *Heire.*

Con. That is but till he ſtinks, Sir. Come, Sir, ſtrip, ſtrip.

Am. Unhand him, Sir. What *Heire* do you ſeek, Maſter *Sentwell?*

Sent. Precious, how did my haſt overſee her? O Miſtris *Amie!* Could I, or your Uncle, Juſtice *Clack,*



k, a wiſer man than I, ever ha' thought to have
id you in ſuch company ?
m. Of me, Sir, and my company, I have a
y to delight you : which on our March towards
ar Houſe, I will relate to you.
Sent. And thither will I lead you as my Gueſt.
t to the Law ſurrender all the reſt.
make your peace.
Am. We muſt ſare all alike. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Clack. Martin.

Cla. I have ſorgiven you. Provided that my Neece be ſafely taken ; and ſo to be ought home. Safely, I ſay, that is to ſay, ıſtain'd, unblemiſh'd, undiſhonour'd ; that is to y, with no more faults, criminall, or accuſative an thoſe ſhe carried with her.

Mar. Sir, I believe——

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall e hear one another ? you believe her Vertue is rmour of proof, without your Councell or your uard ; and therefore you left her in the hands of ogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace ith me. You have it. Provided, I ſay (as I ſaid :fore) that ſhe be ſafe, that is to ſay, uncorrupted, ıdefiled ; that is to ſay——as I ſaid before.

Mar. Mine intent, Sir, and my onely way——

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall e hear one another ? as I ſaid before. Your tent, and your onely way, you would ha' ſaid, as to run away with her ; and that by her onely ıſtigation, to avoid the tye of Marriage with aſter *Talboy ;* that is to ſay, to ſhun the Match, that

that I had made for her; that is to ſay, rather t
diſobey me, than to diſpleaſe her ſelf. Whe
(altho' ſhe did not altogether tranſgreſſe the La
ſhe did both offend and prejudice me, an Infa
ment; nay, I may ſay, a Pillar thereof. And yo
in aſſiſting her, furthering, and conveying h
away, did not onely infringe the Law, in an unla
full Departure from your Maſter, but in a high
point; that is to ſay, *Top and top-Gallows hig*
I would ha found a Jury ſhould ha' found it ſo.

Mar. But Sir, a'nt pleaſe you.

Cla. Muſt we then both ſpeak together? Ha
I not born with thee, to ſpeak all thou pleaſeſt i
thy defence? Have I not broke mine own Rul
which is, to puniſh before I examine; and ſo t
have the Law the ſurer o' my ſide? And doſt tho
ſtill perſiſt? Hold your own peace; or, as I am
Juſtice of the Kings, I will unſay what I ſai
before, and ſet a *Currat Lex* at you, Sirrah, tha
ſhall courſe you up the heavy Hill. Oh, is you
Tongue fallen into your Leg now? Do not yo
know I have acquitted you? Provided——As
ſaid before. Go your way in, and ſee that th
Gentlemen, who, I think, were got in *Sack*
chriſtned in *Sack*, nurſed with *Sack*, and fed up t
gray haires with onely *Sack*; ſee, I ſay, that the
want no *Sack*. My Son *Oliver* (I thank him) ha
brought me a pair of ſuch Gueſts. (*Enter Sentwell.*
O Maſter *Sentwell!* Good News?

Sen. Of beggarly news, the beſt you have
heard.

Cla. That is to ſay, you have found my Neece
among the *Beggars*. That is to ſay——

Sen. True, Sir *Oliver*, I found her——

Cla. Now if we both ſpeak together, who ſhall
hear one another?

Sen. I thought your deſire was to be inform'd.

Cla.



I can inform myſelf, Sir, by your looks. I aken a hundred Examinations i' my daies of ıs, and other Offendors, out of their very :enances; and wrote 'em down *verbatim*, to they would have ſaid. I am ſure it has ſerv'd ıg ſome of 'em, and whip the reſt.

. Juſtice *Clack* ſtill! He muſt talk all. His muſt onely go.

. But to the point. You have found my :. You have left her at your own Houſe; ıely to ſhift her out of her Diſguiſe, but out ſhame, to come neerer me, untill I ſend her n.

. Moſt true, Sir. But the Company ſhe was –

. Again! Do not I know the Company? *rs, Rogues, Vagabonds*, and *Hedge-birds*.

:. But do you know whom, or how many we taken? and how the reſt eſcap'd?

. A needleſſe knowledge. Why ſhould we nore than her ſelf? Or how could you take that could eſcape?

Enter Martin.

r. Sir, the old Gentlemen within, ſent me to ıpon you. Without you (they ſay) they need ıy Service.

. Tell 'em then, I'll wait on 'em preſently.

Exit Martin.

:. But Sir, we have taken with her ſuch *rs*, ſuch *Rogues*, ſuch *Vagabonds*, and ſuch *-birds* (ſince you call 'em ſo) as you never or heard of, though now the Countries ı with 'em under every Hedge, as if an ıerable Army of 'em were lately diſbanded ut Pay. *Hedge-birds* ſaid you? *Hedge Lady-Hedge Cavaliers, Hedge Souldier, Hedge*

Lawyer, Hedge Fidlers, Hedge Poet, Hedge P
and a *Hedge Prieſt* among 'em. Such w
taken for the *Principals.* But to ſee how th
titude ſcap'd us, was more ſport than pitty.
upon a Watch-word given, they in the
vaniſh'd by more ſeverall waies than there
legs among 'em; how the Creeples leap'd
Pales and Hedges; how the Blinde found
way thorow Lakes and Ditches; how a *Dam*
with two Children at her back, and two
perhaps, in her belly——

Cla. A *Hedge Prieſt* have you taken, ſay you?

Sen. Yes, Sir, an old *Patrico*, an ancie
Prophet, to tell Fortunes, and cozen our p
Country People of their ſingle Money.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Sir, Maſter *Oldrents*, in that he injoyes
your company, begins to doubt of his welcome.

Cla. Who led him into that doubt? I, or
that brought him hither?

Ol. Sir, his own deſire, and love to you, bro
him hither. I but ſhew'd him the way.

Cla. You reaſon fairly. Tell him I come.

Ol. Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to do ſo: for
ſaies——

Cla. Nay, if we both talk together——

Ol. Who ſhall hear one another. *Exit Ol.*

Cla. But are there *Players* among the ap
hended?

Sen. Yes, Sir. And they were contriving t
a Play among themſelves, juſt as we ſurpriz'd
and ſpoil'd their Sport.

Cla. Players! I'll pay them above all the
Sen. You ſhall do well in that; to put 'he
ſtock to ſet up again.

Cla. Yes, I'll put 'em in Stocks, and ſet 'em

to the Whipping-poſt. They can act *Juſtices*, can they? I'll act a *Juſtice* among 'em; that is to ſay, I will do juſtice upon them; that is to ſay——

Sen. Pray, Sir, be not ſevere, they act *Kings* and *Emperours*, as well as *Juſtices*. And *Juſtice* is blinde they ſay: you may therefore be pleas'd to wink a little. I finde that you have merry old Gentlemen in your Houſe, that are come far to viſit you. I'll undertake that theſe *Players*, with the help of their *Poet*; in a device which they have already ſtudied, and a pack of Cloaths which I ſhall ſupply 'em with, ſhall give your Gueſts much content, and move compaſſion in you towards the poor *Strowles*.

Cla. But you know my way of *Juſtice* (and that's a ſure way) is to puniſh 'em firſt, and be compaſſionate afterwards, as I finde 'em upon their Examination.

Sen. But for your Gueſts ſakes, who (I know) do favour and affect the Quality of Actors very much, permit 'em, Sir. It will inlarge your Entertainment exceedingly.

Cla. And perhaps ſave me the expence of a Renlet of *Sack* the while. Well, Sir, for that Reſpect, and upon your undertaking that they ſhall pleaſe, I will prorogue my *Juſtice* on the *Rogues*. And ſo to my merry Gentlemen, whom I will prepare to ſee their *Enterlude* againſt after Supper. But pray, Maſter *Sentwell*, as you have found my Neece, look to her, and ſee her decently brought home.

Sen. In her own beſt Apparell. But you muſt prorogue your diſpleaſure to her too.

Cla. I will do ſo, untill my ſcarce welcome *Gueſts* be gone.

Enter

Enter Randall.

Ran. Sir, my Maſter ſends you word, and plainly, that without your Company, your Entertainment ſtinks. He has commanded me ſaddle his Nags, and away to night. If you come not at once, twice, thrice, he's gone preſently, before Supper; He'll finde an Hoſt at an Inne worth a hundred o' you.

Cla. Good friend, I will now ſatisfie your Maſter, without telling him he has a ſawcy Knave to his Man. *Exit Clack.*

Ran. Thank your Worſhip.

Sen. Do you hear, Friend, you ſerve Maſter *Oldrents.*

Ran. I could ha' told you that. And the beſt Houſe-keeper my Maſter is of any Gentleman in the *County* he dwels in; and the beſt Maſter to a man, as I, the worſt of twenty, can ſay for him, and would be aſham'd to ſay leſſe.

Sen. Your name is *Randall.*

Ran. Forgi' me! Are you ſo wiſe? you are too young to be my *Godſire.* And I hope not old enough to be a Witch. How know you, that I am *Randall?* were you ever at my Maſters Houſe i' *Nottinghamſhire*, or at *Dunghilford*, where I was born?

Sen. No. But I have Notes to know you by.

Ran. I was never twelve mile from thence i' my life, before this Journey. God ſend me within ken of our own Kitchin ſmoak again.

Sen. Your Maſters Stewards name is *Springlove.*

Ran. Maſter *Springlove*, an't pleaſe you. There is not an honeſter Gentleman between this and the head of him. And my heart's with him, where e're he is. Know you him too?

Sen.



n. Yes, and your Maſters Daughters too.
n. Whaw.
t. And that they are all from home, your
:r knows not where.
n, Whaw, whaw. Know you that too?
t. Yes, and the two young Gentlemen that
with 'em, Maſter *Vincent,* and Maſter
ard.
n. Whaw, whaw again. You know 'em all,
ık. But know you where they all are?
t. Even here by, at my own Houſe.
n. Whaw——
t. And they knowing that your Maſter is
and Maſter *Hearty* too——
n. Whaw, whaw.
t. And your ſelf too. They directed me to
you, *Randall,* and bring you to 'em.
n. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw—— Why do
ıt go then?
t. But ſecretly. Not a word to any body.
n. Mum——Will you go then?

Enter Martin.

r. O Maſter *Oldrent's* man. Pray let me
t you into the Buttery.
n. Will you go, Maſter *Gentleman?*
r. Indeed it is my Maſters deſire, and he
anded me.
n. Now, when it's Supper-time did he? to
y belly with thin drink to ſave his Meat?
ıe manner in Churls Houſes. Will you go,
r *Gentleman?*
r. Introth my Maſter is ſo merry with yours
——
t. Shite o' your Maſter. My Maſter's
rd's a better Man. I'll to him, at this Gen-
n's Houſe, and all the reſt. Whaw, whaw.

Sen.

Sen. Randall, you forget.

Ran. Mum again then. Why would you not go then? Exit *Sent.* and *Ran.*

Mar. The man's as mad as his Maſter. The ſtrangeſt ſtrangers that ever came to our Houſe.

Enter Talboy.

Tal. Well, *Martin,* for confeſſing thy fault, and the means thou mad'ſt whereby ſhe is taken, I am friends with thee. But I ſhall never look upon her, or thee——but with grief of minde, however I bear it outwardly. Oh——

Mar. You bear it very manfully, me thinks.

Tal. I, you think ſo, and I know ſo——But what I feel, I feel. Would one of us two had never both ſeen one another——Oh——

Mar. You ſpeak very good ſenſe, Sir. But do's my Maſter continue his merry humour with the old Gentlemen within.

Tal. Yes. Juſtice *Clack's* Clack go's as merrily as any.

Mar. Well ſaid, Sir. Now, you ſpeak merrily too. But I could ſay ſome what that would ſtill him. And for your comfort, I'll tell you. Miſtris *Amie* is fallen in love with one of the *Beggars.*

Tal. Then have I nothing elſe to do, but to laugh at thee as long as I live. Ha ha ha—— To let a *Beggar* cozen thee of her. Ha ha ha. A *Beggar!* I ſhall die merrily yet. Ha ha ha.

Enter Clack. Oldrents. Hearty. Oliver.

Cla. A *hay* Boys, a *hay.* This is right; that is to ſay, as I would have it; that is to ſay——

Tal. A *Beggar.* Ha ha ha——

Mar. Ha ha ha——

Cla. A *hay* Boyes, a *hay.* They are as merry without, as we were within. A *hay,* Maſter *Old-*

rents,

rents, and Maſter *Hearty!* The vertue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melody, with a *hay trololly lolly lolly*. Is't not ſo, Maſter *Hearty?*

Old. Why thus it ſhould be: How was I deceiv'd! Now I ſee you are a good Fellow.

Ol. He was never ſo before. If it be a Lightning before Death, the beſt is, I am his Heire.

Tal. Mar. Ha ha ha——

Cla Again, Boyes, again; that is to ſay, a *hay Boyes, ah hay*——

Hea. What is the Motive of your Mirth, Nephew *Martin?* Let us laugh with you.

Old. Was that ſpoke like my Friend, *Hearty?* Lack we Motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing to be laugh'd at? And if nothing were to be ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood, we would laugh at It too.

Cla. You take the loſſe of your Miſtris merrily, Maſter *Talboy*.

Tal. More merrily than you will take the finding of her. Ha ha ha——A *Beggar!* Ha ha ha—

Cla. Can I be ſad to finde her, think you?

Mar. He thinks you will be diſpleas'd with her, and chide her.

Cla. You are deceiv'd, Maſter *Talboy;* you are wide, Maſter *Talboy;* above half your length, Maſter *Talboy*. Law and Juſtice ſhall ſleep, and Mirth and good Fellowſhip ride a *Circuit* here to night. A *hay*, Maſter *Oldrents*, a *hay*, Maſter *Hearty*, and a *hay*, Son *Oliver*, and a *hay*, Nephew *Talboy*, that ſhould ha' been, and a *hay*, my Cleark *Martin*, and a *hay* for the *Players*. When come they? Son *Oliver*, ſee for Maſter *Sentwell*, that is no readier with his new Company.

Tal. Players! Let us go ſee too. I never ſaw any *Players*. *Exit Talb. Mar.*

Ol. This is the firſt fit that ever he had of this Diſeaſe

Diſeaſe. And if it be his laſt, I ſay, as I before, I am his Heire.

Old. But is there a *Play* to be expected acted by *Beggars?*

Cla. That is to ſay, by *Vagabonds*; that is ſay, by *ſtrowling Players.* They are upon Purgation. If they can preſent any thing pleaſe you, they may eſcape the Law; that (a *hay*). If not, to morrow, Gentlemen, acted, *Abuſes ſtript and whipt,* among 'em; a *hay,* Maſter *Hearty,* you are not merry. (I *Sentwell.*) And a *hay,* Maſter *Sentwell,* where your *Drammatis Perſonæ;* your *Prologus,* your *Actus Primus,* ha? Ha' they given you ſlip, for fear of the Whip? A *hay.*

Sen. A word aſide, an't pleaſe you——

Sentwell *takes* Clack *aſide, and gives him a Pur*

Old. I have not known a man in ſuch a Humour indeed, out of his own Bottles, rather than be robb of his Liquor. Miſers uſe to tipple themſelves ſo

Old. He do's ſo out-do us, that we look like ſtaid men again, *Hearty*; fine ſober things.

Hea. But how long will it laſt? He'll hang himſelf to morrow, for the Coſt we have put him to.

Old. I love a Miſer's Feaſt dearly. To ſee how thin and ſcattering the Diſhes ſtood, as if they fear'd quarrelling.

Hea. And how the Bottles, to ſcape breaking one another, were brought up by one at once!

Old. How one of the Serving-men, untrain'd to wait, ſpilt the White-broth!

Hea. And another, ſtumbling at the Threſhold, tumbled in his Diſh of Rouncevals before him.

Old. And moſt ſuitable to the Niggardlineſſe of his Feaſt, we ſhall now have an Entertainment, or *Play,* preſented by *Beggars.*

Cla.



a. Send 'em in, Maſter *Sentwell. Exit Sent.* Gentlemen, the *Players* are ready to enter. here's a Bill of their *Playes.* You may take choice.

d. Are they ready for them all in the ſame ths? Read 'em, good *Hearty.*

ea. Firſt, here's *The two loſt Daughters.*

d. Put me not in minde of the two loſt ghters, I prethee. What's the next?

ea. The vagrant Steward.

d. Nor of a vagrant Steward. Sure ſome e is meant me.

ea. The old Squire and the Fortune-teller.

d. That comes neerer me. Away with it.

ea. The Beggars Prophecy.

d. All theſe Titles may ſerve to one *Play*, of a y that I know too well. I'll ſee none of them.

ea. Then here's *The merry Beggars.*

d. I, that; and let 'em begin.

Enter Talboy *and* Oliver.

l. The *Players* are coming in: And Miſtris and your man *Martin*, are to be Actors ng 'em.

a. A *hay* then for that too. Some merry e ſure. *A Flouriſh of Shalms.* Heark! the *ars Hoboys.* Now they begin.

d. See, a moſt ſolemn *Prologue.*

Enter Poet for Prologue.

O Knight, *to* Squire, *and to the* Gentiles *here,*
We wiſh our Play *may with content appear.*
romiſe you no dainty Wit of Court,
City Pageantry, *nor* Country Sport:
plain Piece of Action, *ſhort and ſweet;*
tory true. You'll know it when you ſee't.

Old.

Old. True Stories and true Jeſts do ſeldom thrive on *Stages.*

Cla. They are beſt to pleaſe you with this tho', or a *hay* with a Whip for them to morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they ſhall ſuffer, I will be pleas'd, let 'em Play their worſt.

A Floriſh. Enter Patrico. *With* Lawyer *habited like* Oldrents.

See our *Patrico* among 'em.

Hea. That offered you a *Doxie* in the Barn.

Pat. *Your Children's* Fortunes *I have told,*
That they ſhall Beg *e're they be old.*
And will you have a Reaſon why?
'Tis Juſtice in their Deſtiny.——

Cla. Juſtice, ha! Are you medling with *Juſtice* already?

Pat. *Your* Grandfather, *by crafty wile*
Of bargaining, did much beguile
A thriftleſſe Heire *of half the Lands*
That are deſcended to your hands.
And, then, by Law, not Equity,
Forc'd Him *and his* Poſterity
To Woe *and ſhamefull* Beggary.

Law. *That was no fault of mine, nor of my children.*

Pat. *But our fore-fathers Debts and Crimes,*
Although forborn till future times,
Are not ſo paid. But what needs more,
I wiſh you happy in your Store. *Exit.*

Old. Doſt note this, *Hearty?*

Hea. You ſaid you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worſt.

Lawyer



Lawyer *walks ſadly, beats his breaſt, &c*
To him enter Souldier *like* Hearty,
and ſeems to comfort him.

'. It begins my Story, and by the ſame
ne-teller that told me my Daughters For-
; almoſt in the ſame words. I know him
And he ſpeaks in the *Play* to one that per-
:s me, as neer, as they can ſet him forth.
. How like you it, Sir? You ſeem diſpleas'd.
they be whipt yet? A *hay*, if you ſay the

'. O, by no means, Sir; I am pleas'd.
ıl. *Sad for the words of a baſe* Fortune-teller?
'e *him! Hang him. I'll truſt none of 'em.*
have all Whims, *and double double meanings*
' *they ſay.*
'. Whom do's he talk or look like, now?
ı. It is no matter whom. You are pleas'd,
ay.
ıl. *Ha' you no* Sack *i' th' Houſe? am not I*
ere?
ıever without a merry old Song?

Sing.

ack, *and old* Songs, *and a merry old* Crew,
fright away Cares when the ground looks blew.

an you think on Gipſie Fortune-tellers?
.aw. *I'll think as little of 'em as I can.*
ioul. *Will you abroad then? But here comes*
Steward.

Enter Springlove *to* Lawyer.

'. Bleſſe me! Is not that *Springlove?*
ı. Is that you, that talks to him, or that
combe I, do you think? Pray let 'em play
Play: the Juſtice will not hinder 'em, you
ıe's aſleep.

Spr.

Spr. *Here are the Keys of all my Charge,* Sir. I
My humble ſuit is, that you will be pleas'd
To let me walk upon my known occaſions, t
Sommer.

Law. *Fie! Canſt not yet leave off t*
Vagancies?
But I will ſtrive no more to alter Nature.
I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own very words at his departure.

Hea. No matter. Pray attend.

Law. *Come, Friend, I'll take your Councell.*
Exeunt Lawy. So

Spr. *I've ſtriven with my ſelf to alter Natu*
me,
For my good Maſters ſake; but all in vain;
For Beggars, Cuckoe-like, *fly out again,*
In their own Notes and Seaſon.

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, Hilliard.

Ra. *Our Father's ſadneſſe will not ſuffer us*
To live in's Houſe.

Mer. *And we muſt have a Progreſſe.*

Vin. *Th' aſſurance of your Loves hath ingag'*

Hil. *To wait on you in any courſe.*

Ra. *Suppoſe we'll go a begging.*

Vin. Hil. *We are for you.*

Spr. *And that muſt be your Courſe, and ſudde*
To Cure your Father's ſadneſſe; who is told
It is your Deſtiny: *Which you may quit*
By making it a trick of Youth and Wit.
I'll ſet you in the way.

All 4. *But how? But how?*
All talk aſide.

Old. My Daughters and their Sweethearts t
I ſee
The ſcope of their *Deſigne;* and the whole drift
Of all their Action now, with joy and comfort
H



Hea. But take no notice yet. See a *Whim* more of it.
At the mad Rogue that acted me, I muſt make drunk anon.

Spr. *Now! are you all reſolv'd?*

All 4. *Agreed, agreed.*

Spr. *You beg to abſolve your Fortune, not for eed.* *Exeunt.*

Old. I muſt commend their Act in that. Pray-hee let's call 'em, and end the matter here. The purpoſe of their *Play*, is but to work my Friend-hip, or their Peace with me; and they have it.

Hea. But ſee a little more, Sir.

Enter Randall.

Old. My Man *Randall* too! Has he a Part with 'em?

Ran. They were well ſet a work, when they made me a *Player*. What is that I muſt ſay? And how muſt I act now? Oh! that I muſt be *Steward* for the *Beggars* in Maſter *Steward's* abſence; and tell my Maſter, he's gone to meaſure Land for him to purchaſe.

Old. You Sir. Leave the work you can do no better (I can forbear no longer) and call the Actors back again to me.

Ran. With all my heart. And glad my Part is ſo ſoon done. *Exit*

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our *Play:*
Something in earneſt I muſt ſay;
But let affected *Riming* go.
I'll be no more a *Patrico*.
My name is *Wrought-on*——Start not. But (if you

Deſire

Deſire to hear what's worth your beſt attention.
More privately) you may draw nearer me.
Oldrents goes to him.
Hea. Hear no more *Fortunes.*
Old. You ſhall give me leave.
Pat. I am Grandſon to that unhappy
Wrought-on,
Whom your Grandfather, craftily, wrought out
Of his Eſtate. By which, all his Poſterity
Were, ſince, expos'd to *Beggary.* I do not charge
You, with the leaſt offence in this. But, now,
Come neerer me: for I muſt whiſper to you.
Patrico takes Oldrents aſide.
I had a Siſter, who among the Race
Of *Beggars*, was the faireſt. Fair ſhe was
In *Gentle Blood*, and *Geſture* to her *Beauty;*
Which could not be ſo clouded with baſe Cloathing
But ſhe attracted *Love* from worthy *Perſons;*
Which (for her meanneſſe) they expreſt in *Pity*,
For the moſt part. But ſome aſſaulted her
With amorous, though looſe *deſires;* which *ſhe*
Had vertue to withſtand. Onely one *Gentleman*
(Whether it were by her *Affection*, or
His *Fate*, to ſend his Blood a begging with her,
I queſtion not) by her, in heat of Youth,
Did get a *Son*, who now muſt call you *Father.*
Old. Me?
Pa. You. Attend me, Sir. Your *Bounty*, then,
Diſpos'd your Purſe to her; in which, beſides
Much Money (I conceive by your neglect)
Was thrown this holy *Relique.* Do you know it?
Old. The *Agnus Dei* that my mother gave me
Upon her Death-bed! O the loſſe of it
Was my ſore grief: And now, with joy, it is
Reſtor'd by *Miracle!* Do's your Siſter live?
Pa. No, Sir. She died within a few daies after
Her Son was born; and left him to my care;

on

om, I, to this day, have had an eye,
his wandrings.
Then the young Man lives!

ter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachell, Meriel.

. Here with the reſt of your fair *Children*,

d. My joy begins to be too great within me!
Bleſſing, and a Welcome to you all.
ne anothers, and you all are mine.
in. Hil. We are agreed on that.
a. Long ſince. We onely ſtood till you ſhook our ſadneſſe.
er. For which we were fain to go a begging,

ld. Now I can read the *Juſtice* of my *Fate*, yours——
la. Ha! *Juſtice?* Are they handling of *lice?*
ld. But more applaud great *Providence* in both.
la. Are they jeering of *Juſtices?* I watch'd for

ea. I ſo me thought No, Sir. The *Play* is e.

Enter Sentwell, Amie, Oliver, Martin.

en. See Sir, your *Neece* preſented to you.
Springlove takes Amie.
la. What, with a Speech by one of the *Players?*
ak, Sir: and be not daunted. I am favourable.
pr. Then, by your favour, Sir, this Maiden is Wife.
la. Sure you are out o' your part. That is to you muſt begin again.

Spr.

Spr. She's mine by ſolemn Contract, Sir.

Cla. You will not tell me that. Are not you my *Neece?*

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't, we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another?

Mar. I muſt diſprove the Contract.

Tal. That is my part to ſpeak.

Sen. None can diſprove it. I am witneſſe to it.

Cla. Nay, if we all ſpeak——as I ſaid before.

Old. Hear me for all then. Here are no *Beggars* (you are but one, *Patrico*) no *Rogues*, nor *Players*: But a ſelect Company, to fill this Houſe with Mirth. Theſe are my *Daughters;* theſe their *Husbands;* and this that ſhall marry your *Neece*, a Gentleman, my Son. I will inſtantly Eſtate him in a thouſand pound a yeer to entertain his Wife: and to their Heirs for ever. Do you hear me now?

Cla. Now I do hear you. And I muſt hear you. That is to ſay, it is a Match. That is to ſay ——as I ſaid before.

Tal. And muſt I hear it too——O——

Old. Yes, though you whine your eyes out.

Hea. Nephew *Martin*, ſtill the Childe with a Suck-bottle of *Sack*. Peace, Lambe; and I'll finde a wife for thee.

Old. Now, *Patrico*, if you can quit your Function. To live a moderate Gentleman, I'll give you
A competent Annuity for your life.

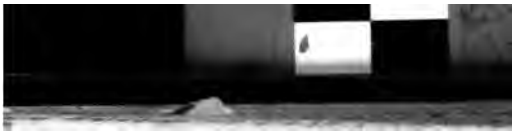
Pat. I'll be, withall, your faithfull Beadſ-man; and Spend my whole life in Prayers for you and yours.

Cla. And now, Cleark *Martin*, give all the *Beggars* my free *Paſſe*, without all manner of Correction? that is to ſay, with *a hay get 'em gone.*

Ol. Are not you the Gentleman, that challeng'd me in right of your Friend here?

Vin. Your Inſpection's good, Sir.

Ra.



Ra. And you the Gentleman (I take it) that would have made *Beggar-ſport* with us, two at once.

Mer. For twelve pence a piece, Sir.

Oli. I hope we all are Friends.

Spr. Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll beg no more,
But your continuall Love, and daily bleſſing.

Old. Except it be at *Court*, Boy; where if ever I come, it ſhall be to beg the next Fool-Royal's place that falls.

Spr. A begging *Epilogue* yet would not be,
Me thinks, improper to this *Comedie.*

Epilogue.

THo' we are, now, no Beggars *of the* Crew,
We count it not a ſhame to beg of you.
The Juſtice, *here, has given his* Paſſe *free*
To all the reſt, unpuniſh'd; onely we
Are under Cenſure, till we do obtain
Your Suffrages, *that we may* beg *again;*
And often, in the Courſe, We took to day,
Which was intended, for your Mirth, a Play;
Not without Action, *and a little* Wit,
Therefore we beg *your* Paſſe *for us and* It.

FINIS.



THE

QUEENES

EXCHANGE,

A

COMEDY,

Acted with generall applauſe at the

BLACK-FRIERS

BY

His MAJESTIES *Servants.*

Written by

Mr. RICHARD BROME.

Regia res amor eſt.

LONDON,

rinted for *Henry Brome*, at the Hand in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1657.





The Stationer to the Readers.

:lemen and Ladies,

H*is ſhort account I thought fit to give you of this* Poem, *that it came to my* 'ſ *among other things of this nature,* 'ten, *and left by* Mr. Rich. Brome, *a perſon* 'e *excellency in* Comical *wit has been ſuffi-* 'ly *proved, and needs not my partial and* ' *commendation. There are publiſhed* ıdy *of his Playes, the* Northern Laſs, *the* podes, *the* Sparagus-garden, *the* Merry gers, *the* Lancaſhire Witches, *beſides the* 5 'es *lately publiſhed in a* Volume. *The good* ›tance *of all which encourages me to publiſh being no way inferior to the reſt; but* ı *'twas written, or where acted, I know*

Your kinde entertainment of this will le *me to make known to the World divers* : *of the ſame* Authors *works of this kind,* h *have not yet ſeen light; for my ayme is,* ›rodeſſe & delectare, *by delighting thee to* 't *my ſelf.*

H. B.

Farewel.



The Queens Exchange.

The Perſons in the Play.

Oſrick, King of *Northumbria*.
Theodrick, his Favourite and Embaſſador.
Ethelſwick, his Subſtitute.
Theodwald, *Eanſride*, *Alfrida*, *Edelbert*, } Lords of his Council.
A Phyſitian.
Jeffrey, the Kings fool.
4 Clowns.

Scene England.

Bertha, Quee Saxons.
Segebert, *Alberto*, } two ban
Anthymus, *Offa*, *Mildred*, } *Segebert*
Oſricks Queen.
Arnold, an old ſervan
Kelrick, *Elkwine*, *Elfride*, } three ſyc Lord
Hermit and his Servan Keeper of Priſon.
Edith, *Mildreds* Nurſe.
A Carpenter, A Maſon, A Smith, } three Tr

Prologue to the Queens Exchange.

THe writer of this Play who ever uſes
To uſher with his modeſty the Muſes
Unto the Stage, He that ſcarce ever durſt
Of Poets rank himſelf above the worſt,
Though moſt that he has writ has paſt the reſt,
And found good approbation of the beſt;
He as he never knew to bow, he ſaies,
As little fears the fortune of his Playes:
He yields their right to us, and we ſubmit
All that they are in learning or in wit
To your fair cenſure. All is then but thus,
As you approve they are good or bad to us;
And all by way of favour we can crave
Is that you not deſtroy where you may ſave.





THE

JEENES EXCHANGE.

Act. I. Scen. I.

'er Celerick, Elkwin, Segebert, Bertha, and Attendants. *Hoboyes.*

Since it has pleaſd the higheſt Power to place me
ſubſtitute in Regal Soveraignty,
· this Kingdom, by the generall vote
ou my loyall Lords, and loving Subjects,
ıgh grounded on my right of due Succeſſion;
g immediate heir, and only child
our late much deplored King my Father.
in a moſt reverend duty bound
› that Power above me, and a wel-
ting care towards you my faithfull people,
ule and govern ſo (at leaſt ſo neere
›y all poſſibility I may)
: I may ſhun Heavens anger, and your grief.
:h that I may, at our laſt conſultation
better to paſſe through my weighty charge,
/e you to conſider of the Propoſition
ade to me by the Northumbrian King

Of

Of marriage, not only to enable me
In my government, but thereby to ſtrengthen
This Kingdom in ſucceeding times, by a line
Of lawfull Succeſſors. I gave you all
My ſtrong & moſt unanſwerable reaſons:
To which you ſeemd contented, all but one,
Who with the reſt by this I hope is ſatisfied.
'Tis you, Lord *Segebert*, you it is I mean:
Does it appear to you yet reaſonable,
That I be matcht to the Northumbrian King?
I have with patience waited a whole moneth
For you to rectifie your ſcrupulous judgement,
Whereby it might comply with theſe, no way
Inferiour to your ſelf, but are your Peers,
As well in their known wiſdom, as my favour.

Seg. Thus low unto your ſacred Majeſty
I here devote my ſelf; and thus I meet
With equal love, th' embraces of theſe Lords.
We joyn and grow one body, and one voice
With them, in all may adde unto your Honour,
And your dear Kingdoms good. But pardon me
My ſoverain Queen, and I beſeech you my Lords,
To weigh with your known wiſdom the great danger
This match may bring unto the Crown and Country.
'Tis true, the King *Oſriick* as wel in perſon
As in his dignity, may be thought fit
To be endow'd with all you ſeem to yeild him.
But what becomes of all the wholſome Laws,
Cuſtoms, and all the nerves of Government
Your no less prudent than Majeſtick Father
With power & policy enricht this Land with;
And made the Saxons happy, and your ſelf
A Queen of ſo great eminence. Muſt all,
With ſo much Majeſtie and matchleſſe beauty,
Be now ſubjected to a ſtrangers foot;

And

And trod into diſorder? All your wealth,
Your ſtate, your laws, your ſubjects, and the hope
Of flouriſhing future fortunes, which your Father
By his continual care, and teadious ſtudy
Gave as a Legacy unto this Kingdom.
Muſt all be altered, or quite ſubverted,
And all by a wilful gift unto a ſtranger?

Bert. Peace: ſtop his mouth. Unreaverend old man,
How darſt thou thus oppoſe thy Soveraignes will,
So well approvd by all thy fellow Peers;
Of which the meaneſt equals thee in judgement?

Seg. Do you approve their judgments, Madam, which
Are grounded on your will? I may not do't.
Only I pray, that you may underſtand,
(But not unto your loſs) the difference
Betwixt ſmooth flattery, and honeſt judgements.

Bert. Do you hear this, my Lords?

Celr. My Lord *Segebert*,
Though you except againſt this King,
He may hereafter thank you in your kind.

Seg. Mean time I thank you for your propheſie.

Col. You cannot but allow ſucceſſion is
The life of Kingdoms; & if ſo, you cannot
But wiſh the Queen (which Heaven grant ſpeedily)
An happy huſband.

Bert. I thank you, good my Lord.

Elk. And if an huſband, why not him ſhe affects?
Can it befit a ſubject to controle
The affection of his Princeſſe? Heaven forbid.

Seg. This is ear taking Muſick.

Elk. Or ſuppoſe,
You might controle it; whom in your great wiſdom
Would you allot the Queen?

Seg.

Seg. I ſee your aym ;
And know, when I have ſaid all that I dare.
What cenſure I muſt undergoe. And thus
Ile meet it boldly : you are ſycophants all,
And doe provide but for your ſelves, though all
The Kingdom periſh for't. May the juſtice
That follows flattery overtake you for't.
Seg. Take hence the mad man.
Celr. We are ſorry for you.
Elk. And wiſh the troubleſome ſpirit were out of you,
That ſo diſtracts your reaſon.
Elf. We have known you
Speak and anſwer to the purpoſe.
Seg. Your queſtion to no purpoſe, Sir, was this:
Whom my great wiſdom would allot the Queen?
You are not worth my anſwer. But my Sove-raigne,
I do implore your gracious attention
To theſe few words.
Celr. Leſſe ſenſe.
Elf. No matter.
Elk. Silence.
Speak your few words, the Queen can give you hearing.
Seg. I wiſh your Highneſſe would command your women,
That know their qualities to take up your Beagles.
Their Petulances ſort not with this place
Nor the more ſerious matter of my ſpeech.
Bert. Speak, I can hear you though. Forbear him Lords.
Seg. The King your Father, and my ne'r to be
Forgotten Maſter, (pleaſe you to remember)
Although his memory be loſt with theſe,
Who nere had grace to know him rightly, gave me

Before

Before his death ſtrictly this charge; and in
Your preſence too, charging your ſelfe withal
To give it due obedience: That you ſhould
Before all mens advice take mine for marriage,
And that eſpecially I ſhould take care
'Gainſt Innovation. That the laws he left
Eſtabliſht with ſuch care for good oth' Kingdome
Might be maintaind by whomſoere you matchd with.
I know, and you, if you knew any thing,
Might know the difference twixt the Northumbrian lawes
And ours: And ſooner will their King pervert
Your Priviledges and your Government,
Then reduce his to yours: pure common ſenſe,
Even you me thinks, my Lords, may foretell that.
Bert. You have ſaid enough.
Seg. I doe beſeech your Highneſſe
But for this little more.
Bert. Ile hear no more.
Celr. Pray heare his little more although you ſend him
Out of your hearing then for evermore.
Seg. Your Father added this to his command,
That rather then by marriage you ſhould bring
Your Subjects to ſuch thraldome, and that if
No Prince whoſe lawes coher'd with yours did ſeek you
(As ſome there are, and neerer then th' Northumbrian)
That he would have you from ſome noble Stock
To take a Subject in your own Dominion.
Bert. Traytor!
Seg. To urge your Father's Teſtament?
Celr. But did the King your ne're forgotten Maſter
Bequeath her an affection to ſuch blood?

Bert.

Bert. Forbear. Now he's not worth your ſpeaking to.

Celr. Now ſhe'l ha' me I hope. What a fool beat
Was I to undervalue ſubjects blood?

Bert. I have forborn you long, for the old love
My Father in his life conferr'd upon you
And ſtill I yield to it ſo much as ſaves
Your head, bold talking fellow. But Sir hear
Your doom. Since the Kings love hath puff'd your dotage
With ſwoln conceit (for what can it be leſſe)
That you are now my King (for ſure you think ſo)
I'll try my Title with you. Hence you Exile:
Go in perpetual baniſhment from this Kingdome.
Speak not a word for him.

All. Inſooth we meant it not.

Celr. But may it pleaſe your Majeſty, you mention'd
His head erewhile. Now if I might adviſe——

Bert. Away, you'l be too cruel.

Celr. Another hope loſt.

Elkw. His lands and goods, Madam, would be thought on.

Bert. No, he has children.

Elfr. I'le take his daughter with all faults, and half his lands.

Bert. Why are ye not gone?

Seg. I have not much to ſay.

Bert. Out with it then, and then out with your ſelf.

Seg. In the large Hiſtory of your Fathers life
You find but one example for this doom
Of Baniſhment. And that was of *Alberto* five years ſince,
For wronging me unto his Highneſſe, when
He ſtood in competition with me for
The Honor in the State the King then gave me.

Bert.

Bert. And what of this ?
Seg. But thus. I ſtood by then, and then all knowing Heaven
Saw that though he for wronging me was Baniſh'd,
I was right ſorry, and much pleaded for him.
Bert. It follows now that you would have theſe Lords,
Whom you have ſo abus'd, to plead for you.
Seg. Quite contrary, for they are my Abuſers ;
Yet I do grieve for them, but more for you.
To think on all your ſorrows, when too late
You'l wiſh for me to ſteer the State.
Bert. Pray if you meet that good old Lord *Alberto,*
Now in your exile, ſend him home to us ;
I'l promiſe him your Honour in the State.
All. Ha, ha, ha.
Bert. Go from my ſight, and if after three dayes
Thou art ſeen in my Dominion, I will give
A thouſand crowns to him that brings thy head.
See Proclamation ſent to that effect.
Celr. I will, and as many Informers after
The Proclamation, as there be crowns in't.
Come we have ſpoken for you all that we can.
Elf. The Queen's implacable.
Bert. Be gone I ſay, Why doſt thou ſtay ?
Seg. But to applaud your Mercy and Bounty,
In that you poſt me from a world of care
And give me the wide world for my ſhare.
Exit Seg. and Celr.
Elk. Your Majeſty has perform'd a point of juſtice
Mingled with clemency beyond all preſident.
Bert. Enough to give a warning to all ſuch
As dare oppoſe their Princes purpoſes :
Conduct in now th' Embaſſador of *Northumbria.*
Whilſt I review his Maſter's brighter Figure
Exit Elkw. Elf. As

'As ardently, (but with more pure affection)
As ere did *Cynthia* her *Endimion.*

Ent. Emb.

My Lord, you have attended long, but now
I ſhall return that anſwer to your King,
That if his love be as you have pretended
May well excuſe your ſtay. Tell him this ſtory.
A King ſent forth a General to beſiege
A never conquered City. The ſiege was long,
And no report came back unto the King,
How well or ill his Expedition thriv'd;
Until his doubtful thoughts had given loſt,
His hope oth' City, and his Army both.
When he being full of this deſpair, ariv'd
Oth' ſuddain his brave General with Victory;
Which made his thanks, as was his conqueſt double.
You may interpret me my Lord.
Emb. If ſo,
I am to tell the King he has won your love.
Bert. A bluſh may be excus'd in the confeſſion:
'Tis my firſt anſwer to the queſtion: Yes.
Emb. So from the doubtful darkneſſe of the night,
The bluſhing morn Uſhers the cheerful Sun,
To give new light and life unto the World:
I ſhall revive my King with theſe glad tydings.
Bert. You have ſaid well,
Let us enform you better.
(*Talk aſide with him.*)
Elkw. I can but think what old *Segebert* ſaid
Concerning Laws, Cuſtomes, and Priveledges.
And how this match will change the Government.
I fear, how e'er the Laws may go, our Cuſtomes will
Be loſt; for he methinks out-flatters us already.

Elfr.



Elfr. He's the King's Favourite; and has woed ſo well
For him, that we may fear he'l wrigle in
Twixt him and us, the prime man in her favour.
Bert. Let it be ſo. The tenth of the next month
I'l be prepar'd to entertain his Highneſs.
Firſt to confirm a contract; then as ſoon
As he ſhall pleaſe to conſummate our marriage.
In the mean time this Figure, which you ſay
Reſembles him, as Painters ſkill affords:
Indeed it is a ſweet one. (*Kiſſes it*) Shall be daily
My deer companion moſt unſeparably;
And when I ſleep it ſhall partake my Pillow.
Does he love mine as well d'ye think my Lord?
Emb. Juſt with the ſame devotion; If I durſt I would ſay more.
Bert. Nay, ſpeak my Lord, pray ſpeak.
Emb. He do's allow't a Table, Waiters and Officers
That eat the meat.
Bert. Indeed.
Elkw. O horrible.
Elfr. Nay, We ſhall ne're come near him.
Emb. And at night
He lodges it perpetually on his boſome.
Elkw. We are dunces to him.
Emb. Here, juſt here;
And't pleaſe your Majeſty o' the hearts ſide.
(*ſhrugs.*
Bert. Indeed I am pleas'd. I'l ſtay you but to night,
Tomorrow you ſhall haſten towards the King.
And for your ſpeed wear this.
Emb. Moſt gracious Queen. (*kiſſes her hand.*)
Exeunt Omnes.

Scen.

Scen. II.

Enter Segebert, Anthynus, Offa, Mildred.

Seg. 'Tis the Queens pleaſure children; I muſt bear it.

Off. To Baniſhment, good heaven forbid. And Heaven
Ih ope will not yet ſuffer it.

Seg. Whilſt we expect the beſt from Heavens high will,
It ſuffers Princes to reward us ill.
Yet can I think it ſhakes an angry hand
Over my head, for ſome miſdeed of mine,
Which I have unrepented let go by.
It muſt be ſomething ſure was pleaſure to me.
What in the World has moſt delighted me?
To love my King and Country, Neighbours, Friends,
And ſometimes Enemies. (I'l paſſe o're that)
I have done well (though I do not to boaſt it)
To ſuccour and relieve all kind of wretches;
Poor ſouls that have half deafned me with Prayers,
Loud Prayers. They'l miſſe me now; and I
Shall have a miſſe of them too. (Let that paſſe)
What have I done at home, ſince my Wife died?
No Turtle ever kept a widowhood,
More ſtrict, then I have done. Then for my Children.

Offa. Come you hither.

Of. My Lord Father.

Anth. He might have call'd me firſt, I am the Eldeſt.

Seg. I am ſure thou'lt anſwer in behalf of one.
Have I not lov'd thee alwayes?

Off. O dear Sir,
I am all unworthy to acknowledge half,

Half

Half of your pious bounties on a Son,
A wretch ſo ill deſerving as my ſelf;
Your hand has evermore been open to me,
Your bleſſings ſtill more readily have ſhowr'd
Upon my head, then I had grace to aſk them.
(For to my knowledge I ne're aſk'd bleſſing yet
With a good will in all my life; ſome would
Do Pennance in the Church with leſſe perplexity.)
Seg. I, thou waſt ever an obedient child,
Next, you my Daughter.
Anth. Then I muſt be laſt.
Seg. How have you found my love?
Mild. Sir, far above my duty.
Seg. Do not weep, but ſpeak good child.
I have not long to ſtay with yee; my three dayes
Will ſcarce afford this hour to bide with you.
(*Weeps.*)
Mild. Had I no tears nor ſobs to interrupt
My flattering Tongue, but had ſpeech as free
As the beſt Orator that ſpeaks for fee
Could, or durſt I attempt t'expreſs your goodneſs,
More then to ſay, 'tis more then I can ſay.
Seg. 'Tis a good maid; O Queen thou art too cruel!
Mild. But honour'd Father, grant me yet one Bone.
Seg. What's that my Girle?
Mild. You ſhall know preſently.
Dries her eyes.
Pray give me leave to kneel unto the Queen
To try what I can do for your repeal.
'Twere ſhame we ſhould ſit down and loſe you thus.
The Queen affects me well. You know ſhe loves me.
And promis'd once ſhe would deny me nothing.
Seg. For this thou ſhalt not trouble her: beſides

You put me well in mind to charge you Daughter
Upon my Bleſſing, go no more to Court.
Shun it I charge thee as thou wouldſt my curſe
If you have lovers there whom they call Servants
Do as neat Surgeons do when they have touch'd
Loathſome or peſtilent Sores; waſh clean your
hands
Of all of 'em, that are far more infectious.
And hear me daughter *Mildred*, I am told
The *Northumbrian* Embaſſador now at Court,
The great Kings greater Favourite made hot love
to you.
And that he obtained your Picture which he wears
More proud of't then his undeſerved Honours.
Let me now charge you further, and obſerve it,
Shake off all thoughts of him. Upon the match now
He and whole Sholes of upſtart Braveries,
Muſt hither needs attend their King. But if
Thou marry with him, or any amongſt them,
Though the greateſt ſubject that his Maſter has,
Thou art divorcd for ever of my bleſſing.
Mild. I will in all obey you.
Off. I ſhall look to that Sir.
Seg. Enough. *Anthynus.*
Anth. At laſt, yet I am thought on.
Seg. Now there reſts
Of all my children but you to reſolve me,
How you have found my love?
Anth. You aſk me laſt
Sir I preſume, cauſe you have had me longeſt,
To crown their teſtimony.
Seg. Yet you ſeem
Anthinus, by your leave, the leaſt to know me,
But like a ſtranger look upon me when
Theſe give me due reſpect.
Anth. Leſſe then due
I dare not give you; and more were to abuſe you.
Though

Though I do not applaud, I muſt approve
You are a right good father.
Off. Umh.
Seg. Yet you ſpeak in this but coldly.
Off. No, no, it ſounds not well. But you are wiſe.
Anth. I have obſerv'd, but ſpecially at Court,
Where flattery is too frequent, the great ſcorn
You have ever caſt upon it, and do fear
To come within ſuch danger of reproof.
Knowing your reaſon may as well deteſt it
In your own houſe, as in Kings Pallaces.
And when I hear another (my dear Siſter,
Heaven know I mean not you)
Speak like a flatterer, I hold my peace,
And ſo come ſhort of doing what I would,
For fear of over-doing. But honour'd Sir,
When a Son can be found that dares do more
For's Fathers life or honour then my ſelf,
I'l forfeit mine inheritance and your bleſſing;
So much your love engages me.
Off. If this were hearty now, not hollow.
Seg. No more,
Time calls away apace, and I am ſatisfied
Since I muſt undergo the Queens hard cenſure,
That it falls not upon me like a curſe,
For wronging Crown or Country, Neighbours, Friends,
Or you my dearer children. I will take it
Not as a puniſhment but bleſſing rather.
To be remov'd from miſeries
Are like to fall on this unhappy Kingdom.
And I will think the Queen has done me favour
To eaſe me of my cares a thouſand wayes,
To make my reſt of life all holidayes.
Now take my laſt directions. Son *Anthynus.*
Anth. Son! It is holyday with me to. 'Tis
The firſt time he call'd me Son theſe three years.

Seg.

Seg. Though you are eldeſt, and my lawful heir
And muſt be Lord at my deceaſe of all
My large Poſſeſſions. Yet it is my will
That till my death my *Offa* have the ſway
And government of all, allowing you
That yearly ſtipen formerly I gave you.
Let me not hear of any grudge betwixt you.
And be you both reſpectful of your Siſter,
And you of them good Girle. It is decreed
That I ſhall never ſee you more.
Mild. Ay me. (*Cries.*)
Seg. Go get thee in I prithe *Mildred*,
Go in I ſay, thy brothers ſhall a little
Shew me my way. Go in, I ſhall not ſpeak elſe.
And I have more to ſay to them. Good now go.
Mild. O, O, O.
Seg. You will not diſobey me? Heaven bleſs
my Girle (go and come again).
Mild. But muſt I never ſee you more?
Seg. Yes child in Heaven; and then for evermore.
Mild. To wait your coming thither I'l afore. *Exit*
Seg. Thither ſhall be my firſt journey.
But after you ſhall ſtill hear from me where e're wander.
Anth. Not I Sir, by your favour.
Seg. Why I pray.
Anth. I muſt be nearer you. I kneel for't Sir.
And humbly pray I may not be denied
To wait on you in Exile. Take me with you.
Off. Do you not find him?
Seg. This is but your ſtoutneſs
(Though you ſeem humble unto me) againſt
Your brother, becauſe I leave the rule to him.
Anth. Far be it from my thoughts dear Sir, conſider

He has had that rule already divers years
Ere ſince my mother die, and been your darling
Heaven knows without my grudge, while you were pleas'd.

Off. Heaven knows his thoughts the while alack a day.

Anth. I never envied him, though I have found
You have ſeverely over look'd my Actions,
When you have ſmil'd on his, though but the ſame.
I have been ſtill content while I have found my duty firm.

Seg. You ſhall along.

Anth. You have new begotten me.

Off. Sir.

Seg. Peace, I know thy fear, my deareſt Boy.

Off. Does not your blood begin to chil within you?

Great heirs are overhaſty Sir,
And think their Fathers live too long. Pray Sir
Take heed of him. Though he ſhould act the
Parricide abroad, our laws acquit him.

Seg. I'l give my ſelf to Heaven, quit thou thy fear.

I am not worth a life. I'l take him hence
That thou mayſt be ſecure from bloody ſpite.
I fear him not, miſchief has ſpent her ſelfe
And left her ſting within me for a charme
That quit me from the fear of further harm.
Go get thee home, my bleſſing and farewell.

Off. Pray Sir excuſe me, I cannot ſpeak for laughing. (*aſide.*)

Seg. And farwel Countrey, ſhed not a tear for me;

I go to be diſſolv'd in tears for thee.

Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter *Ofriick*, the King, *Theodrick*, *Theodwald*, *Eaufrid*, *Alfrid*, *Edelbert*, 2 *Lords*.

O*Sr.* Let your diſpatches inſtantly be ſent
Through all the Kingdom to incite the people
(As many as are mine, or would be thought ſo)
To expreſſe with me their joy, for the enjoying
Of the ſo long deſired happineſſe,
In this our beautious and magnificent Queen.
1 *Lor.* See that through all the Cities, Towns, and Villages,
With ſolemn Feaſts, and publique ſign of joy
They celebrate a day for theſe glad Tydings.
2 *Lor.* Poſt every way, that the third day from this
The general joy may ſound and ſhine through all
The Kingdom.
Attend. That's with Bells and Bonefires.
1. & 2. *Lor.* Goe. *Ex. Attendants.*
Kin. And now my Lords, I muſt require your care
To ſet down a fit order for our journey
Unto this Queen, to perfect my worlds bliſſe.
I would not fail in the leaſt Article
Of ſtate or decency in this Affair.
Provide ſo that we may in all appear
Worthy th' Atchievement of our fair ambition.
And let our followers be choſen ſuch
Whoſe inward worth no leſſe than outward ſhew
May make us glorious in this expedition.
Do ſpeedily and effectually good my Lords,
The time haſts on.

1 & 2 *Lor.* Our duty ſhall prevent it.
King. Methinks the ſilent Picture ſeems to ſay,
'Tis fit I ſhould anticipate a day, *Ex. Lords.*
Rather then loſe one minute from that light
Whoſe very ſhadow is ſo Angel bright.
Emb. But when your Highneſs ſhall behold, nay more
Shall touch, nay more and nearer ſhall embrace,
Nay more and nearer yet, enfold and handle,
Nay more and neareſt of all, enjoy
The lively (that's too little) heavenly ſubſtance
Of this poor imaginary, which is as ſhort,
As far inferiour to the life,
As a weak ſtar-light to the mid day Sun.
King. O do not raviſh me with expectation.
This is a way to make each hour untill
I ſhall enjoy my bliſſe, a tedious night;
Each night a death: Yet can I not deſire
To ſhift the Argument off our diſcourſe.
Did ſhe appear ſo fair, ſo lovely?
Emb. Sir,
Suppoſe you ſee a glorious Firmament,
Bedek'd with heavenly Stars; ſo ſhines her Court
With Ladies might be thought of matchleſſe beauty,
Striking meer humane ſight with admiration.
Imagine now you ſee break through a Vail
Amidſt thoſe Stars, though heavenly leſſer beauties
The bright *Cynthia* in her full of Luſtre.
So this no leſſe to be compared Queen,
Shines above beauty to an humane eye
That is not mix'd with powerful Majeſty.
You may behold her your Divinity,
My King may comprehend what can befit
Me only to confeſſe, I do admire.
King. O thou art mine. In ſuch a Queen
And ſuch a ſervant nev'r was King ſo bleſs'd.
But are there in her Court (although inferiour

To

To her more Excellent) ſuch ſpecial Beauties,
And in my *Theodricks* apprehenſion?
You have made choice of one then?
Emb. I have ſeen
One ſo agreeable to my affection
Above all the reſt, I cannot but confeſſe
I ſtrove to be her Servant.
King. Doubtleſſe then
She was a fair one. *Theodrick*, never fear,
She is thine own, my ſelf will be thy Spokeſman
If ſhe be worthy of thee.
Emb. For fair Vertue
With all the graces which adorn the mind,
In beſt opinion ſhe's unparallel'd
By any Subject, Lady, (I muſt ever
Allow Supremacy unto the Queen)
And for her Perſon, it appears in all
Moſt anſwerable to her face. Of which here is
Th' exacteſt Copy that I could get drawn,
And without flattery by the Queens own Lymner.
King. Pray let me ſee't. Indeed it is a ſweet one.
Did he that drew this of the Queen, draw that?
Emb. With the ſame hand.
King. But not with the ſame colours.
Truſt me they're much unlike,
He wrongs the Queen
And merits her diſpleaſure even to death,
T'advance a Servants beauty 'bove her own.
Emb. What ſayes your Majeſty?
King. Keep off a little,
You ſtand juſt in my light. And ſo he does,
Twixt me and the prime beauty of the world.
But I'll be even with him, and cauſe my Picturer
To ſet this Crown upon this head, and then——
Fie, what a fancie's this? He will perceive me.
But now I note this Forehead, and this Brow,
This Eye, this Lip.— *(lets fall the other.)*

Emb.

Emb. You have let fall the Queen Sir.
(*takes it up*)
King. I cry her mercy. What a ſhame it is
hat I ſhould fall in his diſcovery?
re Courts ſo fraught with fraud and flattery?
nd can a King that governs ſuch profeſſors
o whit diſſemble to obſcure his paſſions?
muſt, and thus begin to practice it.
heodrick, didſt thou note my contemplation
ver theſe Pictures?
Emb. I could but perceive
our Highneſſe viewing them well. And I have learn'd
o make no ſearch into my Soveraigns thoughts.
King. Thou art ever modeſt. Thus it was *Theodrick.*
roteſt it rap't me bove the pitch of Mortals)
rſt to conſider what an abſolute beauty
iis Queen has in herſelf; but then to gather
ie circumſtances, many ſuch as this
s thou affirmſt) inferiour lights to her,
iat ſhine about her, rendring her more glorious,
ghts her above affection, to an height
iat claims her adoration. Then marvel not
iat now when this but in Effigy
as but plac'd by her. By which her Majeſty
much the more appear'd, I could not hold
iis Figure of that all to be commanding beauty
hen my high thoughts were fled up to her preſence.
w take thy piece of craftſmanſhip again,
hich truſt me is a pritty one; whilſt I
vote my ſervice to this Deity.
Emb. Sir, you have given me the Queens Picture.
King. Ha!
iat a miſtake was here? But thou art honeſt,
And

And coveteſt but thy own ; Take it *Theodrick.*
Now tell me of what houſe or Parentage
Your Miſtriſſe is.
Emb. I told you firſt her Vertues,
Her perſon next, and by this her beauty,
Which you are pleas'd to deem not much amiſſe.
King. 'Tis ſuch *Theodrick* that had I not ſeen
This ſo much above it (pardon my hypocriſie)
I ſhould have envied any man but thee
In ſuch a choice. But ſpeak her parentage.
Emb. That's all her blemiſh.
King. Is ſhe of tainted blood ?
Emb. You ſearch with Kingly wiſedom. She is daughter
To that bold obſtinate Baron I enform'd you of,
Whom the Queen in her juſt diſpleaſure baniſh'd.
King. Thy love to her may hereafter plead for him.
But ſoft, I am not well.
Emb. Heaven bleſſe the King.
Who waits within there ?
King. Tarry, let me ſee
That Picture once again. It wants exceedingly
Of this in many things.
Emb. I ſhould want judgement
Not to grant that.
King. Here it wants palpably
The drooping of the brow ; and here again
The dulneſſe of the Eye, which here ſhews deadly
But for a little ſquint it has. Good Queen
You look a ſquint. Then look you Sir, yours wants.
You ſhall not hear me neither, cauſe I will not
Spoil your conceit of it. Your Lady wants
The furious ſharpneſſe of the noſe, which here
My Queen has very ſhrewly. And again,
You han't the hanging of the nether lip,
Which the beſt Phiſiognomiſts do tell us
Shews women apt to luſt, and ſtrong incontinence.

Phew

Phew, This is all too ſweet for mortal ſenſe,
Here, take't again, and keep mine for me with it.
Lay 'em together, th'one may mend the tother.
Emb. I have known women oft marry one another.
Their Pictures may perhaps have greater vertue.
King. I am not well, what kind of Changeling am I?
A wild confuſion rumbles in my brain,
My thoughts are all at ſtrife.
Emb. How fares your Highneſſe?
King. Sick, ſick, *Theodrick.*
Emb. Retire Sir to your Couch.

Enter 2 *Lords.*

1. 2. *Lor.* Where is my Lord the King.
King. Here yet my Lords.
Emb. The King's not well.
1 *Lor.* We have provided for your Highneſſe journey,
In ſuch a ſort as never King went forth.
King. Whither, to Heaven, my Lords?
2 *Lor.* Yes, to the Queen.
Lovers count marriage Heaven before they wed,
But afterwards I know what ſome have ſaid.
Oh this is your honey moon.
Yes, yes, you ſhall to Heaven, your Heaven as you call it,
In ſuch a royal manner. See the Order.
King. Pray peace.
Emb. You do not well to vex the King.
You ſee he's ſick.
1 *Lor.* Sick? marry Heaven forbid.
2 *Lor.* Sick o' the Wife before he has her.
Come, a very trothplight qualm, into your Chamber,
And at we find you we'l our ſelves beſtir.
Emb. Who waits within there? call the Kings Phyſitians. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scen.

Scen. II.

A ſhout within, the Muſick, ſound the Bells. Enter 4 Clowns with tools.

1. AND what's the reaſon of all this merry glee?
2. The King, the King man muſt be married.
3. And muſt he have a Wife?
2. A Wife? a Queen man, and all the Wives in her Dominion
Muſt be his Commonwealth, and under us.
4. O brave.
2. And we muſt ſon and daughter it upon their Nation.
4. That will be brave indeed.
1. O but where is *Jeffrey*, jolly *Jeffrey* now? the prick and praiſe,
The very prick and praiſe, and prime Spark of our Pariſh, to ſet our Bonefires and our
Mirth a blazing.
3. The Bells a ringing, and the Bowls a trowling, the Fidlers fumbling and
Tumbling. O *Jeffrey*, where art thou *Jeffrey?*
2. He's at hand I warrant you, he went but to Church
E'en now.
4. What, to pray at ſuch a time as this?
2. No but to help to rear the Tennor, and will come
Preſently.
3. That's to be born withal. It is indeed a diveliſh
Lopheavy Bell. I would the Church-warden that
Should have mended it when he robb'd the poor, were
Hang'd in's place.

2. There

2. There ſaid you well. The Curate could ſay almoſt as much
When 'twas. But it makes no matter what he ſaies, I ſee
Little amended.

3. Whoop, here comes *Jeffrey* ſweating in theſe affairs.

Ent. Jeffrey.

Jeff. The great Bells of our Town, they tingle they tangle,
They jingle they jangle, the Tenner of them goes merrily.

4. O *Jeffrey*, welcome *Jeffrey*.

Jeff. And ſhall we have a Queen?

All. So they ſay *Jeffrey*. O the braveſt Woman!

Jeff. Take heed o' that, woman did you ſay?
Take heed, I
Give you warning. No man muſt know ſhe is a woman
But the King himſelf. But a brave Queen ſhe is they ſay,
And loves a man with all her heart.
Where art O Queen? we'l make thee
Such an holy day, as ſhall
Juſtle all the working dayes out of our Almanack. It
Shall be ſaid that we will work no more till thy
Seventh Son, O Queen, who muſt be born a Prophet, ſhall
Foretel, the Age to come ſhall not have a true labourer
Or honeſt workman in it.

1. So we may make a long holyday indeed.

Jeff. Let work no more be thought on, we will revel it out
Of remembrance, we will not ceaſe our joy to ſleep, for

Fear

Fear we dream of work again. Down with your prophane
Tools, and Implements of Huſbandry, the very ſight of 'em
Diſhonours our new holy day.
1. But *Jeffrey*, our Maſters grudge to give us wood
Enough to make a beaking Bonefire.
Jeff. How?
2. They ſay 'tis waſte.
Jeff. Not wood to make a Bonefire?
Your Sheeplocks, Flayles, Spades,
Shovels, Rakes and Pitchforks, ſhall all be made a Bonefire.
2. And ſo we may be ſure to make holy day till
We get new ones.
Jeff. The maids ſhall bring their Rocks,
their Wheels and Reels,
their Tubs, their Pales and Buttocks.
4. Buckets thou wouldſt ſay.
Jeff. Where was my mind?
Their Buckets ſhall they bring, Waſh-bowls and Butter-churns,
Their Buckingtubs, Baſkets and Battledoors;
And all be made a Bonefire for the Queen.
3. My mother will not let her houſehold ſtuff go ſo.
Jeff. We'l burn her for a witch then with all her traſh,
And her thatcht manſion too about her Ears,
But we will ſhew our zeal unto the Queen
In fire ſufficient.
All 4. Ah good Boy.
Jeff. Sfoot, if our Maſters do rebel againſt us
Now Majeſty's on our ſide, and not give fewel,
When we mean to give fire, as duty binds
We'l have their Carts by th' arſes, Hardles, Wheelbarrows,

The

he Ploughs and Harrows, and the Whips;
ecauſe the Beaſts ſhall play too; only we'l ſpare
heir Racks and Mangers. All that's made of wood
elonging to our work beſides, ſhall periſh,
hall periſh, I have ſaid it. Not the Politique
olecatchers ſtaff ſhall ſcape the flame.
ot low us wood? we'l drink up all the drink to the Queens health
nd burn the Hogſheads, Barrels, Kilderkins,
irkins and Rundlets, all to the wooden diſh
ha llſmoak for't in our bonefire for the Queen.
All. Good boy again.
1. But where ſhall we make this
ouge and monſtrious Bonefire?
Jeff. Here, here, juſt here, in this very place, I come to mark
he ground, here it ſhall blaze up to the Heavens, and
'e will roaſt our Town Bull at it, with a thouſand
ıddings in his belly.
All 4. Ah good *Jeffrey* ſtill.
Jeff. Nothing too dear to ſignifie our loves to the
ing and Queen, let us beſtir us therefore,
nd enact this as a law amongſt us, That
e that does not gall his hands to day with
nging, ſhall be hang'd up in the bell-rope;
nd he that is not ſoundly liquor'd by night ſhall
: made ſewel for our Bonefire; ſuch dry Raſcals
ill burn better then Hereticks.
ıd laſt of all, he that does not keep his wench
aking in the way that we wot of till tomorrow milking time, ſhall either be
:lt, or elſe led through the Town by that which
all be nameleſſe in a cleft ſtick. And ſo God ſave
ıe Queen.

1. And

1. And the King to.

Jeff. The King we make no doubt of, we have pray'd
For him theſe ſeven years.

All 4. A *Jeffrey*, a *Jeffrey*.

Enter a Conſtable and Alfride.

Conſt. Whither away my friends?

Jeff. To make the braveſt bonefire that ever blaz'd ſince
Troy, or that which the Tyrant Emperor warm'd
His hands at.

Conſt. You muſt forbear.

Jeff. We muſt forbear, what Hebrew's that?
We underſtand not what muſt forbear means.

Conſt. You muſt forbear to make your Bonefire.

Jeff. Muſt? that word had nev'r been nam'd had all been *Jeffrey*;
We muſt forbear to ſet our loves on fire
Unto the King. Doſt thou not feel thy ſelf
O man what e're thou art, becoming a Traytor?
Knowſt thou the words thou ſpeakeſt againſt the King?

Conſt. I know what I do ſpeak, and what I am.

1. It is the Conſtable.

Conſt. I know my Office too, by vertue whereof
I charge you in the Kings name, lay by
Your ſports and paſtimes, I'l lay you by the heels elſe.
Will you Sir know a reaſon? The King is ſick.

Jeff. Then let us drink his health.

Conſt. He is ſick exceedingly.

Jeff. Then let us drink exceedingly.

Conſt. He's ſick even unto death.

Jeff. Then let us ring our Bells for that, and make a Funeral Bonefire.

Conſ

Conſt. I ſay no drinking at all, no Bells, nor no Bonefires,
It is his Majeſties command.
Jeff. I ſay his Majeſties firſt word ſhall ſtand for Bells and Bonefires.
Though we ſet the Town a fire, and ring the Bells backwards.
Conſt. Ye will not be all hang'd will ye? ſee
Here's a Gentleman and a Courtier, that ſo ſignifies his Majeſties pleaſure.
Jeff. A Gentleman and a Courtier, where be they? I ſee but one.
Alfr. Sir, I am both.
Jeff. What monſters are bred in *Affrica?* I take you but
For one at moſt; well, for the Gentleman that you Are, thus I ſalute you; Now for the Courtier that Is within you, I muſt wait upon it here; this poſterior poſture did
I learn of a Spanniel whoſe name was Courtier.
Now let me tell you Maſter Gentleman and Courtier, that we are
Sorry that ſickneſſe ſhould make our King and Maſter
So fickle-headed as to croſſe our ſports thus, that we Meant to have made him ſuch an holyday as might Have prov'd more worth to him than a Wife and Twenty ſickneſſes beſides: Yet can we not be ſo ſorry for his ſickneſſe as that it
Was his miſhap to play mock holyday with us.
Alfr. The King ſhall know your loves, and for your part Maſter
Speaker.
Jeff. Your Friend and *Jeffrey.*
Alfr. Then *Jeffrey* be it, I'll promiſe you preferment, if
You will up to Court with me.

Jeff. Up to the Gallows ſhall I not?
Alfr. My life for thine. And thou ſhalt
deny me,
Here's Gold in earneſt, take it. The Kings diſeaſe
Is melancholy, and thou mayſt do him more good
Then a whole Colledge of Phyſitians.
Jeff. He takes me for a fool, I'l make a venture on't,
The beſt is, many a Fool has thriv'd at Court; and
The worſt is, I am not the firſt that has forſaken
His Country. I'l along with you Sir, and if I riſe
By you, I ſhall quickly learn Courtſhip enough
To forget to thank you: And for your parts my
Old Friends, what need ſoever you may have of
Me, you muſt be ſure I'l be a ſtranger to you.
All 4. Wilt thou forſake us *Jeffrey?* then wh
ſhall daunce
The hobby horſe at our next Revel rout?
Jeff. The hobby horſe of preferment gallops n
from you;
If you chance to ſee me in my robes hereafter
When I come to be the Fool Royal, you m
admire my
Garments, and whiſper to your acquaintance ve
ſoftly,
That you knew me once, But on your Allegiance lo
Not that I ſhould know you then.
1. Nay, we are not ſuch Clowns but we ha
heard that
Courtiers in favour will know no body.
Jeff. 'Tis true, for when they are in diſgrace t
ſillieſt
Clown will not know them.
Conſt. You were beſt look to your faſt footi
then when
You are high in favour.
Jeff. High in fooling thou wouldſt ſay ſilly Cc
ſtable; yet there's no

Gre



eat danger. One fool may outſtand ſix favourites.
Alfr. Away then as thou art.
Jeff. I Sir, I'l take no ſhift with me, I ſhall ſhift
ıe better when I come there.
All 4. Well, farewel *Jeffrey*, thy like will nev'r come here.
Jeff. Commend me to all the Laſſes, and let not them, nor
ɔ not you grieve for my departure, nor for
ıe holyday that here is loſt; inſtead of which that
ɔu may have a new one, I wiſh that one of you, even he
ıat loves me beſt, as ſpeedily as may be would deſerve
anging, that the reſt may make holyday for him.
ic valete valetote.
1. Now the Dee'l braſt crag of him.
2. He's a right Courtier already.
4. I'm glad he us'd us no better, If he had
ſhould have cried out mine eyes for him.

Exeunt omnes.

Scen. III.

Enter Segebert, Anthynus.

Seg. 'TWas a miraculous eſcape. Good Heaven
Is with me ſtill. I have not heard
hat any of theſe native Salvages,
heſe home-bred monſters in humanity,
heſe out-laws, theſe deteſted Thieves and Robbers,
lave enterpriz'd a villany like this,
o ſet with ſuch a violence on men
f our weak ſeeming, poor and needy Pilgrims,

When

When I did offer them to ſhun their blows,
All that we had even to our bare apparel.
Anth. It ſeems their aym was at our blood, not means.
And doubtleſſe they were ſome that knew our perſons
Through our diſguiſes, and perſu'd us hither
With an inveterate malice to deſtroy us
In this wild Deſart.
Seg. Was it not enough
Thou impious Queen, and more unnatural Country,
To baniſh me uujuſtly? but thou muſt
Purſue my life by treacherous cruelty?
Art thou not hurt at all my Son?
Anth. Not touch'd,
To the leaſt danger of one drop of blood.
Seg. They are three ſturdy Knaves and ſtrongly weapon'd.
Anth. Had they been forty Sir, while I was arm'd
By your white Innocence and holy Prayers,
Heavens juſtice lent me hands to beat them off.
Yet give me leave dear Sir, to aſk you now
Why you have bent your Pilgrimage this way?
Leading into a country of more danger
Unto your life and ſafety, then your own.
Northumberland, whoſe King cannot but rage
In greater heat againſt you then the Queen,
That ſo unjuſtly baniſh'd you; you may fall
(Though you eſcape the danger of this Forreſt)
Into the reach of his revengeful fury.
Seg. It was and is my purpoſe to appear
In perſon to that King at my lifes price,
Which I am no more fond of then my Country
Is of my truth. And when I have made known
Th' unfitneſs of the match, by the diſhonour
He'l run into if he proceed in it;

:hen he take my life, I am at home,
=rnally at home.
Anth. But made you none
quainted that you meant to travel this way?
Seg. None
t my dear ſon *Offa.*
Anth. Then ſure the Queen
ıt her Blood-hounds after you; I perceive
ey could not be mere Thieves.
Seg. Good Angels guard us;
ey have made head again in greater numbers.

Enter Offa diſguis'd and Outlaws.

Anth. Take greater courage then.
Offa. Faint hearted ſlaves
ſt I give hire and do the taſk myſelf?
. *Outl.* 'Tis not amiſſe to help for expedition.
All. Upon 'em all at once.
They fight. Anthynus knock down 1. *Outlaw.*
Offa wounds Segebert in the head, he ſincks.
Anthynus diſarms Offa. Offa runs off, whilſt
Anthynus ſpeaks.
Anth. This ſword thou never handleſt more
Take you it and freſh courage Sir.
(*Anth. Beats off the other and ſpeaks on.*)
y you not ceaſe your flight till you reach Hell,
at bred ye villans; to purſue ye further
:re to neglect a nearer duty.
ar honour'd Sir, look up;
:her, how do you?
Seg. Even almoſt well I hope.
Anth. He means with death,
ıs he's deeply wounded and bleeds much.
t what do I in this? I have not tears
ough to waſh theſe wounds, although ſome linnen
bind them up. But mearly to bewail him
th looks and lamentations is as fruitleſſe

As

As here to leave him languiſhing to death,
And run in purſuit of his enemies
To work revenge, Neither of theſe bring eaſe.
Mount up my thoughts to Heaven then for
bleſſing
Upon my ready induſtry, and let each faculty
Of mine as prompt to works and prayers be.
How is it now Sir? do I not bind it too hard?
Pray Sir ſpeak to me.
Seg. *Offa*, oh ſon *Offa!*
Anth. *Offa* is not here, Sir, 'tis I, your ſon
Anthynus.
Why look you on that ſword ſo?
Seg. O ſon *Offa!*
Anth. Pray Sir look on me, I fear his memor
ſails him.
And as his mind was ever on *Offa*
Before unfortunate me; ſo now he gives
The merit that belongs (if any be)
Due to the duty of a ſon in this
From me to him. But envy be thou from me.
Why look you on that ſword, and not on me?
'Twas I that wonne it for you.
Seg. O *Anthynus!*
Anth. That's well ſaid Sir, ſpeak though b
faintly to me,
I had rather hear your groans then find y
ſpeechleſſe,
Better will come I hope.
Seg. Help me to riſe.
Anth. That's comfortably ſpoken; ſo, well don
Like a ſtrong man again.
Seg. O I am weak.
Anth. Reſt upon me, my ſtrength, my all
yours.
Æneas that true Trojan ſon, whoſe fame
For piety ever crowns his name

Had not a will (although my means be poor)
Exceeding mine to anſwer nature more,
Well ſaid, that ſtep became you, we ſhall on
I ſee apace, give me your ſword, it troubles you.
Seg. No, not this ſword.
Anth. That's the beſt ſign of all.
Keep it and hold it faſt Sir, we will back
A little to the Spring we came by, where
I'l ſomewhat more accommodate your wounds.
Heaven, which mens honeſt pains doth ever bleſſe,
Will when we leaſt can hope afford redreſſe.
Exeunt.

1. *Outl.* Oh, oh, ſome help, oh.

Enter an Hermit and Servant with a Basket.

Herm. Hark, didſt thou not hear a cry?
Serv. Of nothing but
My guts that cry within me Sir for meat.
I hear no other cry, nor have not done.
Outl. Oh.
Serv. Almoſt theſe 5 years.
Herm. Peace thou belly-god, 'twas there again.
Serv. It is a belly-divel rather, that has tormented me
E're ſince I ſerv'd you under ground hereby.
No man
Above ground could have faſted like me.
Herm. Haſt thou not dayly food thou Caterpiller?
Serv. Yes, ſuch as Caterpillers eat;
Bloſſomes and Buds, many green growing things,
Such as you make your medicines of, and Roots, would I could get
Some of the Caterpillers. A diſh of Caterpillers fryed,
Let me ſee in what? in Uſurers greaſe, if one
Knew

Knew where to get it, might ſerve to feaſt an Emperour.
But we live out oth' world by Prayer and Faſting.
Herm. Thou fareſt as I fare, feedeſt as oft as I.
Serv. But Sir, there's difference in our exerciſes. If I
Could ſpend my time, whole dayes in prayer, as
You do, this kind of fare or faſting
Rather, would not be ſo bitter to me.
Outl. Oh.
Herm. Didſt thou not hear it now?
Serv. Yes, ſomething like the croaking of a Frog me thought. If it
Were one, I would wade up to the waſte for't
For my ſupper. Here, here Sir, here 'tis, here's more
Work for you. Once a week we are commonly troubled
Either to cure or bury one or other, thank the
Outlaws, they make us work for nothing here, as if we dwelt
Here for the purpoſe, nor do I know other indeed.
Herm. Look up man, canſt thou ſpeak?
Outl. O no.
Serv. There's great hope of recovery, you hear he Sayes he cannot ſpeak.
Herm. Canſt thou hold up thy hands, and lift up thine eyes?
Serv. He does, he does; hang't he'l do well enough.
Herm. Help up his body, then down into my Cave.
Serv. And to morrow up with him again, and then down
Into a grave. Better let him lie now Sir,
You'l ne're do good on him I doubt; He looks
So damnably as if the Divel were at my elbow
For him.

Herm.

Herm. Peace knave, in charity I'l do my beſt.
Heaven hitherto my labours well has bleſs'd.
Serv. Nay, had I his weight in Veniſon ſo neer
kill'd, and might be allow'd to
Eat it; I would aſk no more fleſh while I liv'd.
(*Here enter* Offa *and the Outlaws aſſuring him
they are dead.*)

Enter Anthynus *carrying* Segebert *in his Arms.*

Anth. Can no releaſe be had? is this the place,
That curſed piece of ground which Nature meant
Should be call'd Hell on Earth? where outrage
reigns,
Murder and cruelty beyond it; deep deſpair
To a poor remnant of diſtreſſed life
Of al reviving comforts, food, or medicine?
Seg. Oh, ſet me down.
Anth. And muſt we needs be ſet
By the malitious ignorance of Fortune
On this infernal way?
Seg. Patience, good Son.
Anth. Where ill abounds, and every good is
wanting,
Was't not enough that ſo much blood was ſpilt
From this white reverend head, from which hath
flow'd
Counſels that have preſerv'd the blood of Nations?
And fitter now to wear a Diadem
It ſelf, then thus be ſtain'd with his own wrong.
Had it not been enough to have left him ſo,
Thou Tyrant Fortune, but to take away
All means of Succour? no relief? no comfort?
Seg. Good Son, be not impatient.
Anth. And ſee, ſee,
Accurſed Fate! he bleeds afreſh again,
As if his blood I now but waſh'd away
Cry'd for the reſt to follow it.

Seg.

Seg. Indeed,
Son, this impatience hurts thy ſelf and me.
Better let me bleed ſtill (bleeding's an eaſie death)
Then thou diſpleaſe the awful power of Heaven,
By chiding at the feign'd ones, good take heed.
Anth. Me you have juſtly chidden, and I beg
Pardon of Heaven and you, and now methinks
I am inſpir'd unto a further duty
Of ſeeking remedy. I'l leave no way untried
To find it, if I may. And though my abſence
Will ſore perplex me; I will with your grief
Leave you a while to forrage for relief.
But firſt pray let me change a ſword with you Sir;
Not that I think yours better, but becauſe
I fear ſome charm is in't, or ſecret ill
Gainſt you, you ſigh ſo when you view it ſtill.
Seg. Good Son, forbear 't, and me unto my thoughts,
Till thou returnſt. Heavens & my bleſſing with thee.
Anth. So ſtrengthned I ſhall ſure find remedy
To raiſe you out of this calamity.
Exit Anthynus.
Seg. This ſword *Anthynus?* no, ſhouldſt thou but know
This ſword as I do, it would raiſe thy Fury
Unto an execution of that horror
Would ſhake me in my grave: this ſword
Which now I cannot but with tears remember,
Was once mine own. I gave it to thy Brother,
(I will not call him ſo) but to my Son,
(Why ſhould I him call him ſo) but to *Offa*,
And ſo I fear I name my murtherer.
For when I gave it him, I charg'd him never
To part with it; he firmly vow'd the ſame,
And that whilſt I or he ſhould live, no man
Should ever give it motion but himſelf.

Wer't

Wer't thou ſo greedy of my life, my *Offa*,
To ſnatch it from me thus? when as the wounds
Thy Parricidial hands has given me,
Are not ſo bitter as the wronged thoughts,
Though they are deep and overflow their brinks;
I have two wounds within me that are deeper,
Which have diſcover'd in my heart and bowels
A trebbled Spring of deerer blood then this.
One pricks me with compaſſion for thee,
My good, my charitable, pious Son.
All bleſſing due to ſanctimonious vertue
Be ever thy companion, till thou art crown'd
Mongſt Sons of men the pattern of true Piety.
What foul miſtruſts? puddles of jealouſie
Were lodg'd in this dark boſome againſt thee?
And of affection what a pure ſtream did run
By a falſe Current to my ſecond Son?
Who by thy truth appears not now thine own.
Which makes my other wound, in that ſo long
I cheriſh'd him by doing of thee wrong.
Now from my heart iſſue two ſtreams of blood,
One think and clotty, th' other clean Vermilion.
In the groſſe blood I vent the wrong conceit
I ſwallow'd againſt thee my good *Anthynus*.
And in the cleer I ſee *Offa's* falſhood may
In both my blood runs forth apace. O
My thick blood *Anthynus* be forgiven by thee.
And the clear cleanſe my *Offa's* treachery
Oh—— (*Sincks.*)

Enter Hermit and Servant.

Herm. Didſt thou not hear a groan? a dying groan?

Serv. Not I Sir, I heard nothing.

Herm. Hark, look about; I am ſure I heard a groan.

Serv.

Serv. Here Sir, here's ſomething that perhaps has groand.
But it's out of hearing now.
Herm. And ſo is pitty amongſt men.
Ay me! an old man,
Murthered! A ſeeming ſimple innocent old man,
And yet he holds a ſword.
Serv. So, more work ſtill.
Whilſt we are gathering Simples to cure one,
Here's another *John* Simple laid in our way to bury.
Herm. He is yet warm.
Serv. I, but he has no breath, not ſo much I'l undertake as a
Scolding wife that has been 9 dayes in the grave.
Herm. Alas, he's gone indeed; What ruthleſs villains
Could have done this on ſuch an aged man,
In this ſo harmleſſe habit?
Serv. Good maſter, let it warn you; though we have hitherto
Paſs'd by theſe man-Tygers, theſe wolviſh Outlaws ſafely, early and late, as not
Worth their malice. Yet pray Sir now ſince they
Begin to kill men of this coat, and theſe years, let us
Forſake this Salvage habitation, and live
In the world of meat again.
Herm. How ill are theſe white hairs beſtain'd with red?
Methinks I ſhould have known this face. Nothing to wipe
The blood off? come, help away with him.
Serv. He's holp away, and made away enough already methinks.
Herm. Why doſt not lift?
Serv. Sure they have blown their ſins into him that kill'd him,

He's

He's ſo heavy, he's deadly heavy. Pray Sir let me
Fetch my grave inſtruments & your book and
beſtow him here.
You will not bury him in your Cave I'm ſure.
Herm. I ſay I'l have him down; perhaps the
wounded
Man that's there may know him.
Serv. I would I had but this Fellows weight in
buttock Beef. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthynus.

Anth. I come my Father, chide not now my
ſtay;
In which I was more tardy I confeſſe,
Than e're I was in duty. I have brought you—
Where are you Sir? Ha! this was ſure the place,
And this the very Oak at which I left him;
I mark'd it carefully, and took due heed
Even to the number of my ſteps in my
Departure, how to make my back return,
Nor was my tarriance ſuch, that in that ſpace
He could recover ſtrength to ſhift his ground.
I wiſh it were ſo well with him. My Lord,
My father, what a miſt of doubts ſtand I
Amaz'd in? and my unſpeakable amazement
Is ſuch, that I begin to call my ſight
And memory in queſtion, whither this place?
Or whither he? or I? or any thing
Be, or be not; good ſenſes do not leave me,
My ſearch will be in vain if you forſake me.
Father, my Lord! where are you? how? or where?
Ecch. Here.
Anth. That was well ſaid, ſpeak on.
(*Ex.*) Now where?
Ecch. Now here. (*Anth. within.*)
Anth. Now here? where is that here?
Ecch. Here. (*Ent. Anth.*)
Anth.

Anth. I hear and follow, but I know not where.
Ecch. Here.
Anth. At the ſame place again?
If there be place, or I know any thing,
How is my willingneſs in ſearch deluded?
It is the Wood that rings with my complaint,
And mocking Eccho makes her merry with it.
Curs'd be thy babling, and mayſt thou become
A ſport for wanton boys in thy fond anſwers,
Or ſtay, perhaps it was ſome gentle Spirit
Hovering i'th' Air, that ſaw his flight to Heaven,
And would direct me thither after him.
Good reaſon, leave me not, but give me leave
A little to conſider nearer home;
Say his diviner part be taken up
To thoſe celeſtial joys, where bleſſed ones
Find their inheritance of immortality.
I cannot think his earthly properties
So ſoon could find the paſſage to that height.
His body would be here, poor martyr'd body,
That though it yet did live, could not part hence
Without the help of others legs and hands.
And here haunt none, but ſuch whoſe Cruelty
Would toſſe him into further miſery.
Wild Beaſts, if here were any half ſo ravenous
As thoſe inhumane mankind monſters were,
(That drew his blood and theſe unuſual tears)
Could not devour him all, ſome particle,
Some remnant would be left to bleſſe a Son with.
But here is none but that too ſure a ſign
For me to know the place by, where I left him.
Part of the blood I ſaw run from him. O
Dear hallowed blood inſpire me with this kiſſe
To find the fountain whence this ſtream did flow.
I will not eat nor ſleep until I know.
No? canſt thou tell me nothing? Then I'l take
A Sample of the precious ſtore was ſpilt,

To

To keep me ſtill in memory of the guilt:
And of my vow, never to feed or reſt,
Until I find him here, or with the bleſt. *Exit.*

Act III.

Enter Theodwald, and meet Ethelſwick.

Theod. I have not known, nor read, nor heard ſince I
Was of diſcretion to know any thing
Worthy a man's capacity of the like.
Eth. You are well met my Lord.
And you as welcome to the Court my Lord, although a ſad one.
Came you now from the King my Lord?
Theod. Even now.
Eth. How left you him good my Lord?
Theod. As the Phyſitians
I fear muſt ſhortly do; not knowing what
To ſay to him.
Eth. Heaven bleſſe the King, is he
So dangerouſly ſick?
Theod. He's ſick enough
To be pray'd for my Lord:
Although I cannot properly call it
A ſickneſs: I am ſure 'tis a diſeaſe
Both to himſelf and all that come about him.
I fear he's brain-crack'd, lunatick and Frantick, mad,
And all the Doctors almoſt as mad as he,
Becauſe they cannot find the cauſe: ſomething
They gueſſe afflicts his mind, but of what nature
It is, or how the ſtrong conceit may grow

They

They can by no means win or wreſt from him.
Such is the obſtinacy of his diſeaſe.
Eth. Where is *Theodrick* then, his boſome Friend,
His ſpecial Favourite? He methinks might gain
The knowledge of his inmoſt thoughts.
Theod. 'Tis thought
He put theſe wild tormenting thoughts into him.
For which the King has baniſh'd him the Court
And with a guard upon his perſon ſent him
To live confin'd at his houſe. My ſelf and all,
The faithful body of the State have mov'd
The King for his repeal again to favour.
Even we that for theſe two years ſpace have wiſh'd him
For good State-reaſons, favourleſſe and headleſſe,
Have beg'd for his enlargement that the King
Might vent his troubled thoughts into his Breſt,
And ſo find way to eaſe: but all in vain.
He will not hear of him.
Eth. You tell me wonders.
But good my Lord, how takes the King his reſt?
Theod. Troth as mad mortals do; we cannot tell
Whether he ſleeps at all or not. Sometimes
He ſeems to ſleep, but then his troubled thoughts
Expreſſe themſelves in ſighs, in ſuddain ſtarts,
In groans, and ſometimes ſpeech of od confus'd
And indigeſted matter; then he leaps
From off his bed, calls for his horſe and Armour,
Swords, Spears, and Battelaxes. But anon
Bids all be let alone; and calls for books,
Shoffels Divinity and Poetry,
Phyloſophy and Historical together,
And throws all by. Then calls for merry ſports,
Which e're they be preſented, he forbids,
With ſtrong rebukes to all that ſpend their time

In

exercise but contemplation
ary places ; then walks forth
e Groves and Thickets, charging those
llow him (nor dare they disobey)
p aloof at such proportion'd distance
unheard by all may vent his passions
ne Air, the Woods, the Rocks, the Springs.
'ice in these Retirements have we lost him
e obscure Meanders which his melancholy
l him to ; and when much industry
re had found him out, 'twas double trouble
d him and his fancies home again.
It is most pitiful. *Enter Physitian.*
d. Now, how does the King ?
: Full now my Lord of a new fancy. He
becoming Pilgrim.
A Pilgrim, why ?
: I know not why, nor to what shrine, nor do
it fit to ask him ; but to give
ay unto his fancy yet a while,
o please and play with his infirmity.
: best way to cool Phrenetique humours
we kill 'em Sir.
grimage shall not be far, though he pretends
long one.
on his weeds already.
ho associates him ?
: Only my self, and his new fool he saies.
. Good, a fool and a Physitian.
: A Physitian and a fool you would say.
ne Physitian ever
the fool, my Lord.
d. And why the fool before my Lord, I
ay ?
: Your Lordships pardon, we must have no
)rd
with us ; though I was sent to enquire

If you Lord *Ethelſwick* were come to Court?
Whom the King ſent for. *Exit Phyſitian.*
Theod. Sent the King for you,
After your long retirement in the Country?
Eth. He did indeed my Lord.
Theod. There's ſomething in't then
That favours not of madneſſe altogether.
That having put by your Antagoniſt,
The trouble of the Court, his favourite,
He ſends for you immediately upon't.

Enter King, Jeffrey, Alfride, and Edelbert.

Here comes our Pilgrim King
King. Stand all apart.
To be compleatly arm'd from head to foot,
Cannot advance the ſpirit of a King
Above the power of love, nor to be clad
In pooreſt habit of humility
Can mortify the leaſt of the deſires
That love enflames man with. No outward dreſſ
Can change or make affection more or leſſe.
I have tried all the wayes I can to conquer
Or to humiliate my raging paſſion,
Which ſtill grows more predominant ore m reaſon.
I find it in my ſelf, and know my error,
Though no means to correct it. I do know
'Tis fouly done to ſlight the Queen that loves me
And it was an act no leſſe unprincely
To caſt into ſuſpence my friendly ſervant
For what tranſgreſſion was't in him to love
One fairer then my choice? before he knew
My wavering inconſtancy. I know
Withal my puniſhment is juſt, how e're
My ſufferings make me wiſh it leſs ſevere.
For my unjuſt removing of *Theodrick*,

ſe all helpful counſel, all relief,
at my oreburdend breaking heart cries out for.
o his breſt I could unload my grief,
re it compos'd of ought but his abuſe
uſt not, dare not truſt him with this ſtory,
ſt for redreſſe I meet revenge. Who's there ?
All. My Lord the King.
King. O you are welcome *Ethelſwick*, I am now
truſt you in a ſerious affair.
Eth. My duty binds me to your Highneſſe
ſervice. *Kiſſes the Kings hand*
King. We will walk forth together *Ethelſwick.*
et none preſume to follow. Not a man
ive the leaſt motion this way on your lives.
Jeff. Not I, neam King ? wilt thou not take me
with thee ?
King. Pull the fool off me.
Jeff. O but they ſhall not neam, 'tis more then
they can do.
2 *Lor.* No Sir, we'l try.
King. Again, I charge you all that none
preſume
follow us. *Ex. King and Ethelſwick.*
Jeff. All ? wilt thou leave all thy fools behind
thee neam ?
1. *Lor.* All fools, Sir, ſhall be whipt.
Jeff. And where will you find wiſe men to whip
'em all ?
e ſhall make whipping one another ſhortly.
uſt me a trim Court-complement. I am advanc'd
high promotion, am I not ? to wear long coats
again,
nd feed on whipping cheer ? but hark you
uſin Lord, do you reward fools at Court ?
1. *Lor.* Yes fool, if they deſerve it.
Jeff. And is deſert rewarded here too ?
1. *Lor.* Yes.

Jeff.

Jeff. Then' tis defert gets whipping, and Fooling gets reward.
I'l not forſake the Court for that yet, where I hope to
Get enough to raiſe half my Country.
2. *Lor.* By what project I pray thee?
Jeff. By begging a monopoly, Couſin Lord. You know fools will
Alwayes be begging, they are naturally enclin'd to it,
Elſe none would be Courtiers.
4. *Lor.* And what is your monopoly?
Jeff. I hope the King will give it me, if the Lord that
Walk'd with him bring him in again as wiſe as
He went out.
3. *Lor.* What is it thou wouldſt beg?
Jeff. 'Tis a monopoly of fools my Lords. That the King
Would carry no fools with him but of my election and
By my allowance, and that when he comes
Back into his own Country, he bring no new
Ones from thence, but by the ſame Authority.
1. *Lor.* And what price or fee will you ſet upon a fools head
For his admittance?
Jeff. According to the degree, or eſtate, or quality of the fool,
Couſin Lord.
2. *Lor.* This is a covetous and a politique fool.
Jeff. Not ſo politique Couſin Lord, as a Stateſman that paid his
Head for his learning, nor ſo covetous as a Church warden
May be, when I am dead and gone. But as I was
A ſaying, I'l uſe uſe my fools according to their quality

Or breed. If he be a poor fool, I'l make him pay the more
For't. If he be rich, I may be beholding to him another way.
If he be a fool natural and poorly born, he's
Sure to pay enough for't. But if he have more breeding
Then Capacity, and be a nobly diſcended fool, I'l uſe him
The better for your ſakes Couſin Lords, and the rather becauſe
I hope you will further my ſuit to the King. And ſo
I'l wait his coming in at the back Stairs. *Exit.*

3. *Lor.* This is a precious Fool.

1. *Lor.* The King (would his infirmity give leave)
Would be delighted in him.

2. *Lor.* I am glad
The King has choſen one yet to impart
(I hope) his grief unto.

3. *Lor.* But is it true,
The King ſent for Lord *Ethelſwick* to Court?

4. *Lor.* Now in his melancholy, and ſo preſently
On the removing of his lov'd *Theodrick.*

1. *Lor.* It is moſt true, in which we may obſerve
A turn of State. Good *Ethelſwick* was dear,
Dearly belov'd indeed by our late King,
And worthily deſerv'd his royal Favour.
But with his ſon, our ſoveraign Lord that is,
Youthful *Theodrick* was prime man in grace,
And quickly ſhouldred *Ethelſwick* from Court.
Theodrick's abſence now reſignes new place
For *Ethelſwick* to reaſſume the grace.
Thus the Court-wheel goes round like Fortunes ball,
One Stateſman riſing on another's fall.

Let's

Let's wait the coming of the King my Lord.
3. *Lor.* We are for the Woods to make a fli
or two
At the Pheſant *Edelberts.*
4. *Lor. Alfride* agreed.

Enter Anthynus.

Anth. To faſt and watch is duty, and no Pena
When ſuch affairs as mine are in purſuit.
How dare I think of meat or ſleep, which are
Such hindrances to a devotion
Whoſe leaſt neglect would pull down Thu
on me;
And to take ſenſe of wearineſs were a ſin
Unpardonable. But to have loſt 3. dayes
And tedious nights in painful diligence,
In ſuch a ſearch as this, for ſuch a father;
And now to loſe the hope of finding him
Is torment unexpreſſible. Where? which way
Shall I make further inquiſition?
Yes, I will on to the *Northumbrian* Court,
And make my griefs appear unto the King.
My wandring ſteps have almoſt lead me now
Unto his Court; where if I may find grace,
Nay but humanity, I ſhall prevail
To have theſe woods, the dens of barb
Outlaws,
In which I loſt my Father, ſtrictly ſearch'd.
(*Recor*
Ha! do I hear or dream? is this a ſound,
Or is it but my fancy? 'tis the muſick,
The muſick of the Spheres that do applaud
My purpoſe of proceeding to the King.
I'l on; but ſtay; how? what a ſtrange be
medneſſe
Aſſails and ſiezes my exteriour parts?
And what a Chaos of confuſed thoughts

Does my imagination labour with?
Till all have wrought themſelves into a lump
Of heavineſs, that falls upon mine eyes
So ponderouſly that it bows down my head,
Begins to curb the motion of my tongue,
And lays ſuch weight of dulneſs on my Senſes,
That my weak knees are doubling under me.
There is ſome charm upon me. Come thou forth
Thou ſacred Relique! ſuddainly diſſolve it.
I ſleep with deathleſſe; for if thus I fall,
My vow falls on me, and ſmites me into Ruine.
But who can ſtand againſt the power of Fate?
Though we foreknow repentance comes too late.

Enter ſix Saxon Kings ghoſts crown'd, with Scepters in their hands, &c. They come one after another to Anthynus; *then fall into a dance; loud muſick; after the dance, the firſt leads away the ſecond, he the third, ſo all: the laſt takes up* Anthynus, *and leaves him ſtanding upright.*

Anth. Am I among the dead? or in what Region
Either of Earth or Air? Heaven? Hell? or whither?
Or into what am I tranſlated? Am I
Alive, or dead, awake, aſleep, a man,
Or airy ghoſt? or did I ſee or dream?
If now I be awake, and am *Anthynus*,
That griev'd *Anthynus* who has loſt a Father,
Then did I ſee in apparition
The ghoſts of our 6. laſt Weſt Saxon Kings,
As each ſucceeded other now paſſed by me.
Of which the laſt *Kenwalcus* our late King,
And father to the Tyranneſſe that baniſh'd
Mine, ſeemed to take me up to his ſucceſſion;
It were more idle then a dream can be,
For me awake to think it poſſible

I ſhould become a King, and of that land
From which my father was exild; it muſt
Be then a dream. As I have heard of men
That ſleeping ſtand, nay walk and talk as I do,
At leaſt as I ſuppoſe. Now if I ſleep
Not having ſeen my father, I have broke
My vow; I'l rather think me dead; then why
Was I not bleſt with my dead Fathers ſight?
Why was not he with King *Kenwalcus* now
That living lov'd him ſo? O my wild thoughts!
You are become a whirlwind in my brain
Lifting me up to hurle me down again. (*Falls.*)

Enter to him Alfride, Edelbert, and two followers, as from Hawking.

Alfr. Go, carry home your Hawks; they are as good
As er'e made flight.
Edel. I would the King had ſeen
(His melancholy ſet apart) our princely ſport.
Alfr. I hope my good Lord *Ethelſwick* by this time
Has tane the burden of his diſcontent
(The cauſe of his ſtrong malady) from his minde.
Edel. I rather think the King has loſt him too
Among the buſhes, as he did us laſt night.
Alfr. 'Tis a ſtrange humour in a King; and as
Unheard of a diſeaſe that works it in him
To hide himſelf in by-Walks, Caves, and Thickets.
Edel. We ſhall ſearch hollow Trees, and Crows neſts ſhortly
For him, if theſe fits hold him.
Alfr. Bleſſe us? look here,
Is not this he? a witch could not gueſſe righter
Then thou haſt done. Old *Ethelſwick* has loſt him;
And here's the King aſleep.
Edel. This is the habit,

The

The Pilgrims weed he went in ; has he not
Ended his Pilgrimage here ? is he not dead ?
Alfr. No, he is warm ; and breathes like health itſelf.
Edel. 'Tis ſo, my Lord, I vow he ſleeps as if
All the ſeven ſleepers had tane up their lodging
In his phantaſtick brain-pan.
Alfr. He has not ſlept
We know theſe four nights.
Edel. Hear you, my Lord the King.
I think he ſleeps for them 4, and 4. more.
I'l undertake a drum, or a whole kennel
Of ſcolds cannot wake him.
Alfr. 'Tis the better for us.
Edel. I do conceive you ; for we'l take him home,
And have him put in bed before he wakes
If it be poſſible. (*up with him*) And there
When he has ſlept it out, he will perhaps
Be cur'd, and give us anſwerable thanks :
If not, and that he be offended for
The breach of his command, in coming near him ;
He ſhall ne're know who did it.
Alfr. Be it ſo.
Edel. Away then, ſoftly, ſoftly, ſo, ſo, ſoftly.
Exeunt with Anthynus aſleep.

Enter King as though to bed, and Ethelſwick.

King. Now my good *Ethelſwick*, I have told thee all,
By which I find much eaſe, and hope to ſleep :
But not to take a thought unto my fancy
By my ſoft dreams, but of my beauteous *Mildred.*
Nor will I in ſleep or waking think of any
Other adventure, till I do attain
The ſight of her, and prithe *Ethelſwick*
Help me, and ſuddainly, in my device

How

How to contrive a journey ſecretly
Not with above one or two truſty ſervants
To make this bliſſeful viſit.
Eth. There are wayes
Enough conſiderable, by which your Highneſs
May paſſe, and be receiv'd there undiſcovered.
Seeming a private Gentleman, or a Pilgrim;
But here will riſe the difficulty, how
The miſſe of you at home will be receiv'd
By your Nobility and doubtful People;
Who cannot long, not knowing where you are,
But rage in high deſire to ſee your Majeſty.
King. For that I'l give command before I go,
That no affairs of State or otherwiſe,
No not my diet nor Attendants
Shall paſſe to me but by your hands; pretending
For twenty dayes a ſtudious privacy,
To which your ſelf ſhall only have admittance,
And take for all that come my Anſwers, which
Frame you as you think fit; and who ſhall dare
To think me from my Cloſet or my Bed,
When you avouch me there?
As for example, we are now in private,
Anſwer you all comers,
I am buſie, or aſleep; ſee how they'l take it.
(*One knocks.*)
Eth. That tryal is ſoon made; there's one already;
Who's there? what's your buſineſſe?
Theod. Within. My buſineſſe is to wait upon the King;
My Lord, you know me, I am *Theodwald.*
Eth. My Lord, the King is private, and deſires to be ſo;
And needs now no attendance but mine own.
Theod. How fares his Majeſty?
Eth. Reaſonable well.

Theod.

Theod. That's well, he was unreaſonable well to day.
Good night, my Lord; Let the King know I pray
I gave attendance. You underſtand Court-ſervice
If it be not ith' eye, 'tis half loſt.
Eth. Your ſervice my Lord though the King take it not in
At the eye, ſhall have entrance at the next
Door, the ear; I'l make it known to him.
Good night. *Exit Theodwald.*
King. You ſee how eaſily he's anſwerd now;
So will the reſt hereafter when they find
It is my pleaſure to be thus retir'd.
Eth. Who are you? *another knocks within.*
Phyſ. One that muſt have entrance; the Phyſitian;
One that brings the King a Preparative to ſleep.
Eth. What is't compos'd of Prayers and meditations?
Phyſ. My books yield no ſuch reading.
Eth. Nor your Coat any ſuch practice.
Phyſ. I come not to be mock'd, but as you tender
His Highneſſe reſt, let me approach him preſently.
Eth. Good Sir, the King's at reſt already.
Phyſ. Not aſleep?
Eth. Faſt, faſt, and welcome Mr. Doctor.
Phyſ. My Lord, you'l let him know my care I hope.
Eth. I'l wake him with it when he has ſlept enough.
Phyſ. Believe't my Lord, it was my care that charm'd him.
Eth. He had not ſlept this fortnight elſe I warrant.
Phyſ. Pray let him know ſo much.
Ex. Phyſitian.
King.

King. Ha ha, they all deſire to have their cauſe conſider'd,
Although in real act they merit nothing.
Eth. How now? what ſawcie Knave is that?
(*Knock hard, Jeffrey within.*
Jeff. You are coſen'd Couſin Lord; it is the Fool, Couſin;
How does my neam, the King?
Eth. Go Fool, follow the Phyſitian, he can tell you.
Jeff. I aſk'd my Couſin Doctor already, and he ſaies,
My neam King's aſleep.
Eth. And would not you be whipt to come to trouble him then?
Jeff. No Couſin Lord, I come to ſing him a lullaby
Out of the dream of the Divel and *Dives*, ſhall
Make him ſleep till he wakes again, and 't be this month.
Eth. Away you Fool, I'l ſet you a going.
Jeff. O Lord, O Couſin Lord, I cannot go for running.
Eth. This will become a buſineſſe.
King. But *Ethelſwick*, when I have declar'd my pleaſure,
As I'l appear, and publikely to morrow,
To give command that none upon their lives
Shall give you leſſe reſpect in this behalf
Then I myſelf might claim, it will be eaſie.
Eth. Again? *Knock.* *Eaufrid within.*
Eaufr. Where are you, my Lord *Ethelſwick?*
Eth. Your pleaſure, my Lord *Eaufrid.*
Eauf. May I not ſee the King?
Eth. If you dare take my word, the King commands
The contrary to all men but my ſelf

For

For this night; to morrow you may know
His highneſs further pleaſure.
Eauf. May you enjoy
This night the greatneſſe of your Office;
To morrow if I have a King, I'l ſee and ſpeak with him.
Eth. Not if he ſleep my Lord.
Eauf. You ſay he ſleeps,
Go to, ſleep (quoth a!) yes, perhaps he ſleeps,
'Tis with his Anceſtors I fear.
Eth. What ſhall I ſay my Lord?
Eauf. I ſay, you do not well, my Lord, to keep
Our duties back from's Majeſty, that have
As well been truſted——I will keep the reſt:
But 'tis not well.
Eth. I ſay, that you do worſe,
Officiouſly to interrupt his reſt.
Eauf. I wiſh his reſt as well as you, my Lord,
Nay more: But I will keep the reſt till morning,
And ſo joy to the greatneſſe of your Office. *Exit.*
Eth. How thinks your Majeſty of this? How will
Such as he is be ſatisfied in your abſence?
King. I'l ſchool 'em all. *Knock.*
Eth. Yet more?
Alf. Edel. My Lord, my Lord.
Eth. What would you have?
Alf. Open the door, and quickly.
Eth. I may not.
Edel. But you muſt; 'tis for the King.
King. How's that?
Alf. Delay not, as you'l anſwer 't;
The King's here.
King. Is the King there? what traytors voice is that?
Let 'em appear; (*enter*) ha! who made you King-makers?
Edel. God ſave the King, and bleſſe us all from witchcraft.

Alf.

Alf. We durſt have ſworn we had had him faſt enough here.

King. How?

Edel. Faſt aſleep Sir, aſleep Sir, look you here.

King. Let's ſee your may-game.

Alf. Look you my Lord, and judge.

Edel. Or if your Majeſty will know your ſelf,
(A leſſon which a King ſhould not diſdain
To learn) look here, and read the difference,
If you can find it.

King. Is he ſo like me to your apprehenſion?

Eth. I am amaz'd to ſee't; your own eyes, Sir,
Cannot in likeneſſe anſwer each the other,
More then this Face doth yours; his hands, his legs,
All his dimenſions bear the ſame proportion
To outward ſeeming as your Royal Perſon.
Nature herſelf were ſhe now to behold
Her work on both of you, could ſcarce diſtinguiſh
By an exterior view, a difference.
Where did you find this ſleeper?

King. Peace, no more, ne're queſtion that; *Cupid* has heard my prayers.
Who ſaw you take him up?

Edel. None but our ſervants,
Whom we diſmis'd in the ſame faith that we
Were of our ſelves, that 'twas your Majeſty;
And as we paſſd the Court none ſaw our carriage,
Which we brought thus obſcur'd that none might take
Notice of your infirmity.

King. 'Twas well done;
Be ſecret ſtill; nay, I muſt charge you ſtrongly;
And if my power be not a ſpell ſufficient
To worke your ſecreſie, I'l take your heads
To mine own cuſtody.

Both. Sir.

King.

King. Nay, I muſt truſt ye; harke you *Ethelſwick.*

Eth. I underſtand your courſe.

King. Come, into our bed with him; gently, ſo:
Nay Sir, you ſhall have Noble Kingly uſage;
Never had ſtranger entertainment like him.
I'l give him all I have during his ſtay.
Exchange myſelf with him, and be beholding
To him beſides for th' uſe I'l make of him.
I'l tell you all within: Love, that has ſent
This bleſſing in my way, when I was in
So great a ſtreight (I cannot think enough on't)
To bring new life unto my fainting hopes,
If now I ſerve thee not with ſtrength and ſkill,
Remove me as a Rebel to thy will. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act IV. Scen. I.

Enter Offa, 2. Outlaws.

Offa. YOu are ſure they both are dead?

1. *Outl.* Both dead and buried;
The Mould is not more dead from which
The gold was tane, which we attend for,
Then are their corps.

2. *Outl.* Nor is the Mine ſo deep,
As we laid them in grave; not out
Of charity, but for our own ſecurity.
That none might find or know them.

Off. That was well; but are they dead indeed?

1. You ſaw the old one dead before your ſword
Fail'd you, and you gave ground.

2. When a mans ſword is tane away, it fails him,
And when he runs away, he gives ground in our Language.

1. Then

1. Then we being two againſt one, we ſoon diſpatched him.
2. Alas, he was e'en ſpent before, you ſaw
The worſt of him.
Off. But he's dead to y'are ſure?
1. Dead? ſblood, I have told you threeſcore times
They are both dead; ſo is our fellow too, poor Rogue:
He bid us take his ſhare betwixt us, and drink it
To the health of all the Furies in hell, to uſe
Him the more kindly. Will you diſcharge us Sir? we have
Waited for our hire, while we have loſt another bargain
Of blood worth two on't.
Off. They are both dead you ſay?
2. Give us our money Sir, and find 'em you alive, we'l kill
'Em again for nothing; and you or any friend of yours into
The bargain if you pleaſe.
Off. Stay; let me think.
1. What's the matter? your conſcience ſure is crop-ſick.
Off. My conſcience tells me 'twas a bloody buſineſſe, and that
To pay the price of their dear blood were to
Augment my ſin.
2. Is't come to this?—draw.
Off. Nay here's your money Gentlemen, but you muſt ſtoop for't:
I dare not look upon the giving of it.
1. If that be all, the ſight of it ſhall never trouble you—oh. *they ſink.*
Off. Ha, ha, ha. You have made my conſcience whole

Again

with laughing. Why took ye not your
ney with ye to
mong the Furies? Ha, ha, ha. D'ye hear
iends?
ıy, take your money; are you ſo
out of hearing? What ſhallow Rogues
re
ill now? now they are deep enough, men of
ıd underſtanding; this Gimcrack I devis'd

ntertainment; where you ſhall faſt and
come
nen, till you have tried the concluſion,
ether Famine
ak ſtone walls; I am ſure they are thick
ıugh
vn your cries, though they be lowder then

f vengeance. So ends their Scene. Some
ıſcience now
aſk me, why haſt thou
h'd thy Father and thy Brother thus?
ıe informs me, I did very well.
aſon Sir, replies the ſcrupulous conſcience?
ıundly anſwers that my brother was
ıen I, and by right to inherit
hers fair poſſeſſions, of which
ſo ſweetly taſted. But your Father
oft dear and ſupernatural love
ɔu the greater bleſſing; & in time
ıave conferr'd all on you by your policy.
again I anſwer, that my Father,
dotage meerly & not my deſerts
im ſo good to me, might in my abſence
ılly grown as fond on tother ſide.
ſpeak truth, and not to wrong the dead,
ther was religious, pious, honeſt,

And was endued with all theſe unknown gifts
Which holy men call vertues; which in the end
If they be ſuffer'd to run on will find
Double reward, they ſay. His could not be
Found here, but in my loſſe, and by my Father.
Now if they may be had ith' tother world,
I am ſo far from being their hinderance,
That I have ſent them both the nigheſt way.
Many good reaſons more I could deliver,
But that I am prevented.

Enter Mildred, Edith.

Ed. Ods my pity,
Be comforted good Madam, can you think
By caſting down your ſelfe to raiſe them up
From death again? what? you have yet a Brot
May ſtead you for a Father, Huſband,
Friend, or what you will.
Mild. Gentle Nurſe, forbear me.
Off. Go prate among the ſervants.
Ed. I have a mind to watch you though a lit
Off. Y'have heard the news, and mourn for'
perceive,
Of the unfortunate ends of our dear Father,
And our beloved brother.
Mild. E'en drowned in grieſe too Brother.
Off. Troth I was
Sunk over head and ears; but am crept out
Of ſorrows lake e'en dropping dry, as they ſay;
And have done what I can to ſhake it off.
And would now counſel thee, my beauteous Sif
To cleer thoſe looks again, that only can
Revive my drooping heart, we only are
Left now to be each others comforter.
I have made known my love to you.
Mild. O my brother,
That knowledge is a grief of no leſſe horror,

en was the bloody news that pierc'd my heart.
:ntion that love no more, nor call it love,
ıich is but foul deſire.
Off. Peace, hear but this,
you think it is not love? would I deſire
u in that neereſt kind, if I not lov'd you?
Mild. What? love a Siſter ſo? are you a man?
Off. Sure I do hope ſo, and that you ſhall find it.
Mild. Can you unto your ſhame ſeek my diſ-
honour?
damn us both, in that abhorred way
ıich by avoyding, man is beſt diſtinguiſh'd
ɔm the moſt brutiſh beaſts.
Off. Peace again.
Mild. I cannot, may not peace, nor ſuffer word
porting ſuch a purpoſe pierce mine ears.
ıice have I beaten back your monſtrous luſt,
ɔuld I but call it luſt, it were too much
ough in a Monarch to my Virgin honour;
t in you beaſtly Inceſt) and before
live in danger of one offer more,
die by mine own hand.
Off. You ſhall not rob
: ſo of my revenge, if you deny me.
ıd 'tis another argument of my love,
't pleaſe you to collect it, that you have liv'd
l now, ſtill obſtinate. But be you warn'd
ıd take withal to your conſideration
ur provident Father, and your valiant Brother,
'hom you ſo priz'd above me) are not now
overſee or ſide you.
Mild. He indeed
ıs a moſt vertuous Brother.
Off. Therefore take
is for your lateſt warning;
is night to meet me in my full deſires,
your as free embraces, or pale death.

Go

Go clear your eyes, and think on't; but be ſure
You think to do withal as I command you.
I'l pitch thee headlong into Hell elſe. Come,
I know thou wilt affect me; can there be
A neerer or more requiſite love indeed
Then the ſweet mixture of a Brother and Siſter?
Well ſaid, there was a bluſhing ſmile, that gave me
Thy full conſent; O thou wilt raviſh me.
Mild. Pray, let me think a little.
Off. Prithe do,
Mild. H'as taught me to diſſemble; Heave
that knows
My thoughts are chaſte and pure, will pardon me
I hope, if to preſerve my life and him
From greater ſin, I uſe a little of
The art too too much practic'd among women,
Of ſmooth hypocriſie. I know his heart is bloody
And he may be too ſuddain, if I win not
Time on him, by ſome ſubtiler ſhift to wave
His ſoul attempts, untill I get free
Out of this gripe to uſe my liberty.
Off. What ſaies my Siſter now?
Mild. My Lord and brother.
Off. I marry, this begins well.
Mild. That I love
Your noble perſon, nay am taken with it,
With more than ſiſterly affection, is
A truth no way to be diſſembled; you
Already like a well read ſcholler find it,
In *Cupids* love-letters my friend, my maiden bluſhe
Off. This has ſome ſound in't.
Mild. But when I conſider,
What ſcandal, or what too neer Affinity
In noble blood, and the Nobility of our houſe,
(Unfit to fall within the centre of the Law,
Or the conſtructions of mens ruder manners)
May caſt upon us.

(

Off. Stay my lovely *Mildred;*
What? or whoſe eye, or thought, ſhall glance at us?
Whilſt we in faſeſt privacy enjoy
The bliſſe of mutual pleaſure.
Mild. It is yet
Too intricate a doubt for me to find
A reſolution in. But my ſweet Lord,
(Oh that I could not call you Brother) then
I would be nearer to you then a Siſter.
So eager and ſo equal is my love
With yours; if you pleaſe but to give me time,
But one weeks liberty, to frame my ſelf
Obedient to your will in all, I now
Will give you a faithful pledge to render
The ſatisfaction you demand.
Off. A week; what pledge?
Mild. A loving kiſſe.
Off. You could not name a better,
Short of the further happineſſe I covet.
Give me't.
Mild. But you ſhall ſwear by't that you will not
Abridge my liberty, nor urge your ſuit
Further theſe ſeven dayes.
Off. By this kiſſe I ſwear.
Mild. My patience never bought a kiſs ſo dear.
But keep your vow.
Off. Well, well, I'l do my beſt.
Mild. He's not yet perfect, you muſt ſtrive my love,
To curb your hot deſires, as I do mine.
I could my ſelf dwell ever on your lips,
Never outgo the circle of your arms.
Could I but hope to be your wife. But O,
What I have promis'd you, I muſt allow
At the time limited; till then urge it not.
For take my vow with yours, if you dare break it,
I dare to kill my ſelf; and by that time,

If

If I not yield my ſelf unto your will,
My life is yours either to ſave or kill.

Off. Go, th'art a noble wench, enjoy thy liberty.

Enter Edith.

Ed. I have enough, liſtning is good ſometimes.
Good Heaven! who would have thought it? ſtay
Let me not be too haſty.

Off. Yet I fear
I ſhall hardly hold out a week;
'Tis a great while believe't in ſuch a caſe
As this, for one to forbear his own Siſter,
That has ſo good a mind to't. And perhaps
This may be cunning in her to delude me.
Were not I better take her by ſurpriſe,
In a ſoft ſleep to night? ſure I ſhall keep her
From killing of her ſelf, till I be ſatisfied.
And then if ſhe be weary of her life,
I may be kind enough to help her out on't;
Becauſe ſhe fayes ſhe loves me. Out you Beldame,
How in the name of Lucifer cam'ſt thou hither?

Ed. O my good Lord, I do beſeech your Honour,
Forbear your fury; I have ſuch a buſineſs.

Off. To eaveſdrop have you not? I am not ſafe,
Unleſſe I kill this Witch.

Ed. My Lord, my Lord,
You are the Lord that I do look to live by.
And if I die my Lord, you loſe the knowledge
Of ſuch a ſecret.

Off. Pox upon your ſecret.

Ed. 'Tis ſuch a privity.

Off. Hell take your privity.

Ed. You will repent in Hell my Lord, if you or I
Should leave the world before you know the thing
That I can open to you; which when I have unfolded,

Kill

ill me if you pleaſe. I did but watch occaſion
o find you private to reveal it to you.
Off. Will you be brief then?
Ed. Thus it is, my Lord,
My Lord, your Father's dead.
Off. And what of that?
Ed. So is your elder Brother.
Off. So they ſay forſooth.
Ed. But are you ſure th'are dead?
Off. I fear this jade
Has overheard me.
Ed. For d'ye ſee my Lord,
I would not in their life time have diſclos'd
This hidden matter for a whole worlds good.
And thus it is, your Father and your Brother
Being dead, Heaven reſt their ſouls.
Off. Whats that to me?
Ed. Nothing my Lord, but now comes that concerns you;
Your Father and your Brother being gone,
Heaven reſt their ſouls) there I begin.
Off. You began there before, if that be the beginning,
Your for ever world without end
We ſhall never come at it.
Ed. Now that concerns you;
You think you have a Siſter.
Off. Do I but think ſo?
Ed. No truly my good Lord, you do but think ſo.
Off. Is *Mildred* dead? has ſhe deſtroy'd herſelf?
Now ſince ſhe left me here, to ſpight my love.
Ed. You hear me not ſay ſo, I ſaw her not
Since I left both of you together here.
Off. Unfold your riddle Sphinx, I'l dig it elſe
Out of your rotten belly. What's your meaning?
Ed. Mildred is not your Siſter.
Off. How? not my Siſter?

Ed.

Ed. Not your own natural Siſter.
Off. Becauſe ſhe is unnatural; didſt thou but know
What a poor eaſie requeſt ſhe deny'd me
Thou wouldſt ſay ſhe were unnatural indeed.
Ed. I mean, ſhe was not born of the ſame mother,
Nor got by the ſame father that you were.
Off. Speak that again; make but that good, I'l Saint thee.
Ed. My Lord, I can and will maintain it; I,
Not only for ſome wrong ſhe did me lately,
Nor for the good my Lord that you may do me,
Though all the eſtates your own when ſhe's diſcarded;
But to let truth appear, which has been long
A burden, and an heavy burden, though I ſay't;
And ſo will any woman ſay, 'tis to keep councel
So many years together as I have done,
I had much a doe to keep it in, I wis,
In my good old Lords dayes. Lord how he lov'd her
But few men know their children, that's the truth on't;
And let that go.
Off. I, quickly to the point.
Ed. The point is this, I lov'd my old Lord well
Therefore was loth to grieve him, and I lov'd
My good old Lady better; therefore I kept
Her councel to this hour: You now are all
That's left of 'em; and whom ſhould I love now
But your ſweet ſelf my Lord? I'l tell you all:
This *Mildred*, whom you ſo long call'd Siſter,
Was not your Fathers, nor your Mothers child;
But in the abſence of your Father, when
Sixteen years ſince he was ſent by the King
Upon an embaſſie, your mother then with child,
By ſad miſchance brought forth a ſtill-born babe;
At the ſame time a Lady nobly born

Whoſe

Whoſe huſband was in Exile, brought forth this,
This Lady *Mildred.*

Off. Then ſhe is nobly born?

Ed. Yes, and by womans ſlight, of which this is
Not firſt example, th' Infants were exchang'd;
Becauſe your loving father might find joy
In a fair daughter at his home-return.

Off. Canſt thou prove this?

Ed. If in three dayes I do not
Make it appear moſt plain to you, multiply
Your wrath upon me.

Off. Do ſo; and doſt hear?
I'l never call old woman witch hereafter
What e're I think. We may be married now,
And *Mildreds* love may freely anſwer mine.
We now may ſafely mix, and to 't again,
Strange ſtrong events are labouring in my brain.
Come you with me. *Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Ethelſwick, and Edelbert.

Eth. What fury has poſſeſs'd 'em? all our art,
And the Kings policy will be prevented,
By the brain-giddineſs of theſe wilful Lords.

Edel. We have no way my Lord, but to give way
Unto their violent rage, and quit the Court.

Eth. And ſince we can make good our place no longer,
Poſt after our King Maſter, and leave them
With their new King at home here, that's as mad
As they.

Edel. And madder too; I cannot wonder
More what he is, then at the fate that ſent him.

Enter Theodwald, Eaufride, Guard, Phyſitian, 2 Attendants.

Theod. My Lord, both in the King and States behalf,

In

In which you may excuſe us.
Eauf. Sh't, ſh't, let him take it
How he or will or dare, we have agreed.
The body of the Council have decreed it
You muſt depart the Court.
Eth. Muſt?
Eauf. Muſt and ſhall,
You and your trim confederate; you have had
The rule here over your Ruler, till you have made him
Wild, frantick, mad, and us too; God forgive me
For ſaying ſo, almoſt as mad as he;
I hope it is no treaſon.
Edel. No, cauſe you ſaid almoſt;
But had you ſaid you had been full as mad,
You had paſs'd a Subjects boldneſſe.
Eauf. Take 'em hence;
Thruſt 'em out oth' Court.
Theod. Nay, without violence.
Eth. Well my Lord, when we ſee the King in's wits,
We'l tell him of our uſage, that he may thank you.
Eauf. In the mean time go travel on adventures,
Whilſt we do our indeavour to amend
What you have marr'd by ſcrewing the Kings brain
Into the nick of Order once again.
(*Put forth a bed, Anthynus on it bound*)
See, ſee, my Lord, how they have kept him dark,
Manacl'd and bound on's bed? was ever King
Us'd thus? for pities ſake unbind him quickly.
Anth. What Fiends or Fairies are ye?
Phyſ. Let his paſſion
A little vent it ſelf, e're you unbind him.
Anth. What? new tormentors? or into what way
Of further miſchief do ye mean to throw me?
Theod. We come to bring your Highneſſe comfort.

Anth.

Anth. Highneſſe?
Have you that mockery for me too? I told
The reſt that ſlav'd me with that attribute,
From whence I came, who, what I was, and all
The ſtory of my fathers wrongs, and mine
(Too many ever to have been, but heaven
Mark'd 'em out for us) and I told 'em too
What I had undertane by Watching, Faſting,
Prayers too (unfit to boaſt of) with the Induſtry
I practic'd to have found my wounded Father.
For which (as though I durſt have faith in merits)
They mock'd me with the title of a King,
And bound me here as they thought to believe it.
Tis a new way of puniſhment; and were due
To one that thought his duty meritorious.
But I will break theſe Gives, and with my teeth
Tear off theſe manacles.
Phyſ. O do not ſtrive my Liege.
Anth. Thy Liege, Dog-leech? are you at that garb too?
I wiſh I had one finger looſe to fillip out
Thy brains and ſkill together for the Ratcatchers.
Phyſ. He thinks my ſkull's made but of urinal mettal.
Theod. Be patient Sir.
Anth. Sir, yet may be endured.
Eauf. Have but a little patience, we'l unlooſe you.
Anth. A grave perſwaſion to a man that's tied to't.
Humb, humb, humb.
Eauf. Beſhrew their beards that us'd him thus to vex him.
How do you like him Doctor?
Theod. Did you mark
His talk of wrongs, and of a wounded Father?
And how he will not hear of being a King?

Phyſ.

Phyſ. I, all, all, I know all; ſuch fancies fall
Naturally into this diſeaſe, which now
Is almoſt a wild Phrenſie, that will ſeldome
Suffer the Patient think himſelf to be
The perſon that he is; nor oftentimes the Creature,
But ſome four-footed Beaſt, or feather'd Fowl:
But could I faſten but a ſlumber on him,
Which muſt be the firſt entrance to my work.
Anth. Have you concluded yet your barbarous
councel?
If not, take my advice with ye: call the King,
The King with whoſe authority you ſcorn me;
Let him but hear (for you will never tell him)
From my own lips how willingly I'l give
My voice unto his marriage; and I'm ſure
He'l ſet me free; at leaſt by death.
Eauf. Alas,
What King? what freedome would you have?
You are our King, and ſhall command you
freedom,
And all our lives, would you but ſleep a while.
Anth. Sleep? make no doubt of that; look,
can ſleep,
With as much eaſe as one bound in a Cart,
Driving to execution. But do you hear?
My vow was not to ſleep nor eat untill
I had perform'd a work, which I ſhall never,
Never accompliſh, now my vow is broken.
For they by witchcraft charm'd me into ſleep,
And tempted me with meat at unawares,
Before my ſleep-drown'd ſenſes were collected;
And put me on theſe unknown garments here,
With an hayl Maſter; ſo betray'd me into
This irkſome folly, or this fooliſh thraldome.
Theod. 'Twas a raſh vow, and ſo well broke
you now
Shall be releas'd: unbind him at my peril.

These rigorous courſes have done hurt upon him ;
We have provided otherwiſe to pleaſe you ;
For we have call'd *Theodrick* home again
Your Favourite, whoſe abſence was a grief to you ;
Nay more, becauſe 'tis thought your languiſhing love
Bred your diſtemper, we have taken care
For haſtning of your marriage ; your fair Queen
Is ſent for, and at hand to eaſe your ſorrow.

Anth. My Favourite, and my Queen! leave theſe abuſes ;
My hands and feet are now at liberty
(*Strikes and kicks.*)

Theod. So is our duty, and if your Majeſty
Will tread our due allegiance into duſt,
We are prepar'd to ſuffer.

Anth. Would to heaven,
I could unfold this myſtery.

Eauf. See my Lord,
Theodrick is come.

Ent. Theodrick.

Theodr. Moſt gracious Sir,
That I have ſuffred under your diſpleaſure,
In being barr'd your preſence, which no leſſe
Then the all cheering Sun gave life to me,
Was not ſo much my grief, as not to know
What my tranſgreſſion was ; and let me now
Implore your mercy ſo far as to name it ;
Which if I cannot cleer me of, I'l loſe my life, and willingly.

Anth. If I could think this ſerious, 'twere enough
Almoſt to turn my ſorrows into laughter.

Theodr. O turn not from me royal Sir, t'augment
Your Highneſſe diſpleaſure ; but in caſe you will not
Be pleas'd to name my treſpaſſe, give me leave
To ſpeak what I ſuppoſe has troubled you,

And

And caus'd me cauſeleſly to be ſuſpended.

Enter Genius whiſpering him.

Anth. I feel a ſecret inſtigation in me,
I hope by ſome good Angel that inclines me,
At laſt to yield a little to theſe men.
What wouldſt thou ſay?

Theodr. My Lords, and all forbear
The preſence; never fear, all ſhall be well.

Theodw. Heaven grant it.

Eauf. Was not this my policy,
To ſend for him? more, was it not my wit
To faſhion letters as with's own hand
To fetch the Queen? you'l ſee more at her comi

Exeunt all but Theodrick, Anthy.

Theodr. May't pleaſe you now but to review th
Pictures.

Anth. Good memory help me; this is of
Queen,
The cruel Queen that baniſh'd my good Father
And this the lively Image of my Siſter.

Theod. Now may it pleaſe your grace to rec
lect,
How when I told you this was my fair Miſtreſſe
Your paſſion firſt ſiez'd on you; and pard
Royal Sir,
If I have ſince conjectured my tranſgreſſion
Was meerly this, that I lov'd one ſo fair,
I dare not yet ſay fairer then your choice.
But freely thus, to expiate my treſpaſſe,
As I reſign the Picture, I give up
All intereſt in her perſon, never more
Beyond your free conſent to ſee that Beauty.

Anth. I have found all the error, and am taug
By hidden inſpiration to make uſe on't.

(*Genius ſtill whiſpers him.*)

Give me freſh rayment, I'l take all upon me

(Th

heir Crown if they will give it) yet me thinks
his is ſo like a dream——where elſe can be
ing *Ofriick* all this while, that he comes not
o throw me out of this uſurped right?
trange and new thoughts poſſeſſe me.
(*Gen. whiſpers*) Now I call
o mind the viſion that I had of being
all'd to the Throne of the weſt Saxons Kings.
t muſt be by this Queen, whom how to love
I cannot find. My *Genius* promps me, yes
I hear it now, as by an Angel ſpoke.
And that my vow was raſhly made, well broke;
I am confirm'd, & come ſhe I am for her.
(*puts on Hat, Feather, and Cloke*) *ex. Genius*.
Well ſaid *Theodrick*; (*Theodrick* is his name?)
How do I look *Theodrick?*
Theodr. I can find
But little change, which I allow to ſickneſſe.
Anth. Well ſaid, thou never flattereſt.

Enter Jeffrey winding an Horn.

Jeff. News, neam King, news, news;
News that will make thee well, beeſt thou never
ſo ſick.
News that beeſt thou never ſo well, will make thee
ſick.
News that will make thee mad, beeſt thou never
ſo tame,
News that beeſt thou never ſo mad, will make thee
tame.
Anth. What's thy news?
Jeff. A wife, a wife, a wife can do all this.
The Queen is come, and all my Couſin Lords
Are gone to fetch her in in pompe. Oh ho,
Knight me, oh Knight me quickly for my news.
Theodr. Away you fool.
Jeff. Away you Favourite.

Hinder

Hinder me not unleſſe I propheſie,
Kings, Fools and Favourites never ſhall agree.
And many years after we are in our graves,
Fools ſhall be Knights, and Favourites ſhall be—known
From black Sheep, I propheſie.
Oh ho, ſhe comes, ſhe comes; now neam King,
Bear up ſtiff before and meet her. Here's a day,
And a night towards indeed. Oh ho, the houſe
Begins to reel already, and all our brains turn
Round; oh ho.

Enter Uſhers bare, Kelriick and Elkwin, Theodwald and Eaufride, a Cardinal, the Queen, two Ladies bearing up her Train, Followers, the Queen Bertha kneels, Anthynus as King takes her up; kiſſes her; they confer; the four Lords ſalute and confer; Theodwald and Eaufride give their ſuppoſed Kings hand to the Cardinal. Kelriick and Elkwin give their Queens hand to the Cardinal; the Cardinal joyns their hands, Anthynus and Bertha kiſſe; all the Lords embrace; then Exeunt in ſtate as before.

Jeff. Oh what a night will here be? what a night will here be?
What a beaſt am I? that I have not at leaſt half
A ſcore of my wholeſome Countrey Laſſes with child now,
That forty weeks hence the Queen might have her
Choice of Nurſes; there had been a thriving way to raiſe
My fortunes indeed. Oh what a night will here be!
Exit.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Enter Mildred, Offa.

Mild. HElp, help, oh help.
Off. Your cries will be in vain.
'Tis not in the power of any fleſh but yours
To allay, or to prevent my heat of blood.
Mild. O you diviner powers that ordain'd chaſtity
To be a vertue, lend your ſtrength to guard it.
Off. Thy cries ſhall be as fruitleſs as thy life
If thou offend'ſt me with 'em ; hear but this
Impertinently peeviſh maid, and tremble
But to conceive a diſobedient thought
Againſt my will. Canſt thou without my favour
Be better then a begger?
Mild. Yet a begger
Is better then a Whore.
Off. How canſt thou judge
That knowſt not what is either ? let a wench
That knows what's what, or has been both, maintain it;
But this is from the purpoſe ; I am ſo far
From caſting of thee off to be a begger,
As I intend to make thee my rich equal,
And not a Whore, but wife; you know your Nurſe
Has undertaken to find it lawful for us
To marry; and canſt thou with modeſty
Deny me preſent pleaſure, that within theſe three dayes
Shall confer honour on thee for thy life?
Mild. Would you firſt ſpoil my honour to repair it?
Off. 'Tis mine when I contract for't.

Mild. Not before
Our Covenant is paſs'd; that is, the Prieſt
Has joyn'd our hearts and hands.
Off. By this account,
A man backs not his Horſe before he's paid for
Nor puts his noſe into a houſe before
He buyes the Leaſe on't; leave your preciſe folly,
Madam formality; force me not to force thee,
Yield with that very breath thou now draweſt in,
Or it returns thy laſt. *Enter Edith.*
Ed. My Lord, my Lord.
Off. This Witch or Divel haunts me.
Ed. O my Lord,
I told you late a wonder; I bring now
A miracle, a miracle.
Off. What with a miſchief?
Ed. Your Brother is ſurviv'd from death again;
My Lord *Anthynus* is come home and ſafe,
The Heavens be prais'd.
Mild. O grant that it be true.
Off. Out Hag.
Ed. Nay, run me in as far as you can if I lie;
Up to the Hilts if I lie.
Off. What canſt thou mean by this?
Ed. Nay, what he means I knew not, for he denies his name,
Sayes he is not *Anthynus*, but a *Northumbrian* Gentleman;
And deſires conference with my Lady *Mildred*
From the fine Lord was here (what call you him?)
The Kings great Favourite; But if I am I,
If you are you, if any thing be any thing,
It is *Anthynus.* *Ex. Mildred.* *Ex. Edith.*
Off. Go you to your Chamber,
And be not ſeen I charge you. Let him enter,
But firſt ſend in my ſervants.
I did miſtruſt he liv'd; O thoſe falſe Villains,

That

That fac'd me down they kill'd him, may they be
A year a famiſhing. Have you tricks *Anthynus?*
How can he thinke, though he diſguis'd his name
Or Countrey, that we ſhould not know his perſon?
What ſhould his aim or drift be? ſtay, perhaps
He does ſuſpect I was in the action
Againſt my fathers life and his, and thinks him dead,
So ſteals upon me thus as his own ghoſt,
To terrifie my conſcience, ſhallow, ſhallow;
But I'l ſo fit him; It is moſt evidently he.

Enter Oſriick, Alfride, four Servants, at the other door Arnold.

Oſr. My Lord, how e're
Some of your ſervants are pleas'd to make themſelves
Merry with a pretended knowledge of me,
I do preſume your honour cannot know me.
Off. From one ſo falſe never came clearer truth.
Oſr. What means your honour?
Off. It is true, my honour
Cannot, nay, dares not know thee for a Brother,
Although mine eyes through tears of grief and anger
Diſcern the monſter I have often call'd ſo.
Oſr. This is moſt ſtrange.
Off. Look that he come not near me;
Perfidious Parricide, haſt thou kill'd my Father?
Deſtroy'd the life that gave thee life? and now
Seek'ſt by ſurprize to take mine too?
Oſr. Pray hear me.
Off. Upon him all at once, hew him in pieces;
I'l bear you out in't; he has kill'd your Lord.
Oſr. Forbear your outrage.
Alfr. Give us leave to ſpeak.
Off. Villains, are they to be obey'd or I?

Arm.

Arn. My Lord, your judgement is too raſh upon them.
Fellows forbear, and forbear you my Lord,
You ſhall not ſo heap blood upon your head;
I lov'd my Lord your father, and do prize
His blood and memory, as becomes a Servant
Of the beſt rank: And if at moſt and worſt
My Lord *Anthynus* here ſtand guilty of
His fathers death, you muſt not be his Judge,
Nor we his Executioners.
Off. Are you
Become my maſter, you old Ruffian?
Arn. No.
Your Servant Sir, but ſubject to the Law;
The Law that muſt determine this mans cauſe,
Not you, nor we, what ever he deſerves.
And till he ſhall be cenſur'd by that law
We'l find a Priſon for him.
Serv. I, to Priſon with him.
Ofr. Will you but hear yet how you are miſtaken?
Arn. Pray heaven we be, as you may clear your ſelf;
That's all the harm we wiſh you; this muſt be
Your courſe my Lord; would you heap blood upon you?
Alfr. Let me but ſpeak a word.
Arn. As we go twenty.
Off. Away with 'em. *Exeunt.*
I could have lik'd the other ſhorter way
Much better; but my knaves will have it thus,
Yet not to wrong 'em, ſimple honeſty
May be in ſuch ſometimes as well as me. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Carpenter, Maſon, Smith, in Divels habits; two dark Lanthorns, a Pickaxe and a Rope, with an Engine faſtned to a Poſt, and a bunch of Picklocks.

Maſ. Prethee tread ſoftly yet a little further,
And we are ſafe.
Smi. Hark, heard ye nothing? whiſt.
Carp. I never knew Thieves ſo timerous as you are.
Can we expect a booty without boldneſſe?
Beſides, have we not ſhapes if we were ſpyed,
Able to fright better Believers then
My politick Lord oth' houſe here.
Maſ. Hark prethee.
Carp. All's ſure I warrant thee.
Smi. I pray it prove ſo.
Carp. Pray on I prethee; prayers become this coat,
Like ſwearing in a Surpliſſe; tuſh, they are all,
All the whole houſe aſleep, and I heard nothing
As we paſs'd through it, but uſuall ſleepy ſounds,
Puffing and blowing, ſnorting, farting, and ſuch like.
Yes, I cry mercy, as we paſs'd by the Butlers chamber,
I heard his bed crackle ſhrewdly, and I doubt,
The Dary-maid and he were jumbling of
A Poſſet together. Come, now we are ſafely arriv'd at the
Fountain of our hopes, the well of comfort. Smith, lay
Down your Picklocks, they have done well their office in our paſſage hither. Maſon,
Advance your Pickaxe, whilſt the Carpenter ſquares out
Our new work; now for the honour of Artificers; here, here,

Here

Here is the Trap-door, the mouth of the rich mine, which
We'l make bold to open. And let men of our Occupations
Learn the way that many grow rich by, and
No body knows how they come by their wealth. That
Is, when they make ſuch concavities as theſe, for
Rich men to hide their treaſure in, that they
Make alſo a privy way for themſelves to come and
Take a ſhare on't.

Maſ. This covetous Lord by this time has laid in
An unknown deal of wealth, I warrant you.

Smi. But we'l not take away too much at once.

Carp. No, we'l but piddle ; we'l not take above
A thouſand pounds to night. (*opens*) So, I'l go down ;
And when I ſhake the rope, then crane me up again ; give me one of
The Lanthorns: So, ſo, ſo, let me down handſomely ;
I'l warrant you money, the Divel and all before day yet.

Smi. Nay, if we get off clear but with a thouſand pound
Amongſt us, it will ſerve for drinking
Money till we come for more.

Maſ. This money will come luckily for a better purpoſe.
I have three baſtards at nurſe and a fourth in the Paniers.
The rope ſtirs ; pull luſtily, this pull for a
Thouſand pound. (*Outlaw comes up*)

Smi. I fear 'tis light gold, methinks he does not weigh
So heavy as he went down. Comrade, what haſt thou Brought?

Brought? what ail'ſt thou? canſt not ſpeak? I hope thou
Wert not frighted.

1. *Outl.* O help! where am I? drawn from one hell into another? ha!

Maſ. Come, leave your fooling, what money have you?

1. *Outl.* Had I the price of Kingdoms I'd give all
But for one bit of meat; but I have none.

Smi. Slid, he would coſen us; how do you look when you lie?
Oh me!

Maſ. What aileſt thou?

Smi. This is not he; it is a gaſtly ſpirit.

1. *Outl.* What? are you men?

Maſ. Yes, but we have play'd the Divels, till we have
Got a ſpirit betwixt us.

1. *Outl.* If you be men, help me to food, a little food.

Maſ. What art thou that canſt look thus Piepickt, Crowtrod, or Sparrow-blaſted? ha!

1. *Outl.* O, I am pin'd with hunger.

Maſ. Here, ſtay thy ſtomach; there's a cruſt I brought
To ſtop the open mouth of the Maſtive, if he had flown at us.

Carp. O pull, pull away.

Smi. There he is now I am ſure.

Carp. I ſhall be devour'd elſe.

Maſ. What's the matter Fellow?

Carp. Take his teeth out o'me, I cannot tell you elſe.

(*Pull up Carp. an Outl. hanging on him.*)

Maſ. O Cannibal! wilt thou eat a Carpenter?

2. *Outl.* O meat, meat, if you be men.

Maſ.

Maſ. No, we are Divels; but here's another cruſt for thee
What e're thou art; we have play'd the Thieves to
Very good purpoſe.
Carp. He has gnaw'd a piece of my Flank out with's teeth;
And miſs'd very narrowly certain members of more moment,
They'd have gone down glib with him; now in the
Divels name, what are ye?
Smi. Until their cruſts be done they cannot tell us.
Maſ. Come, I do ſuſpect the ſubtilty of this cruel politick
Lord; would we were well out on's houſe. No noiſe my
Maſters, and we'l bring you to meat enough; and then
We'l hear your ſtory, and tell our own; a word more
Here, may coſt all our lives.
Smith. Take up your tools and lead the way.

Enter Mildred and Edith.

Smi. Come, ſoftly, ſoftly then.
Mild. I will away this night.
Maſ. Peace, hark.
Ed. But Madam.
Mil. Had you the only Tongue of all perſwaſion,
So much I prize my life, and honour more,
I would not miſſe this opportunity
For all that you could ſay.
Smi. Are not theſe Sprites?
Carp. No evil ones I'l warrant, they are ſo white;
Hark a little more.
Ed. To night he's troubled 'bout *Anthynus* coming,
So that he will not think of luſt or wantonneſſe.

Mild.

Mild. That trouble keeps him waking; and I fear
Will rather ſpur him forwards then withhold him.
Smi. They talk methinks; but I cannot hear what
For ſhaking.
Carp. Take heed thou doſt not jingle thy Pick-locks; ſlid,
They'l ring up the houſe like a larum bell.
Ed. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolute, would we were out of the
Houſe once, if we be taken, 'tis not the price of
A million of Maiden-heads, as the market goes, can ſave
Our lives.
Carp. Good, I have found what ſprites they be. They
Muſt needs be the wenches that I ſuſpected were in
The Butlers chamber, and made the ſtiff ſtanding bedſtead that
I ſet up but laſt week, crack like a wicker chair.
Ah Rogues! I heard ye.
Ed. Oh me! we are undone and taken.
Maſ. I'm glad 'tis no worſe.
Carp. Peace, if you have a mind to ſcape out oth' houſe alive.
Mild. Come Nurſe, my fear is over, if they be
Men, and bring us out oth' houſe,
They cannot be ſo dangerous as he I ſcap'd.
Carp. Did he ſo put thee to't, my little Buſtle-pate? what a ſtout blade's this Butler?
Mil. Theſe are good Fellows Nurſe.
Carp. Yes faith, and fear you nothing for all our diveliſh
Outſides; if we ſcape out o' the houſe, you ſcape, and
If we fail, our necks are ſure to hang by 't; and ſo
On there afore once more in the name of darkneſſe.

Off.

Off. If my attempt now fail, may my repulſe
Strike luſt for ever out of countenance.

(*Ent. Offa, light and Dagger.*)

It is decreed ſhe ſleeps with me or death.
1. *Outl.* S'death, it is he.
2. *Outl.* Let us fall to and beat him.
Carp. As you can hope for meat again, or life,
Look big, and uſe no words; and ſo glide by.
Off. The night, the place, her fate, and my deſire,
Do all conſpire unto my wiſh'd advantage.
And ſo I come coy Damoſel.

(*Hide the women under their habits, and ſo Exeunt all but Offa.*)

Ha? how? why? where? who? or what can you or I be?
They are all gone, and I am tottering left
Upon an Earthquake; gentle, holla, holla,
Set not too hard old Ops, thou'lt ſhake thy rider,
Through thy chinky wrinkles into Limbo.
I ſhall ſinke piecemeal if thou trot ſo hard.
So, ſo, ſo, Holla, holla, gentle earth.
Open not here, not near that part of thee
That has but now diſgorg'd thoſe famiſh'd ghoſts,
That with the Furies would have beckned me
Along to hell with 'em; ſo, let me down,
I muſt not follow yet, but ſleep and think upon't.
I will come time enough you need not fear.
But firſt creep back to bed, as nothing were.

Enter Ofriick, Ethelſwick, Edelred, Alfride.

Ofr. You have told me wonders, which have pierc'd my ſoul
With horror and amazement; yet I muſt confeſſe,
In

In all that I am like to ſuffer, heaven is juſt,
Whilſt wrath my wilfulneſſe has pull'd upon me;
Yet pardon, ſince thou gav'ſt me that affection
That wandred with me in this oblique courſe,
This unquoth way, with which I have not ſtray'd
Further then love might lead an humane frailty.
Eth. You do conſider well, my Lord, and we
Beſeech you ſtrive to counter-check theſe croſſes
Still with your Kingly reaſon.
Ofr. Yes, and fall upon our preſent buſineſſe; there you find me
Out of a ſpacious Kingdom of mine own,
Shut in a narrow Priſon; whilſt the brother
Of her, whoſe love I came to ſeek, has married
The Queen I might have had; before I have ſeen
His Siſter; there was a quick expedition.
Eth. My Lord, for that before you left the Court
In your ſuppos'd diſtraction; the ore-buſie Lords
Eaufride and *Theodwald*, out of ſtrong conceit
The ſight of her would cure you, feign'd your letters
Which fetch'd the Queen; then baniſh'd us the Court,
Before we could take notice; we had been
Strong Traitors elſe to let that match go forwards.
Nor heard we of it until now the Poſt
That brings the news oth' Kings and Queens approach
Arriv'd here in the City.
Ofr. All think him then their King ſtill?
Eth. Yes, yes, and though he told us who he was;
The overwiſe Lords imputed that to his madneſſe.
Ofr. It ſeems he was not ſo mad, but he could take
The Queen into my bed.
Eth. Where ſhe lik'd him ſo well

That

That ſhe now brings him home unto her own.
Still thinking him your perſon.
Ofr. Whilſt I lie here for his,
Accus'd of Parricide; but I will not
Reveal my ſelf till trial.

Ent. Mildred.

Now all my ſufferings are turn'd into delightful recreations.
Faireſt of Virgins welcome; marvail not
That at firſt ſight I knew you, when my heart
Wears the Impreſſion of your Portraiture;
And all my intellectual faculties
Bow to no other object but your beauty.
Mild. O Sir, lay by this high diſſimulation;
For though I find you now are not my brother.
Ofr. Lo ye, ſhe knows I am not *Anthynus.*
Her vertue like the Sun will clear the miſt
Of error we were loſt in.
Mild. Not *Anthynus?*
Yes, the bright Sun diſcovers not a truth
More evident then that you are *Anthynus*
Nor ever ſhin'd on man I lov'd ſo well,
Or hop'd to marry, ſince you are not my brother.
Ofr. I underſtand not this.
Mild. Indeed I came
To tell you ſo, and could you clear your hand
Of the foul ſtain of blood you are accus'd of,
Were I ſole monarcheſs of all this Iſland,
I'd kneel to beg a brides place in your bed.
Ofr. If I can clear my ſelf?
Mild. Nay, mark me further;
If you clear not your ſelf, I'l not outlive you,
To call to mind the man that I ſo lov'd,
Butcher'd his Father; though he were not mine,
I lov'd him as a father; oh good heaven!
How good, how reverend a man was he?

Ofr.

Ofr. Weep not, but hear me ; or hear me though you weep ;
I am not *Anthynus.*
Mild. I may ſay as well
I do not love you.
Ofr. I never had an hand
In blood of any man.
Mild. Prove that, I am yours.
Ofr. Fetch me a Prieſt.
Edel. I ſaw one i'th next room
Drinking and ſinging catches with ſome Priſoners.
Ed. Withhold your hands, *Anthynus* now again,
Fair Lady, is your brother.
Mild. Why did you mock me then ?
Ed. To ſave you from your brother *Offa's* luſt,
I feign'd that you were not his Siſter ; that
In hope to marry you, he might forbear
His diveliſh purpoſe.
Mild. Now I am loſt for ever,
In being the Daughter of a murder'd Father,
And made uncapable of you in marriage.
Ofr. Yet hear me, and be comforted.
Mild. O me !
Ed. Hark my Lord *Anthynus.*
Ofr. I do not know that name.
Ed. Go to, go to ; nor you do not remember
How I behav'd my ſelf upon the eating of Spurging
Comfects, that your Brother *Offa* gave me,
And laid the fault on you ; pray Jove, I ſay, this murder
Be no more his fault then yours.
A ſhout within. Enter Keeper.
Ofr. Hark, the wide world abroad is fill'd with joy,
And muſt we only be ſhut from it ? now.
Keep. My Lord *Anthynus.*
Ofr. Still muſt I be *Anthynus ?*

Keep.

Keep. You are call'd unto your Trial.
Ofr. Who are my Judges?
Keep. Thoſe that are bribe-free I dare warrant 'em.
It may perhaps go ſomewhat the harder with you;
For nothing but white innocence can quit you,
Pray heaven you hav't about you; even the King
And Queen, the Queen and King I ſhould have ſaid,
For ſhe's our Soveraign, 'tis her Law muſt do it.
Ofr. What King do you mean then?
Keep. King *Ofriick;* you know nothing.
Ofr. Yes, I know him as well as he knows himſelf.
Keep. Take heed Sir what you ſay.
Ofr. I fear him not,
But am as good as he; now carry me for ſomething.
Mild. O pray take heed.
Keep. How?
Mild. Peace, he did not ſay ſo.
Keep. Slid, he's as mad as his brother *Offa.*
Ofr. Is *Offa* mad?
Keep. O quite beſides himſelf, and talks the ſtranglieſt
Of his fathers murder, your running away
And the deſire he has to hang his brother here;
And then he is haunted with ſprites too, they ſay:
You will know all anon; will you go my Lord?
Ofr. Yes, will you be ſo kind as to ſee my Trial?
Mild. Indeed I muſt not leave you.
Keep. 'Tis a kinde part indeed, and may become
A Siſter; like the wife that would not leave
Her huſband till ſhe ſaw him totter.
Set the beſt foot forward, and the beſt face
You can, my Lord, upon the buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*
Hoboys.

Hoboys.

Enter Theodwald and Eaufride, Kelrick and Elkwin, Theodrick, Anthynus and Bertha.

Omn. Long live King *Ofriick* and Queen *Bertha.*
Anth. I joyn with ye in your wiſhes for the Queen ;
And wiſh well to King *Ofriick* as a ſtranger.
Omn. How's this ?
Anth. But will no longer perſonate him ;
For now be it known to you that I am no *Ofriick;*
But he that warns you call me ſo no more.
Bert. What means my love ?
Anth. Nay, Madam, 'tis moſt ſerious.
Kelr. Elkw. Bleſſe us !
Theodw. He's madder now then e're he was.
Eauf. I am at my wits end too ; if marriage
Will not tame him, I know not what to ſay to't.
Anth. I have told you truth, and your fair grace can witneſſe
How violently I was thrown upon the fortune,
I thank thoſe provident Lords, againſt my vow.
Bert. I take it as the providence of Heaven ;
And from the Son of that moſt injur'd Father,
Whom now in my joys ſtrength I could ſhed tears for.
I yield you are my head, and I your handmaid.
(*She ſets him down, and kneels ; he takes her up.*)
Eauf. So, ſo, a few nights trial has got her liking
For ever faſt enough ; what notable old Cockſcombs
Have we been made ? nay, made our ſelves indeed.
Anth. Now further know, my Lords, I am *Anthynus,*
The Son of that old honeſt Lord, 'gainſt whom
Your ſulphurous malice kindled the Queens anger.
Elkw. Who'l have an head now for an halfpenny ?

Kelr.

Kelr. And for tother two Tokens mine in
Bargain.

Enter Keeper, with Ofriick, Ethelfwick,
Alfride, Edelred, Guard.

Keep. Make way there for the Priſoner.
Eauf. See King *Ofriick.*
Theodw. I, this is our King indeed.
Theodr. O let me waſh your feet Sir with
tears.
Ofr. Thy treſpaſſe is thine honour my *Theod*
And I muſt thank your care my Lords, a
deſerves,
Your over-reaching care to give my Dignity
As much as in you lay unto another.
And for your Letters counterfeit in my name,
By which the Queen is mock'd into a marriage.
Theodw. That was your policy, your wit, my
Lord.
Eauf. A ſhame on't. Would I were hang'd
that I
Might hear no more on't.
Bert. Fair Sir, the Queen is pleas'd, and hop
you are
In her that's ſo much fairer in your thoughts.
Anth. My Siſter Mildred.
Ofr. Yes, my noble Brother,
She ſtands in fortune equal with your ſelf,
In being mine.
Anth. But not great Sir, untill
You are acquitted of my fathers murder.
Ofr. I am clear of that, as I am not *Anthynu*
Anthynus is accus'd, not *Ofriick* Sir,
Your father is required at your hands.
Bert. Ha!
Arn. But his accuſer reads another leſſon
Now Madam. *Offa brought bound in a clu*

Off. Whither do you hurry me?
If I muſt anſwer't, give me yet ſome time,
To make proviſion of befitting Preſents,
To ſupply the hard hands of my ſtern Judges,
Into a tender feeling of my cauſe:
I know what *Eacus* loves, what *Minos* likes,
And what will make grave *Radamanthus* run.
Anth. He is diſtracted.
Arn. Yes, and ſpeaks hainous things
Againſt himſelf, both of my Lords murder,
And an intended rape againſt his Siſter.
Anth. Inceſtuous monſter!
Off. Hark, how the Divel lies;
I have no Siſter.
Ed. How he's poſſeſs'd
Of that ſtrange error? I muſt ſatisfie you;
That was meerly feign'd by me to ſave her honour
From his outragious luſt.
Arn. But here comes that
Clears all at once.
Welcome my honour'd Lords.

(*Enter Segebert, Alberto, Jeff. Outlaw.*)

Jeff. A boon, a boon, my gratious Liege.
Arn. Hold your peace fool.
Seg. My Son *Anthynus* living?
Ofr. You are my Father in your Daughters right
Seg. My bleſſing on my Girle.
Ofr. But ſee *Anthynus* at a greater height.
Anth. My Father.
Bert. And my Father noble Sir.
Your pardon, and for ever welcome.
Seg. If this were real now, and not a Dream!
Jeff. Come, leave your fooling, hear a wiſe man ſpeak:
Great King according unto thy beheſt
With Knights adventurers I went in queſt,

Through the Woods and Forreſts wild
To ſcoure the Dens of Outlaws vild;
Whence theſe old men, this Knave I bring
Together with this Starveling;
Whom I preſent not dead, but quick
Unto thy grace King *Oſriick.*
Arn. Look this way fool,
This is King *Oſriick* man.
Jeff. Whoſe fool am I then?
Oſr. Mine.
Mild. And mine.
Anth. Mine.
Bert. And mine.
Jeff. Whoop, hold a little, beſt let me be every bodies fool
Round about the houſe.
But amongſt you all, let me not loſe reward;
I muſt not fool for nought; the times are hard.
Oſr. Still the fool's covetous.
Bert. I ow thee a juſt reward, for I proclaim'd
To him that brought this man alive or dead
A thouſand crowns; but ſince thou art ſo fortunate
To bring him home alive and well recover'd
Out of ſuch danger—
Jeff. I ſhall have nothing ſhall I?
Bert. I'l double thy reward, give thee two thouſand crowns.
Jeff. It is enough in conſcience; who bids more?
For till you are out-bidden, I'l be your fool.
But can you tell whoſe Favourite you are then?
Theodr. Where I was firſt, I'l ever wiſh to be.
Oſr. And I'l be thine, *Theodrick;* for thou in this
Haſt above favour ſhewn me unto bliſſe.
Seg. I have perform'd your Majeſties command,
Though not in ſending, yet in bringing home
My baniſh'd friend, Lord *Alberto*, the preſerver
Of my now happy life.

Bert.

Bert. It ſhall be to his honour ; welcome *Alberto*,
Outl. Oh what an heavenly ſmell of meat is here !
Seg. All the unhappineſs I now can ſee
Is but an argument of tears for thee,
In whom I'm juſtly puniſh'd.
Anth. Take him hence
From my grieved fathers ſight.
Seg. And pray let care
Be had for his recovery ; his ſenſes may
Bring a new ſoul into him, for which I pray.
Off. What am I freed ?
Arn. Yes, yes, my Lord, all's well.
Off. I knew my bribes would do it.
Jeff. I'l off with him, for 'tis unknown to you
What good a fool may on a mad man do.
Ex. Arn. Offa, Jeffrey.
Seg. This ſword was evidence enough againſt him ;
But here's one of the Outlaws that confeſs'd it ;
For whom, ſince he is penitent, I beg pardon.
Mild. The other two his fellows are both extant :
For whom together with three theeviſh workmen
That were ſtrong inſtruments in my delivery,
Let me beg mercy.
Anth. I have heard of them that robb'd my brothers Jewel-houſe.
'Tis a day of grace,
And we are taught by heavens abundant mercy
Shewn upon us beyond our expectation,
To imitate that goodneſſe.
Bert. I forgive
All on my part.
Ofr. I pardon all on mine.
Bert. And now right royal Sir, let me entreat
For former love, to make our laſt compleat,
You

You will be pleas'd a month with us to ſtay
In triumphs to commemorate this day.
Ofr. Next to my ſum of happineſſe my Bride,
I ſhould have fought that honour, royal Siſter.
Anth. Thus through tempeſtuous ſighs and ſhowres of tears
Joy at the laſt more cheerfully appears.

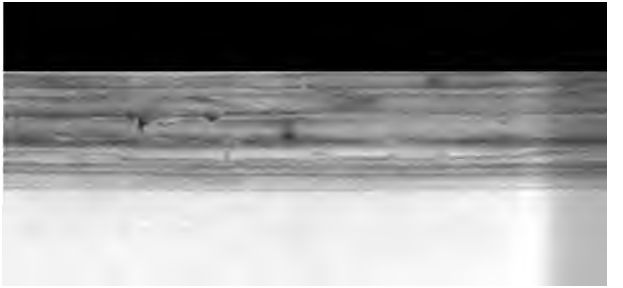
Exeunt.

RIC. BROME.

Deus dedit his quoque Finem.

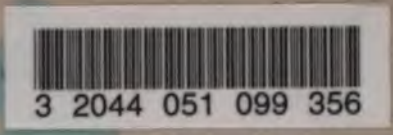
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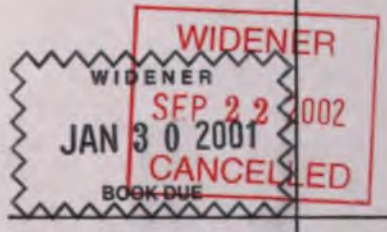




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